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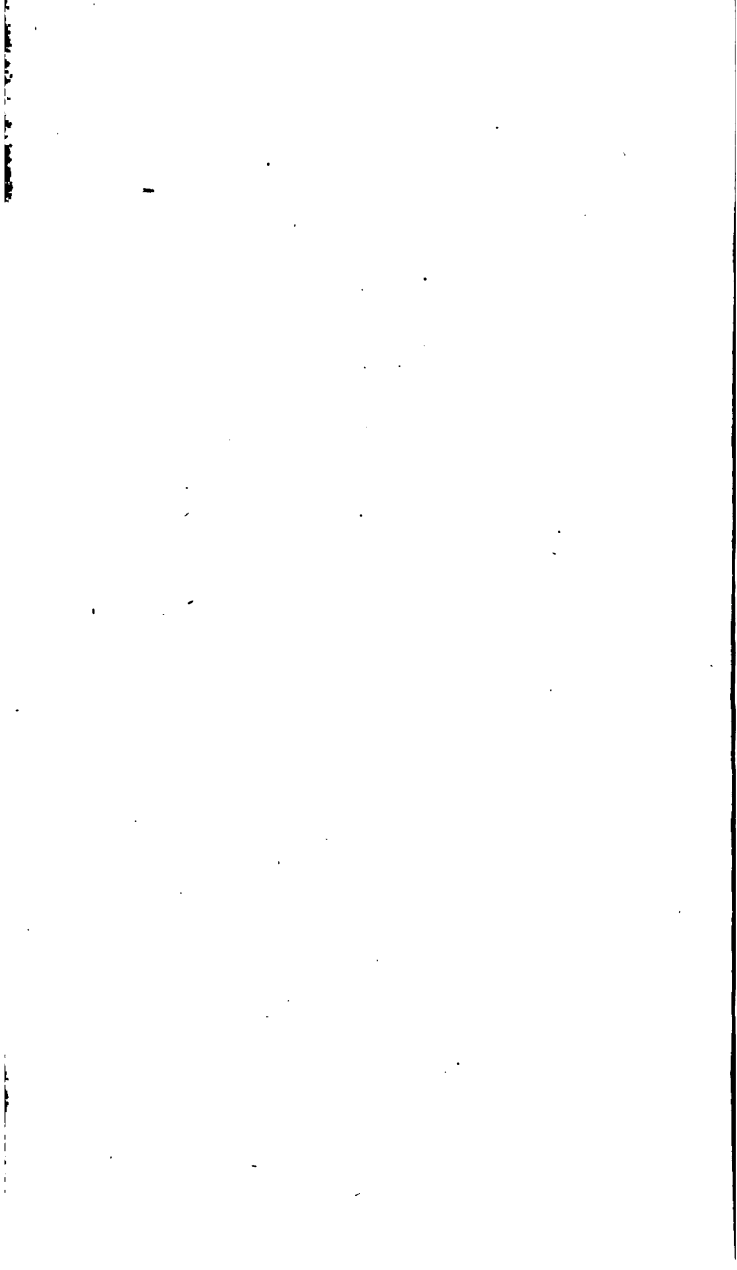
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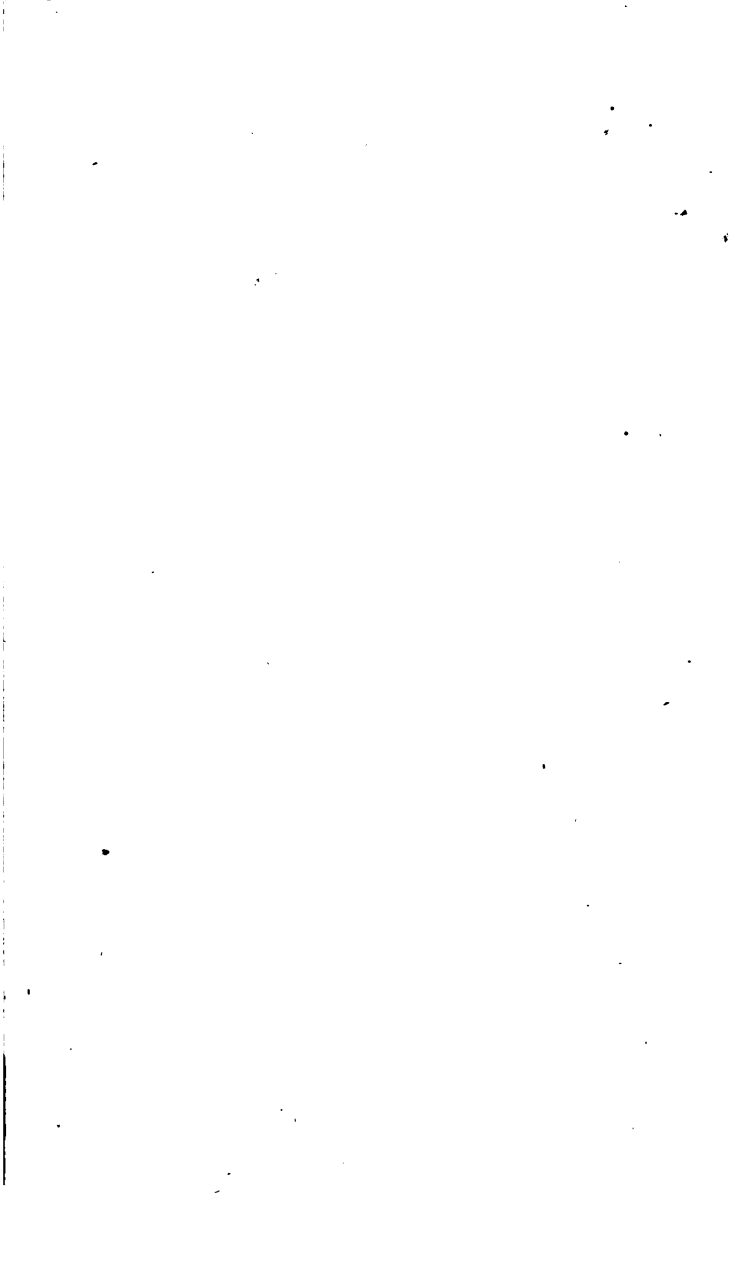
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BRAMBLETYE HOUSE;

OR

Cavaliers and Roundheads.

A NOVEL.

BY ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF THE

« REJECTED ADDRESSES. »

« Now universal England getteth drunk
For joy that Charles her monarch is restored;
And she, that sometime wore a saintly mask,
The stale-grown vizor from her face doth pluck,
And weareth now a suit of morrice-bells,
With which she jingling goes through all her towns and villages. »

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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BRAMBLETYE HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

*“ Among themselves the tourney they divide,
In equal squadrons ranged on either side;
Then turn their horses’ heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed opposed, the jousts began.”*

DRYDEN.

ON crossing the frontiers of France, Sir John and his son had an opportunity of observing the extreme misery of the peasantry, who in addition to the gabelle, and other taxes and impositions by which they were already oppressed, were subject to such perpetual depredation from foreigners and freebooters of all the contending parties, that those who were not already ruined by contribution and pillage found it prudent to present an appearance of the most squalid wretchedness, as their only security against further exactions. Leaving these forlorn borderers, like corn between the upper and nether mill-stones, to be ground and crushed by the collision of the two nations, they pushed forward for Paris, at which capital they duly arrived. The baronet

VOL. II.

I

had provided himself with letters to Sir Richard Browne, an envoy of the King's, who still resided at that city, though not recognised as such by the French government. In obedience to the dictates of Cromwell in the late treaty, they had ordered the English monarch out of the French territories, giving him a small supply of money, which was quickly wasted; and making him large promises for the future which had never been performed. In this emergency, the Spaniards, then at war with the Protector, invited the wandering court into Flanders; where the Duke of York, at the head of a few motley regiments, mostly Irish, had accompanied Don John to the relief of Dunkirk, as we have already shown; while his royal brother established his necessitous, though gay and joyous, court at Bruges.

Sir Richard Browne, under whose care it was his father's intention to place Jocelyn, willingly undertook that office; declaring, however, that his own stay at Paris was rendered by political circumstances extremely uncertain; especially since the arrival of Cromwell's ambassador at the French court; while he was in daily apprehension of an arrest, for debts incurred in the service of the King, from whom he had not received sufficient even to pay the rent of his house. As long, however, as he should remain, he promised his good offices; adding, that Jocelyn should join the studies and military exercises of two or three youths of condition, whom the convulsed times had occasioned to be sent to Paris, and whose education he had been equally commissioned to superintend. To the establishment of these young men in the Faubourg St Germain, he was accordingly

introduced; and his father, after promising to correspond with him regularly, and giving him a world of good advice, particularly that he should attend closely to his military exercises, and never go near Noll's rascally Roundhead ambassador, shook him heartily by the hand, bade him adieu, and set off on his return to Bruges.

Just at the dangerous period of incipient manhood, gifted with a noble, generous, and kindly temperament, but of strong passions, and inflexible in his purposes, was Jocelyn thus left to himself in a dissipated capital, without parental guidance or any efficient control, to assist him in forming the mould of which his now ductile mind was to receive the permanent impression. His young companions, equally free from all restraint, except the equivocal authority of Sir Richard Browne, and the lax discipline of their French tutor, were little disposed to set him any very instructive example; it may easily be imagined, therefore, that the whole party devoted themselves more sedulously to amusement than to their studies; and frequented balls and theatres more punctually than the lecture-room or Sir Richard's chapel, where the English liturgy was still read twice a week. In obedience, however, to his father's injunctions, Jocelyn applied himself strictly to his military exercises; and his duty being in this instance seconded by inclination, he soon eclipsed all his competitors; being not less admired for the singular comeliness of his person, than the dexterity and grace with which he went through all the evolutions of the *manège*, particularly in the mastery of the great horse. In the academy

of Monsieur du Plessis, where were kept nearly a hundred brave horses, all managed to the great saddle, he not only perfected himself in the language, by associating with the young French nobility who frequented that establishment, but took lessons in fencing, dancing, and music, as well as occasional instructions in fortification and the mathematics; so that if he neglected the more abstruse parts of learning, he was, at least, qualifying himself to become an accomplished cavalier and a good officer.

By frequenting this establishment he had already formed acquaintance with several distinguished families, both French and English, in whose houses he was a welcome visitant, and thus beguiled, in some degree, the loneliness of his situation. The number of his associates was now about to be increased by an occurrence which had considerable influence upon his future destiny. One fine morning of the summer, he had wandered with a book into the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace, situated in the immediate vicinity of his residence, whose stately marble fountains, terraces, groves, parterres, grottos, and umbrageous alleys, had often enabled him to while away an idle hour in admiration of their various attractions. Upon this occasion, which was a public holiday, the formal and somewhat melancholy effect of the gloomy shades and trim embroidery in which the gardens were distributed, was relieved by the gay and motley appearance of the company. In some of the darker walks were seen melancholy friars in the habits of their different orders, slowly pacing up and down, or gathered into little parties, their robes

mingling with the shade of the trees, and allowing nothing but their bald heads to be visible; at the extremity of the same alley were officers, gay ladies, and noble gallants, whose rich dresses and steel-hilted swords glittered in the sun: here upon a bench were studious scholars, with eyes riveted to their book; there in a verdant alcove were lovers whispering to one another; and on the grass-plots around were a motley company of both sexes, amusing themselves at all sorts of sports, singing, playing upon the guitar, or forming little sets of graceful dancers, who tripped merrily upon the sward to the rural sound of the pipe and tabor.

Having amused himself some time in contemplating this diversified scene, Jocelyn strolled to a pool of water at the extremity of the enclosure, where the Duke of Orleans kept a number of tortoises. A singularly beautiful youth, apparently a few years younger than himself, and whom he instantly recognized by his dress and appearance for a fellow countryman, had taken up one of these animals to examine it; while a French gentleman in splendid clothes was desiring him, in rather arrogant and offensive terms, to replace it in the water, express orders having been given against touching them. Either not choosing to obey so imperious a mandate, or not understanding the voluble terms in which it was conveyed, the youth retained the tortoise in his hand, looking up at the same time in the Gaul's angry face with a smiling wonderment that seemed to increase his agitation. When Jocelyn, however, volunteering the office of interpreter, explained to him what was required, the youth said he would instantly comply

if the request were civilly and temperately made. This reasonable condition Jocelyn stated with all imaginable courtesy to the Frenchman, who, instead of acceding to the proposition, fell foul of the mediator, even proceeding so far in his wrath as to brandish, in a menacing manner, a little black baguette which he held in his hand. The inflammable temperament of his opponent was kindled in a moment. Snatching the uplifted wand, and snapping it across his knee, he put one foot behind the Frenchman, as he continued angrily advancing, and at the same time giving him a smart push upon the chest, he rolled backwards upon the ground, breaking his sword in his fall, and distributing a cloud of scented pulvilio from his peruke. He rose, however, in a twinkling, and ran off in a transport of rage, calling for the surveillans and the guards.—At this juncture an old Frenchman who had witnessed the whole transaction came up, and informing them that their antagonist was the young Duke of Anjou, pointed to a side door, by which he recommended them to make an immediate escape, if they did not wish to be arrested, and pay a visit of indefinite duration to the Bastille.

Deeming it prudent to adopt this advice, they made the best of their way into the streets, walking at a brisk pace in the direction of the river. During their progress the handsome stranger, after thanking Jocelyn for his interference, and expressing a hope that it would not lead him into trouble, informed him that his own name was James Crofts, that he resided at the Cardinal's palace with his father Lord Crofts, who was in the train of Henrietta Maria, the Queen Mother of

England, and invited him to go and claim his lordship's protection, should the recent occurrence be attended with any unpleasant results. By this time they had reached the banks of the Seine, and induced by the warmth of the day, as well as by the example of others, they undressed and went to bathe. To this fortunate chance they probably owed their escape from an arrest that might have terminated very unpleasantly, for they had hardly entered the water when they saw a party of surveillans and servants in the royal livery, hastening forwards for their apprehension; but not dreaming of finding the fugitives in the middle of the stream, they hurried along its banks, and were presently out of sight. Determined to prolong their bath until their pursuers should have abandoned the search, Jocelyn, who was an expert swimmer, remained sporting in the deep water, when he was suddenly seized with the cramp, and, finding himself sinking, was obliged to call out for help. Although he possessed not so perfect a mastery of the element, his companion was still a tolerable swimmer, and striking instantly forward to his assistance, succeeded in extricating him from the danger, by supporting him into shallow water at the imminent risk of his own life. They now dressed themselves with all speed, went to their respective homes, and both being cautioned to keep the house for a few days, the untoward rencontre at the Luxembourg Palace passed over without any other consequence than its having suddenly established a friendship between the two young men, which being cemented by congeniality of age and temper, as well as by a sense of service mutually,

conferred and received, soon rendered them almost inseparable companions.

A considerable time elapsed before Jocelyn received any tidings of Sir John, from whom, however, there at length came a letter, announcing in terms of the most boisterous, rampant, and immeasurable glee the death of the Protector, loading him with an abundance of posthumous abuse, and enclosing for his son's recreation a scurrilous ballad on the subject, entitled a Dialogue between Old Noll and Charon. He proceeded to state, that the court were all in high spirits; that money already began to grow more abundant in the increased hopes of a Restoration; and that he had been thereby enabled to make a remittance for his use, as he intended still to leave him in Paris until the affairs of England should assume a more settled form. Another long interval of many months brought a second epistle from the baronet, who endeavoured to excuse his silence by reminding his son, that he would at any time much rather wield a lance and tilt at an opponent, than handle a pen to answer a correspondent. His present missive, couched in not less exuberant triumph than the last, conveyed the glorious tidings of the Restoration, with all the rejoicings, addresses, firings of salutes, illuminations, tergiversations, prostrations, and intoxications, by which the people had testified the delirium of their delight. So extravagant, and, at the same time, so universal had been their apparent satisfaction, that the King had observed with his usual pleasantry—"Surely it can be no body's fault but my own that I have stayed so long abroad, when all man-

kind have been wishing me so heartily at home." In conclusion, the baronet stated his belief that he had drunk the King's health until he made some inroads upon his own, since he was laid up with an attack of the gout; gave an account of the horrible dilapidations committed upon Brambletye House in his absence; expressed his apprehensions that he should be involved in a lawsuit for the recovery of his property, which had been sold by the committee of sequestration, and promised to recal his son as soon as this most vexatious affair, and certain other domestic difficulties, the nature of which he did not explain, should be concluded and removed.

Time, however, rolled on without any redemption of this pledge; and Jocelyn, in the mean while, had not only perfected himself in the French language, and made himself master of the guitar, then the fashionable instrument, but had more sedulously prosecuted his other studies and exercises; while his form developing itself as favourably as his mind, had now assumed the full and fine symmetry of manly beauty. In his visits to Lord Crofts he had for some time past remarked a singular change in the demeanour of all parties towards his young friend, who was treated with a marked deference, even by his own father, that little assorted with paternal authority:—the Queen Mother admitted him to all her parties, comporting herself towards him as if he were upon a footing of equality and friendship; and the officers of the household, though they might wonder at the cause of this familiarity, took their cue from their mistress, and eagerly tended a homage of

which the Queen set the first example. Nor was the object of this deference less changed than the mode of his treatment. His beautiful figure was displayed to the best advantage by splendid clothes and rich decorations; he had a greater command of money, which he squandered as lavishly as it was supplied; and the quick apprehension of youth suggesting to him that there must be some secret grounds for the high distinctions he received, he was not backward in adapting himself to his supposed dignity by a more consequential carriage, and a certain air of hauteur, which was pronounced arrogance by some who thought it unwarranted by his rank and station: while the Queen Mother had been heard to remark that nature and blood would disclose themselves in spite of all the restraints of circumstance. Various and shrewd were the guesses elicited by this random observation, which confirmed those who heard it in the prudence of paying court to the young favourite.

Fortunately for the preservation of his intimacy with Jocelyn, who was little disposed to admit any assumptions of superiority, the young man preserved in all their intercourse the same footing of frank and familiar equality, which had distinguished the commencement of their friendship; and, indeed, upon one occasion of exhibition before the court, voluntarily placed himself in an inferior station to Jocelyn. Louis the Fourteenth, then in the prime of youth and beauty, and himself a perfect adept in all the accomplishments of chivalry, to whose sports he was passionately addicted, had some

time before published a notice to all princes and knights, according to the ancient formula of invitation, that upon a specified day he meant to commence a series of carousals at Paris, to consist of justs, tilts, and a tournament with clashing of swords, in the presence of ladies and damsels, and under the customary regulations. Prodigious bustle and interest had been excited by this announcement; arrangements were made by the court for celebrating the festival with a magnificence that should eclipse all former precedent; the Place Carousel in the Louvre was fitted up for the courses with extraordinary splendour; and every individual who was to figure in this royal entertainment seemed resolved to equip himself with a brilliancy worthy of the occasion, and of the lavish expenditure of the monarch. Armour of all sorts was instantly put into busy requisition; cuirasses of Milan steel, inlaid with gold or precious stones; gorgeous casques, embossed or sculptured by Benvenuto Cellini; swords of Damascus, Toledo, or Ferrara; gorgets, cuisses, gauntlets; all were ferreted out from their repositories, and furbished up for selection; while many a long lance was taken down from its rest, and poised by the intended combatants, that they might decide upon the proper weight and length.

Nor were the ladies of the court, and others who had obtained the enviable privilege of being admitted into the galleries, less solicitous to do justice to the occasion, as well as to their own charms, by the gallant bravery of their decorations. Silks and satins, plumes, diamonds, and jewellery, with all the paraphernalia of

the female toilet, kept every heart in a constant flutter of agitation, so difficult was the choice, and so great the competition with which each fair candidate for admiration would necessarily have to contend.

Sir Guy Narborough, an English knight, hitherto unrivalled at these sports, came to Paris upon the occasion, and had selected James Crofts, on account of his great personal comeliness, for his principal squire. He was in search of another, every combatant being required to have two of these attendants, when the youth suggested that his friend Jocelyn, from his superior height, age, and skill, was better qualified than himself for the office of principal squire, which he was willing to resign in his favour, and would content himself with the station of the second. For this purpose they called upon Jocelyn, who was not less flattered by the preference, than delighted at an opportunity of witnessing, and even figuring in a spectacle, of which all Paris was absolutely mad to obtain a glimpse. Proceeding immediately to the Manège, Sir Guy was delighted with his manner of going through his exercises, and appointed a meeting at the same place every morning to practise their evolutions, taking upon himself the task of equipping both his pages in an elegant suit of half-armour.

Intense was the public curiosity, and indescribable was the individual anxiety, as the important day approached which had so long absorbed the thoughts and conversation of the Parisians. They who had the distribution of tickets for admission into the courts and galleries were flattered and besieged as if they held the keys of Paradise; they might dictate their own terms

for the obtainment of this paramount distinction; princes became supplicants; duchesses were humble solicitors for their friends; and scandal scrupled not to assert that some, who had been long and hopeless wooers to their fair mistresses, immediately softened their obdurate hearts by the presentation of this irresistible card. At length the long-expected morning arrived, ushered in by a cloudless sun, as if heaven itself were anxious to add splendour to a scene already emblazoned with all the magnificence of earth. When the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums gave notice that the procession was about to commence, every street, window, cornice, projection, and house-top, through which it was to pass, became thickly studded with heads, whose eager eyes, glittering in the sun, looked like the countless dew-drops that hang upon the forest-leaves as they sparkle in the first rays of morning.

The knights of the carousal, formed into four parties or quadrilles, and attended by their squires, pages, and footmen, with kettle-drums and trumpets, commenced the procession. Each quadrille was distinguished by its own colours and the emblazoned cognizance of the illustrious knight who had been chosen to lead it; and each was enriched with such a glistering gorgeousness of decoration, that it appeared, as it passed, to wrest the palm of admiration from its predecessor. When Jocelyn, however, and his young companion encountered the public eye, equipped in plain half-armour, without helmets on their heads (for Sir Guy had insisted that they should carry them in their

hands during the procession), it seemed as if the very plainness of their trappings became them better than all that could have been achieved by the most sumptuous ornaments. Gold, silver, and steel, plumes and priceless jewels, had been profusely displayed by others; magnificence and art had done their utmost. Nature was now to assert her supremacy, and to make the superiority of her beauty be felt as well as seen. The symmetry of these two unadorned figures, and the comeliness of their fine faces, shaded by their dark clustering locks, sent a thrill to every bosom; whose effect was testified by the brightened eyes that were riveted to them as they passed, and by the buzz of admiration that followed their career.

A salvo of cannon, shortly after, announced that the King and his party were about to enter the great court of the Carousel. First, came a band of Swiss on foot, habited in black velvet toques, led by two gallant cavaliers, in scarlet-coloured satin, and followed by the Grand Provost, wearing in his cap a panache of heron feathers, with a diamond bandeau, and surrounded by twelve little Swiss boys with halberds. Then came the grandees and nobility, magnificently attired and mounted, the whole troop being covered with gold, jewels, and rich caparisons, followed by trumpeters and heralds in blue velvet, and the King's squires bearing the swords and prizes which were to be distributed among the successful combatants. To these succeeded the royal servants and body-guard; and lastly, appeared the King himself, mounted on a beautiful Arabian, whose housings were studded with crosses

of the order of the Holy Ghost, and Fleurs-de-lis. The monarch, in compliment to the occasion, wore a corslet of steel blazing with diamonds, with a mantle of the richest embroidery, and carried his plumed casque in his hand, courteously saluting the ladies and acclamators, who filled the air with shouts of «Vive le roi!»

The King and his whole court being seated upon the scaffoldings that had been erected in the square, the kettle-drums and trumpets outside the lists sounded for the commencement of the courses, which consisted, in the first instance, of running at the ring, or tilting at the Saracen's Head; whoever carried away the four heads being saluted with a flourish from all the instruments. Combats by individuals and by companies succeeded to this sport; and he who had been victor the greatest number of times in each quadrille, being proclaimed such by sound of trumpet, was escorted to the temporary throne of Mademoiselle, the daughter of the duke of Orleans, who distributed the prizes, which terminated the first day's entertainment.

The second day's ceremony was of a more important and interesting character, the King reserving to himself the distribution of the prizes; and the combat between the four victors, by two and two, armed cap-a-pie, being of a much more serious and perilous nature. Every thing having been arranged in the Place du Carousel with the same magnificence and solemnity as before, the trumpet sounded to command silence and attention, while a herald proclaimed the names of the four champions. These consisted of Sir

Guy Narborough, a Bohemian Baron, and two French Marquisses; all of whom paraded on horseback round the course, while the ladies in the balconies and galleries selected each a favourite knight, and made little bets with one another upon the success of their chosen cavalier. The order of combat being decided by lots, the two French noblemen found themselves opposed to each other as openers of the field. Taking their stations accordingly, the trumpets were about to sound, and their lances were already touched, when the King holding up his hand forbade the battle to proceed, and sent a herald to summon the parties into his presence. "Sir Knights!" said the monarch, with a severe look as they stood before him—"we have been informed, that you have mutually agreed to divide whatever prizes either of you may obtain. Is this so?"

Both knights signified assent.

"Then, gentlemen," resumed the King, in a sterner voice, "you have presumed to pervert the sole object with which I bestow them. Unearned by the wearer, and unvalued for the donor's sake, such distinctions are merely vulgar baubles. Glory is the knight's best guerdon; he should weigh his badges of achievement in the scale of honour, not value them with the sordid calculation of a pedlar. When an ancient Roman had conquered a kingdom, he felt himself amply rewarded by a few leaves of laurel; and it was by this disinterested love of fame, that they were enabled to subdue the world. Here, gentlemen, is a golden spur for each, that each may wear it upon that side of

his body where the knightly feeling predominates. And here," continued the King, snapping a diamond-hilted sword across his knee, and tossing the fragments towards the intended combatants, "here is a sword, which you may apportion between yourselves, when you have settled which is to be the huckster and which the nobleman. Gentlemen, you wished your prizes to be shared. You are gratified. You may retire."

Covered with confusion at this public and severe rebuke, the crest-fallen knights withdrew silently from the royal presence, and, quitting the lists, hastened to conceal their disgrace by mingling with the crowd; while a respectful murmur of applause ran round the assembly, in approbation of the King's conduct. There were now but two combatants left, whose conflict was therefore anticipated with a deeper and more condensed interest. The Bohemian Baron, a man of large stature, and who had shown that he possessed activity commensurate with his strength, wore a dark steel armour, damascened all over with wavy lines of light blue, and enriched with gold bosses; his casque being surrounded with an open-mouthed dragon, but without device or feathers. Sir Guy Narborough was equipped in burnished steel, inlaid with gold; and his glittering helmet, in whose front was emblazoned his family motto, was tipped with a small plume of white feathers. Both had approved themselves proficient in every exercise of chivalry, and opinion seemed equally divided as to the probability of their success; for though

the Bohemian had the advantage in personal vigour, his antagonist was considered to have better experience in these rude encounterings.

Attended by their respective squires, both parties had now taken their stations, when, at the sound of the trumpet, which was the signal for the charge, Sir Guy's spirited horse reared and leaped forward with such a sudden spring, that he jerked the lance out of its rest, and accidentally striking it to the earth with his hoof, galloped forwards as he had been accustomed to do in former tiltings. No sooner had Jocelyn perceived the accident, than, darting to the spot with a speed scarcely inferior to that of the animal, he snatched up the weapon, and ran rapidly after Sir Guy, who was at the same time checking his almost ungovernable steed, and looking round, with extended hand, to receive the lance. Taking an ungenerous advantage of this unguarded and defenceless moment, the Bohemian spurred forward, and tilting at him on the opposite side, just as Sir Guy was leaning over towards his squire, easily unhorsed him, and threw him to the ground with considerable violence. Clamour and confusion instantly pervaded the whole assemblage, some calling out that it was a base blow, and ought not to be allowed; others supporting the Bohemian, and crying, that it was good and warranted law of battle. Crofts had run up to assist Sir Guy, who seemed to be sorely bruised, while Jocelyn, feeling the lance still in his hand, and wound up to one of his passionate impulses by his indignation at such an unmanly attack, ran after the steed, which was still

caracoling wildly round the ring, seized the reins, vaulted into the saddle, placed his lance in the rest, wheeled round, and called out to the Bohemian, in a loud and angry voice, to put himself upon his guard.

At this most unexpected renewal of the contest, silence was instantly restored; many, who were standing up, suddenly reseated themselves, and all waited the issue with a breathless impatience. Although the baron had already shown that he was by no means a scrupulous antagonist, he would probably have declined the encounter with an opponent only half armed and unprovided with a casque of any sort, but that the impetuosity and hostile demeanour of Jocelyn allowed him no time for parley or compromise. He therefore couched his weapon, and prepared for the onset. Jocelyn urged his horse to its full speed, and, lowering his head to the off-side of the animal's neck as he approached, contrived to avoid the Bohemian's lance, at the same time directing his own so fortunately, that it fixed itself in the dragon's mouth of his adversary's helmet, dragging him backwards from his horse by the violence of the concussion, while the casque, wrenched from its fastenings as he fell to the earth, remained transfix'd upon the lance.

Apparently unconscious of the applauses with which the whole circus rang at this achievement, Jocelyn rode round to that part of the lists whither Sir Guy had been conveyed, and, dismounting from his steed, presented to him the lance with the trophy at its head. Fresh acclamations were now heard, and Jocelyn accidentally looking up to the gallery immediately above

him, was struck by the singular beauty of two large lustrous black eyes gazing intently upon him. So utterly was he absorbed by this vision, that he remained for some moments as if riveted to the spot, until the lovely object of his admiration, covered with blushes at the marked attention she had excited, drew suddenly back. In the hurry of this movement, a small white satin scarf, detaching itself from her neck, fell upon Jocelyn's shoulders, when, with a respectful bow of acknowledgment, although the occurrence was purely accidental, he wound it gallantly round his left arm, and passed on. He was engaged in paying attentions to Sir Guy, and receiving congratulations from the ladies, who showered down white gloves, ribbons, and favours, upon the spot where he stood, when a herald arrived to order his immediate attendance at the royal gallery.

"Your name is Compton," said the monarch, as he stood before him—"and you have approved yourself to be a worthy kinsman of Sir William Compton, who, we remember to have heard, would cry with indignation, even as a child, that he could not share the dangers of his brothers when they went out to battle. We admire your spirit, but we must vindicate the rules of our carousal. Without being qualified by knighthood, or entered as a regular combatant, you have presumed to constitute yourself a principal. For this offence we do adjudge you to be committed as a prisoner to the circle wherein you stand for the next half hour; while in acknowledgment of your valour we present you with the well-earned spurs, and invest you with the

sword, which we doubt not you will approve yourself right worthy to wield."—So saying, he passed a rich baldric over his shoulders, to which was suspended a diamond-hilted sword, with buckles of gold.

An artist himself would hardly have imagined a finer subject for the pencil than Jocelyn presented at this moment, his face flushed with recent exertion, his eyes sparkling with triumph, his redundant locks scattered in a becoming confusion, his gallant baldric and diamond-hilted sword contrasting with his plain half-armour, and his faultless figure appearing to give a dignity to the royal prizes instead of receiving it from them. After conversing with him for a few minutes in the most condescending manner, the monarch ordered his fellow-squire to be sent for, that he might receive some tidings of Sir Guy Narborough, in whose mischance he seemed to be considerably interested. As Crofts was escorted towards the royal gallery, the Queen Mother was observed to whisper a few words in the King's ear, who smiled, and exclaimed aloud—"Is he indeed? Truly, he carries it in his looks." After having made particular inquiries concerning Sir Guy, and expressed his satisfaction that his injuries were not more serious, he dismissed Crofts with a present of a diamond ring from his own hand, bidding him take his seat in a box which had been appropriated to some of the junior nobility. These youngsters at first objected to his admission, but a herald from the King, who had observed the altercation, and the unanswerable argument of "*Le Roi le veut*," soon brought them to submission, though not without exciting a good deal of

whispering and surprise among the adjacent galleries.

The four quadrilles that had figured in the first day's sport now marched in procession round the ring, after which they executed the *comparse*, and various other evolutions of chivalry; the entertainment being concluded by a kind of military dance, in which the time was marked by the clashing of swords. At night there was a grand ball at the palace, to which Jocelyn was invited, and had the honour of dancing with one of the most distinguished beauties of the court. From that day he became the fashion, or rather the rage, in Paris. The handsome young Englishman, which henceforth became his appellation, was courted, pursued, *fété à la folie*, no ball or entertainment being held to be perfect or *distingué* which did not derive a lustre from his presence. This hot fit would probably have been soon succeeded by a cool one; for every body knows that the Parisians are as volatile and inconstant as they are susceptible, and endeavour to atone by the vehemence of their impressions for their general want of durability. At Jocelyn's sensitive age it is impossible to say how many tender attachments might have been formed during the prevalence of this favouritism, had not his heart and thoughts been entirely pré-occupied by the two large round black eyes that had shone down upon him from the gallery, and had absolutely inflamed his imagination. A first sensation of this sort is always delightful; to a youth of Jocelyn's ardent temperament it may occasionally prove ennobling and beneficial: he already attached himself to his unknown inamorata with a chivalrous constancy, that blinded

him to all other attractions; and flattering himself that the fall of the scarf was not purely accidental, he spared no pains in discovering its fair owner; that he might endeavour to justify the preference with which he considered himself to have been already in some degree honoured.

Upon this point, however, all his exertions were unavailing. He endeavoured to ascertain the precise gallery in which she had sitten, and caused inquiries to be made of all who were stationed in the same direction. "How was she dressed?" was the first question propounded to him by every dame or damsel to whom he applied. "Had she feathers or diamonds in her hair, or both? did she wear ear-rings or necklace, and if so, of what jewels?" Alas! Jocelyn could only state that she had dropped a white satin scarf, and possessed black eyes more bright and lustrous than all the diamonds of Golconda. "Was ever any thing so ridiculous," exclaimed the fair querists—"to pretend to admire her, and yet not to have observed her head-dress!" and they left him with the impression that the youth could be no judge whatever of female beauty, and a decided conviction, that if he were never so little in love, he must be a good deal out of his wits.—Day after day he renewed his inquiries only to encounter fresh disappointment; but this mystery and difficulty served to stimulate a passion which was fed by the imagination, and which an immediate acquaintance with its object might perhaps have extinguished as suddenly as it had been kindled.

While still prosecuting this fruitless search, he re-

ceived a short letter from Sir John, stating that on account of his own increasing ill health, and certain family arrangements, which he mentioned in a very ambiguous manner, though he promised they should be explained upon his arrival, he wished him to return to England with as little delay as possible. Scarcely had he finished its perusal, when his friend Crofts came to announce that himself and his father were immediately about to accompany the Queen Mother to London, on a visit to her son Charles the Second; and upon learning that Jocelyn's destination was now the same, he immediately invited him to join the party. To this he gladly promised consent, provided the arrangement should not prove inconvenient to her Majesty or his Lordship.—“If I wish it,” replied his young friend, with something of a proud expression, “I believe it will be quite sufficient; but you may call at the Cardinal's palace this afternoon to ascertain the fact.”

This Jocelyn was determined to do, when, upon obtaining an interview with Lord Crofts, he soon found that his young friend had by no means overrated his influence, which indeed seemed to have very materially increased since his last visit.—Jocelyn's preparations were soon made; those of the Queen Mother and her attendants were not so quickly despatched; but at length the whole party set forward on their route to Boulogne. During the progress of the journey, Jocelyn was more and more astonished at the deference shown to his young friend, who now took his meals with the Queen Mother, and was treated with a homage and distinction quite inconsistent with his ostensible

rank. These thoughts and his regrets at having been obliged to leave Paris without discovering the incognita, whose black eyes had so bewitched his fancy, occupied his mind until they were absorbed in the many feelings that possessed him, when he arrived at Boulogne, and saw the gallant yachts and pleasure-boats, which had been sent by the King, for the purpose of conveying the Queen Mother and her retinue in becoming state to the river Thames. Short as was the voyage they had to perform, it was not unattended with danger, a storm having suddenly arisen which drove them for some time up the Channel, and so terrified Lord Crofts that he cried in the most pitiful manner, although his young son implored him not to expose himself to the derision of Lord Sandwich, who was on board the same yacht, and who jocosely offered to sell his lucrative post under Government for one day's purchase. At length, however, after much buffeting with the angry element, they were enabled to make the mouth of the river; and Jocelyn being set ashore at Gravesend, where he planted his foot upon terra firma with no small satisfaction, hired a horse, and hastened to join his father, who had now been fain to take up his residence at the old moated house in the vicinity of Brambletye.

CHAPTER II.

« True, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.»

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Sir John Compton had returned to Bruges, after having placed Jocelyn at Paris, he had been received by the King with his usual courtesy, and had been invited to all the festive parties, drinking bouts, card-playings, merry-makings, dances, masqueradings, and excursions, by which the monarch himself, as well as his courtiers and courtezans, endeavoured to beguile the tedium of exile, and take their revenge of fortune. Where hardly any of them had the command of wealth, while all recklessly sought its wildest gratifications, it was natural that they should resort to the most desperate gambling, which, while it enabled some to pursue their pleasures, ruined others, and demoralized all. If there was little honour in being admitted to such orgies, Sir John soon found that there was less profit. By no means such an adept at play as most of his companions, some of whom, moreover, hesitated not to resort to mal-practices which he would have disdained

to use,¹ he soon found his narrow finances exhausted; while the sequestration placed upon Brambletye prevented his receiving supplies from England. For some years past, the wandering and necessitous court had been followed by a little swarm of Jews, money-lenders, and harpies of all sorts, who, for the trifling consideration of fifteen or twenty per cent. interest, made temporary advances to such of the Cavaliers as were in the habit of receiving remittances from their own country, and therefore held forth some prospect of repayment. In this manner had the King himself often anticipated his fifth of the prizes captured at sea by Prince Rupert, or the whole of his allowance from the French government, both of which sources of supply were at length cut off; and with the declining credit of their master, that of the courtiers invariably kept pace.

These money-lenders and their agents, being the common media of secret communication with England, had opportunities of inquiry into every man's private affairs, of which they very often knew more than the parties themselves. By this intelligence they governed their advances, and being sometimes entrusted to bring back remittances, they had the means of repaying themselves; a lucky opportunity which they took good care never to neglect. During the latter years of the Protectorate, when Cromwell's power appeared to be con-

¹ Count de Grammont scruples not to record himself, by the pen of his friend, Count Anthony Hamilton, a sharper and a blackleg. Both were considered the ornaments of the restored court of Charles the Second, and both seem to have thought that there was a merit in this species of knavery, provided it were adroitly practised, and escaped detection.

solidated beyond all chance of an overthrow, these worthies had become much more importunate to recover old debts, than disposed to make new loans, often expressing their wonder what had become of money, for the deuce a pistole or ducat could they lay hands upon in any quarter. When, however, their emissaries sent them intelligence of Cromwell's alarming sickness, news which was known to them sooner than to the King, the cash once more found its way most unaccountably into circulation; the monarch forgot all his past troubles and future prospects in the present delight of being again enabled to raise money upon any terms; and his courtiers participated, more or less, in the general alleviation of pecuniary difficulties. The gaming table again sparkled with gold, the courtezans with diamonds redeemed from pledge; all parties united in wasting to-day's supply as riotously as they could; and as for to-morrow, it was a sort of uncertainty that was never allowed to interfere with present gratification.

Sir John had so far joined the court at a favourable period, that the sickness of the Protector becoming known before the complete exhaustion of his finances, he found less difficulty than he would have experienced at any other period, in procuring advances, although the increased probability of a Restoration had not hitherto effected any diminution in the exorbitancy of the interest. Among the money-lenders, who had for some time past followed the court in its wanderings, was a Flemish or Dutch woman, known by the name of De Weduwe Weegschaal, or Juffrouw Weegschaal, the widow of a Schiedam fisherman, who had perished at

sea in his own herring-buss. Finding herself possessed of a little property, and being of a shrewd, active, money-getting disposition, she had attached herself to the court for the purpose of speculating upon its necessities. Whenever they alighted, after their different flights, it was her first care to engage a handsome house, in which she boarded and lodged such of the Cavaliers as could afford her terms, which were tolerably high, and of which she always exacted payment in advance. To an old customer, however, whom she had reason to believe tolerably safe, she would occasionally grant credit, never forgetting to make him pay handsome smart-money for the accommodation. By diligently pursuing this profitable trade, by not being at all fastidious as to the purposes to which her house was occasionally applied by the King and others, and by making now and then judicious advances to some of the needy nobility upon good security, the Juffrouw Weegschaal was supposed to have realized a handsome sum, though she was always complaining of bad debts, and making a profession of poverty. Such a personage was not only an indispensable appendage to such a court, but being a buxom and rather comely widow, "fair, fat, and forty," who was cheerful in her address, loved a glass whenever she could get it for nothing, and had once in a frolic been kissed by the King, she became a favourite butt with some of the more gambolsome courtiers, for those practical jokes and that licentious language which were always so acceptable to their dissipated master.

In the house which this accommodating dame had secured at Bruges, did Sir John take up his quarters,

well pleased with his hostess on account of the claret she supplied, which he pronounced to be the best he had tasted since his ejection from Brambletye. For lack of better recreation, and as a solace to his misfortunes, he betook himself to his favourite beverage, with an ardour which brought him to the bottom of his purse before he had half slaked his thirst; and notwithstanding the fine lessons of economy which he had so lately preached up to Jocelyn, he took no pains whatever to adapt his mode of living to his circumstances. For reasons best known to herself, the widow gave him credit; and her lodger had already become so far infected by the manners of the court, that so long as he could be gratified by sensual indulgences, he cared not a jot at whose cost they were obtained. Thus matters continued, until he had become indebted to some extent, though he knew not how much. On awakening one morning, after an over-night's supper of unusually deep potations, in which the widow had kindly participated, he was astonished to find her sitting by his bed-side, holding a handkerchief to her eyes, trying to pump up a sob, complaining that she was a ruined woman, and asking Sir John how he could have the baseness to seduce an innocent unsuspecting creature, who had already proved herself the best friend he had in the world, by supporting him, when nobody else would advance him a stiver. Poor Sir John protested his sorrow for whatever had taken place, of which, however, he entertained no distinct recollection; laid the whole blame upon the claret, which he maintained to be half brandy, very different from his usual be-

verage; and finally suggested, that under existing circumstances they could not do better than continue an intimacy which had been so auspiciously commenced.

To this overture, after a becoming number of remonstrances, objections, and difficulties, the tender-hearted widow yielded an apparently reluctant assent, and from that day a *liaison* commenced between them, of which the object on the part of the widow will be presently developed, and to which the inducement on the side of the baronet was the habitual indolence with which he yielded to circumstances, and the hope of obtaining a landlady who would continue to supply him with claret, without the disagreeable ceremony of calling for the reckoning. For various reasons he wished to keep this *affaire du cœur* a secret from the young courtiers, of whose boisterous raillery he stood in awe; but it was presently detected, to the great glee of the wags and buffoons, who christened him the new *Sir John Falstaff in Love*, and quizzed his amour and his inamorata with profuse ribaldry and egregious mirth. To the great relief of the baronet, he was befriended in this emergency by the King, who very seriously avowed his admiration of the generalship which had continued to unite three such indispensable comforts as a hostess, a mistress, and a money-lender, in one and the same individual, and heartily congratulated him on the acquisition he had made.

When the court removed to Breda, as the increasing chances of a Restoration almost amounted to a certainty, the widow and Sir John of course accompanied them, the former unfortunately becoming every day

more and more attached to her paramour, just as the latter became more and more anxious to shake her off, preparatory to his return to England. Both these feelings were respectively increased, when the invitation from the Parliament to the King to resume the reins of government was officially announced to his whole joyous court. The monarch himself was so hugely delighted at the sight of the money brought over to him upon this occasion, by Sir J. Greenville, that he called his sister, the Princess Royal, and his brother the Duke of York, to feast their eyes with it, as it lay in the portmanteau. Through the key-hole of the door the widow Weegschaal had contrived to obtain a glimpse of the golden heap, and never doubting that every one of the Cavaliers would now become nearly as rich as the King, she resolved in her own mind that nothing should ever separate her from her dear "Saar Jan." Most of the courtiers, especially where they were borrowers, had been in the habit of vaunting the large domains and immense revenues to which they would immediately succeed in the event of a restoration. Much of this she had set down to the score of rhodomontade; but the sight of this huge portmanteau, stuffed with gold, and which was stated to be only the avant-courier of a much greater treasure, confirmed to her imagination every syllable of the glorious tidings she had heard, and inflamed her desire of visiting an island, where the ruling passion of her soul, the acquisition of wealth, could hardly fail to be gratified to its utmost extent.

In vain did Sir John promise to send for her as soon as he had made preparations for her reception at

Brambletye; she stuck too closely to his skirts to allow any such conditional separation. Sometimes wheedling, sometimes bullying; now threatening to throw herself into a well, and now to cast Sir John into prison for his debt, the poor baronet, unable to discharge that debt, and too honest to run away from it, yielded partly from weakness, partly from good-tempered indolence, to her importunities; and actually carried his Dutch dulcinea with him, to astound the natives in the vicinity of Brambletye. | -

Having carried her point thus far, and despairing, perhaps, of rendering herself more agreeable than she had done, she set diligently to work to become useful. Here, her activity of mind, knowledge of accounts, and habits of business, to all of which Sir John was an utter stranger, stood her in good stead. By the help of a few ducatoons, the moated house which had remained unmolested, because uninhabited, was rendered comparatively comfortable. Lawyers were feed and employed to remove the attachment placed upon Brambletye by the Committee of Sequestration; propositions of a compromise were made to the man who had agreed to purchase it, and who, though he had only paid a deposit, had already commenced extensive dilapidations; injunctions were served upon the tenants, restraining them from paying rent to any one but the old and rightful proprietor, all of which proceedings, of course, occupied considerable time. In the mean while, Sir John's personal comforts were not neglected. A hunter was provided, on which he occasionally rode out with the hounds; some claret of his own particular flavour

was imported, and the baronet, who cared for little else, continued to give himself up to these luxuries, until a fit of the gout, more severe than he had hitherto experienced, confined him for some weeks to his bed.

In this misfortune she became his nurse, of which office she sedulously discharged the duties until his recovery was completed. Fancying now, that she had rendered herself necessary to Sir John, she began gradually to disclose what she considered to be necessary to herself. She was suddenly tormented with qualms of conscience about the guilty state in which they were living, not so much on her own account, for she might be spared long enough to repent, as upon Sir John's, whose precarious health rendered it quite uncertain how soon he might be called to his dread audit. Her mind was now made up; she would receive the amount of her claim;—(here she put in an account very neatly drawn out, but of most alarming longitude;) this would be quite sufficient to maintain her in Holland, and she could devote the remainder of her days to expiatory offices of charity and religion, if she could be only once more made an honest woman in England. This was touching Achilles upon the heel; assailing Sir John upon the only vulnerable point. To her sudden fits of angry reproach or pathetic appeal, which were at first of rare occurrence, he could turn a deaf ear; but when they were perpetually renewed, the wear and tear of their annoyance became intolerable to a soft and easy temper like the baronet's; and the idea of freeing himself from her importunities, even by so hazardous an experiment as marriage, began to be more complacently entertained. Debilitated in body,

enervated in mind, desiring nothing but a quiet home and the tranquil enjoyment of his bottle; and above all, hoping that by drawing the arrow closer to him he might shoot it away for ever, the simple Sir John, at length, sent for a priest, and, within the walls of the old moated house, converted the Juffrouw Weegschaal into Lady Compton.

Incongruous, and even ridiculous and degrading, as this match might be esteemed, Sir John might, perhaps, have been enabled to justify his choice, if she had left him as he anticipated, or if her subsequent conduct had been at all consistent with her previous demeanour; but this, unfortunately, was by no means the case. Not that there was any diminution in her personal attentions; not that she broke out into vulgar violence, as women similarly circumstanced are apt to do, or resolved to domineer the moment the attempt might be made with impunity. There was nothing vicious, nothing of the Jezabel, in her disposition; every other passion was absorbed in avarice. To this the whole of her recent conduct had been rendered subservient; even her apparent liberality and temporary advances being but a bait, by which she hoped to hook her prey, and obtain ultimate possession of Sir John and his fortune. Now that this was effected she became sordidly penurious, grudging him as well as herself the common necessities of life; seizing and hoarding up for her own use the rents, which soon began to be more regularly paid; refusing to let any body else have the smallest insight into his affairs, and grinding every thing into grist for her own private purse, without the least remorse or compunction.

Intimidation or entreaty were equally ineffectual ; she pursued her course quietly but steadily ; and poor Sir John, who grew weary of altercation, and found coaxing of no avail, would have believed that she had a design of starving him to death in his own house, had he not observed, that she denied herself the smallest gratification with the same miserly and pinching sordidness. He was the last man to like such beggarly cheer ; but though the grumbling of his stomach expressed itself very intelligibly by his lips, it only brought him the old answer, that her own ante-nuptial claims upon his purse were not yet liquidated , and that it would be time enough to talk of gluttonous luxuries when he had paid his just debts.

Such were the domestic arrangements to which he had so ambiguously alluded in his letters to Jocelyn ; such were the circumstances which had so long delayed his return ; and such was the house to which he was now ushered, in utter ignorance of the woful change which had taken place in his father's situation and establishment. "Jocelyn, my boy, Jocelyn ! 'Sblood ! I'm right glad to see you," exclaimed the baronet, grasping his son's hand until it was almost benumbed. "Zooks ! you're grown a fine strapping fellow ! and the very sight of you, looking so stout and lusty, makes your old father's heart quop for joy, as the saying is. Od's bobs ! we'll have rare sport now we are met together in merry old England :

« Come, let's be merry,
Drink claret and sherry,

And cast away care and sorrow;
He's a fool that takes thoughts of to-morrow..

How goes the rest on't? Ah, Jocelyn, I begin to forget my old songs now, what with the gout, and what with ——; but wasn't that a good ballad I sent you about Noll?

« Old Oliver's gone to the dogs,
Oh no, I do mistake,
He's gone in a wherry,
Over the Ferry,
They call the Stygian lake :—
But Cerberus that great Porter,
Did read him such a lecture,
That made him to roar, when he came ashore,
For being Lord Protector.—
News! news! news! brave Cavaliers be merry;—
Cheer up your souls, with Bacchus's howls
Of claret, white, and sherry.»

Oh! every body thought it great news then, but, somehow or other, things haven't turned up all trumps, as we expected." He then proceeded to give a detail of the various grievances he had suffered, stating the scandalous dilapidation of Brambletye House, and the legal difficulties he still experienced in regaining full possession of his estate. Having dwelt at some length upon these particulars, and received from Jocelyn in return a full account of all his adventures in Paris, the baronet prepared, though not without considerable embarrassment, to break to his son the intelligence of his marriage. Assuming, accordingly, after two or three preparatory hems, the swaggering yet sheepish look of a man who is resolved to face down his own exposure, he exclaimed

—“Jocelyn, my boy, or rather my spruce blade, for you look more like my lord’s man-at-arms than the lady’s page you were when you quitted Brambletye;—no more bird-boults will you shoot now at the rooks in the Friar’s copse; no more foot-ball at Christmas; no more galloping round the moat, with a spit at your pony’s side, to run a tilt at a turnip upon a broomstick; bat, ball, and quoit, will all come amiss to the hand that has couched a lance, and carried off a Mounseer’s helmet before the King of France: the pranks of Bottom the weaver, Simpleton the smith, John Swabber, and Maid Marian, will no longer amuse you, when the morris-dancers come to beat up our quarters; I am getting almost too old, God help me! for joining your sports, either with dog or net, hawk or hunter, fishing-rod or fowling-piece; I knew you would find Brambletye plaguy dull, devilish lonesome, and so——”

“My dear Sir!” interrupted Jocelyn, wondering whether this introduction was to lead, “I beg you will discard every such idea from your mind; nothing will delight me more than to explore all my old haunts, and revisit the nooks and glens of Ashdown forest, where I have so often gone a nutting when a boy.”

“Od’s life, Jocelyn, don’t tell me; I know better, you would have been dull, horribly dull, cursedly dull, moped to death; and so I have hit upon a little expedient which I am sure you will admit—Oh! Jocelyn, my boy, there is no solace, no consolation, nothing after all, like a woman’s love.”

Our hero (for so we shall venture henceforth to call him), who imagined that his father had been providing

a wife for him, and who reverted with all the fervour of a first impression to the two black eyes which had so suddenly smitten him at the carousal, was by no means disposed to second these matrimonial arrangements, and therefore replied—"All this is undoubtedly true, but surely, Sir, I am as yet too young to think of marrying."

"If you are, I am not," said the baronet, "and, therefore, just to make the house a little bit tidy, as well as more lively and comfortable for you, I have provided another Lady Compton to manage matters, and keep the household in order."

"Married!" exclaimed our hero, in utter astonishment—"you never mentioned it in any of your letters."

"Didn't I? why then I suppose I must have forgotten it; and that 's odd enough too, for I 'm sure I 've thought of nothing else since it happened."

"Most cordially do I give you joy, Sir," exclaimed Jocelyn, affectionately pressing his father's hand.

"Why that 's hearty, my brave boy," cried Sir John, returning the squeeze with a force that made the fingers crackle in his grasp. "Joy! od's bobs, we 'll have nothing but joy, and you shall begin by wishing it me in a hoghan-moghan glass of claret:—

• Come, a brimmer, my bullies, drink whole ones or nothing,

Now healths are not voted down.

'T is sack that can heat us, we care not for cloathing,

A gallon 's as warm as a gown."

Zooks, I 'm glad you 're come again, for I was beginning to lose all my old snatches. They 're nothing un-

less we have some one to match 'em with a rousing chorus." He slapped Jocelyn heartily on the shoulder, as he concluded his speech, and immediately after began to troll at the top of his voice, "The merry Good-fellow," one of his favourite ballads, repeatedly declaring that he was as happy as a king; but our hero began to suspect the felicity that required such boisterous confirmation, especially as he thought he could, at times, detect a forlorn and lugubrious look in the midst of all this forced and rampant hilarity.

These suspicions were confirmed when Sir John, after having rendered his son in some degree responsible for his marriage, by declaring that it was incurred to give him a more cheerful home, began, after the following fashion, to make his first wife answerable for the second, determined, that if blame fell any where, it should not attach to himself. "Zooks! Jocelyn, it was very thoughtless of your mother to leave me as she did; a lone man at my time of life, accustomed to a comfortable home:—what could she expect, how could I do otherwise?"

"My poor mother, I presume, had no choice to exercise when she left you," said Jocelyn, "and as so many years had elapsed since her death ———"

"All her own doing," cried Sir John, rendered at once unfeeling and unjust by a sense of the annoyances her loss had entailed upon him; "all her own doing—I told her how it would end when she took to drinking the Tunbridge waters. But hang sorrow, and a fico for old griefs; you will have a brave substitute, Jocelyn, for your step-mother is a rare housewife, fru-

gal and thrifty; we shan't want any save-alls. Ay, and a comely dame too, though not so buxom as she was; for since she took to dining upon water-zootje, and drinking small beer, she has become a trifle fishy in the face, and a thought sowish in the figure."

"Saar Jan! Saar Jan! mijne waarde!" cried a husky guttural voice from without, while the party thus invoked exclaimed, with a chop-fallen look—" 'Sblood! here she is." The door opened, and Jocelyn was introduced to the new Lady Compton, whose attractions, rather from the effects of a sedentary life, and the fore-mentioned diet, than from the lapse of time, had been wofully on the wane since she was kissed by the King at Bruges. Her complexion was wan and sodden, her dull grey eyes had no brows, a sandy mustachio had sprung up on either side of her upper lip, which would have seemed more bristling and obtrusive but that it matched the colour of the skin; and of her undulatory and multitudinous figure it is sufficient to say, that it justified her husband's coarse epithet. Nor were her attractions embellished by her costume, her parsimonious system not having allowed her to buy new clothes till she had worn out those she had imported from Holland. A coif, with two laced streamers, confined her hair, which was dressed backward from the forehead; two huge gold ear-rings reposed upon her ample shoulders; her gown of green Paragon, edged with Brussels lace, was decorated at the stomacher with a profusion of gilt buttons and crossings of gold filligree; her waist, ample as it was, acquired a comparative tenuity from the prodigious expansion of the hips, in whose quiltings.

some score yards of flannel appeared to be engulfed; while her petticoats were short enough to discover a pair of most substantial legs, cased in blue cotton stockings with yellow clocks, and terminating in stout lacquered shoes with gilt buckles.—There was nothing modern about her, except two or three black patches, which being then the reigning mode, and of trifling expense, had been applied to as many pimples upon her cheeks. Though antiquated, however, in fashion, her clothes were scrupulously clean, and apparently quite as good as when they were first purchased. There was nothing shabby in her attire, nothing starved or pinched in her appearance; nor would any one have suspected her miserly disposition, unless he had happened to notice the eager twinkling of her eyes whenever it by chance encountered a piece of money, however trifling its amount.

“Ik ben verheuyd u te zien, Myn Heer Jocelyn,” cried the same wheezing voice he had previously heard—“hae is het met u?”

“Your mother understands English,” said Sir John, “though she prefers speaking Dutch.”

I care not how little we exchange of either, thought Jocelyn to himself, as he stared in utter amazement at his father’s most inexplicable choice. The Vrouw, however, lost no time in making sad complaints of her great disappointment, of their mutual poverty, of the difficulties she had encountered, and the troubles to which she was still daily exposed on account of “De Ridder Jan,” winding up the whole with a declaration, that her own pecuniary claims were yet far from being satis-

fied, and endeavouring to make herself intelligible by a patois, containing Dutch, French, and English, in about equal proportions. "De Ridder Jan," she exclaimed, "dat is uwe vader, gaat op de jagt, goes à la chasse, he hunt:—he is een groote drinker, comme un poisson he tipples:—zingen een drinklied, chanson à boire to sing, dat is zyn liefhebbery, his plus grand plaisir:—hij zal niet rijk worden, he shall come rich jamais:—meer verteert dan hij inkomen heeft—he debourse more dan his income.—Wat mij aangaat, ik leef zuinig: ik ben spaarzaam—pour moi, I am cheap to live—voor Geld genoeg, vrienden genoeg, and Geen pijp, geen dans; point d'amis sans argent; who zal dance must pay de pipe."

"Well, well, my lady, or mevrouw, whichever you like best," cried Sir John, after she had continued a little longer in this strain; "prythee, sputter and spit no more Dutch in our faces, but see and get us a good feast, not a fast; for though Jocelyn be no prodigal son, we'll treat him as such for once and away. And hark ye, Juffrouw Weegs——I mean my lady, as much swipes and water-zootje as you like for yourself, but a solid joint and a flask of claret for me and my boy; for the devil may have our share of all your wishy-washy dabs and slip-slops."

"Saar Jan! Saar Jan!" cried her ladyship, shaking her head—"Eene groote lantaren en weinig licht, vous avez une grande lanterne, but little light in your head. Het is better to spaar in het beginnen dan op het einde. Eilaas! mijn heer Jocelyn, uwe vader ziet niet verdor dan zijn neus lang is—he see no furdur dan is nose long

is. Hij is mijn bedorf geweest—he is my ruin—Och laaci! Och laaci!”

Again shaking her head mournfully as she uttered this interjection, she walked slowly away to perform the unwelcome office of providing a better dinner than usual, while Sir John, upon the prudent principle, that the least said is the soonest mended, diverted the conversation as soon as she had turned her back, and forbore the smallest allusion to his marriage, or the merits of the step-mother whom he had provided, so entirely out of consideration for Jocelyn's accommodation and comfort. Nor was the latter mindful to express a becoming gratitude for so signal a favour, an omission which seemed to excite little surprise in his father, and for which it is therefore hoped the reader will not too rigorously judge him. Following Sir John's example, he did not even mention the name of her ladyship, partly because he could hardly apply that title to her without laughing, and partly because he thought it much better to reconcile himself to an evil that was now inevitable, than wound his father's feelings by a single expression of surprise or regret. After having chatted together for some time, recalling former scenes, and arranging future plans, he left Sir John, that he might ramble over the old moated house before he prepared himself for dinner. In executing this purpose, he had occasion to pass by the end of the little, low, arched hall, in peeping into which he had a fresh opportunity of observing how completely the demon of avarice had taken possession of his step-mother. An aged rustic had come to pay a trifle of rent, which he

wished to deliver into the hands of Sir John himself, but upon being assured that he was too much disabled by the gout to see any body, or to sign a receipt, which must accordingly be done by herself, the farmer produced a greasy leather bag, and emptied its contents upon the table. Her ladyship's eyes were instantly fixed upon the treasure with a gloating delight that animated the whole surface of her broad sluggish countenance, while the fingers of both hands involuntarily opened and shut, as if she could hardly repress her desire to clutch it instantly. At one moment the rustic talked of calling another day, when he could see Sir John, at which intimation she was obviously preparing to grapple his bag by force, and her features declared, that the struggle for its recovery must be desperate to be successful. But the tenant altered his mind, took his receipt, and departed; while her ladyship, whose eyes actually seemed to glisten with a tear of joy, thrust the greasy bag deep into her bosom, and waddled briskly away upon her toes, so as to make as little noise as possible in her retreat.

The painful reflections excited by this occurrence were somewhat alleviated by his encountering Serjeant Whittaker, whom he greeted with great cordiality, and who was not less delighted at renewing acquaintance with his young master. "Couldn't leave Sir John in his troubles," said the veteran, "especially in the greatest misfortune of all, this cursed marriage (ask pardon, Mr Jocelyn); so I came here to be jack-of-all-trades; and if it wasn't for Sir John, damn me if Jack Whittaker would drink swipes, or stay another hour in

pinch-belly house, for so we all call it. Of all the cursed griping, grinding, starvation, dry-throated, skin-flint, stingy, niggardly——but Lord ! I forget she is your mother, Mr Jocelyn ; though when you come to know her as well as we do, and to have the stomach-ache as often as we have, you will confess that Sir John couldn't have done better than take my advice, and give her a certain choice."

"That will depend upon the nature of it," said Jocelyn.

"Why, I merely recommended him to let me give her a fair start with the cat-o'-nine-tails, when she might have a choice of either leaping over the moat and trudging off, or of falling into it and being drowned, though I must say I should like the last the best, for dead work is sure work."

"This is language," said Jocelyn, "which I ought not to hear, and which Sir John, I am sure, can never have encouraged."

"Then he had better stop my mouth by cramming it with good victuals," said Whittaker, as he walked away in a churlish mood, still mumbling curses against the Vrouw Skinflint as he presumed to designate his mistress. After having wandered about the house, which he found in a sufficiently forlorn and comfortless plight, Jocelyn betook himself, upon the summons of the bell, to the dining-room, where Sir John and his lady were waiting his arrival before they seated themselves at the table. So sordid and sorry was the repast, that it might well justify Sir John's exclamation—" 'Sblood ! my lady, is this all ? Another fast-day ?

zooks! I could get better pickings out of a beggar's wallet, or from the orts of a costermonger's Sunday supper. As for your cat-sup water-zootje, you may stir it up as long as you like, but the devil a ladle for me."

"In troebel water is goed visschen," said her ladyship, helping herself very quietly and plentifully to some flounders from the tureen before her—"gij zijt well gelukkig—you are lucky Saar Jan, een dinner to have, when ik heb niet een stuiver, quand je n'ai pas le sous, not a penny in de huis. Koper geld, kopere zielmissen—no farding, no feast."

To the scantiness of the dinner Jocelyn was presently reconciled, but he was shocked at the sordid falsehood which pleaded such utter destitution, when he had seen her receiving and secreting money in the morning. However, he determined not to excite any new altercation by noticing the occurrence, and with the same motive betook himself eagerly to some hashed mutton placed before him, declaring that it was a dish of which he had always been particularly fond, and which would enable him to dine like an emperor. If there were as little abstract truth in this averment, as in her ladyship's declaration that she was without a single stiver to procure more dainty cheer, it is to be hoped that the difference of the motive will make our hero's want of veracity a much more venial, if not indeed an amiable, transgression. Anxious to preserve appearances as long as possible, and avoid any matrimonial squabbles on this first day of Jocelyn's introduction, Sir John followed his son's example, dispatching the hashed mutton with an alacrity which was rather attributable to the

want of any edible substitute than to his preference of that nefarious *rifacimento*. Thus much we have felt ourselves bound to state in vindication of the baronet's epicurean taste.

«Honger is een scherp zevaard, Saar Jan,» exclaimed her ladyship, in a voice rendered more than usually plethorick and wheezing by her having just finished a whole tureen of water-zootje,—«hongry dog zall eat dirt podding.—Ha! ha!—Mijn Heer Jocelyn, wat zal u drinken? Hier is goed dun bier.»

«Good small beer!» exclaimed Sir John, thrown off his guard by so unmerited, not to say incompatible a character,—«what a bounce! 'Sblood! Jocelyn, don't touch any such rascally ditch-water. It is swipes—fit for nothing but hog-wash, though my lady will swill you a gallon at a sitting.»

As if in confirmation of this assertion, she filled a large mug with this vilipended liquid, emptied it at a draft, drew in a long breath, puffed it out again with distended cheeks and apparent satisfaction, and exclaimed, «Ha! dat is goed de keel smeeren; dat is goed!»

Fortunately there was a bottle of wine upon the table, of which Sir John had taken early possession, as if to secure it from his lady. From this he filled Jocelyn's glass and his own without relinquishing possession; but her ladyship seemed to have no wish to contest the division of his prize, contenting herself with the black jack, from which she replenished her mug until the whole was exhausted. Never had Jocelyn hurried to open the door with more satisfaction, than when his

beer-drinking stepmother quitted the dining-room; and never, probably, had Sir John prepared himself with greater glee for a rousing bouse, than when he drew his chair close to his son's, slapped him heartily on the back, chuckled, and cackled with anticipation, patted a favourite old pointer that had just laid its head on his lap, and sang aloud—

« What tho' we are made both beggars and slaves,
 Let 's endure it and stoutly drink on 't;
 'T is our comfort we suffer 'cause we won't be knaves,
 Redemption will come ere we think on 't.
 Let us take t' other cup to cheer our hearts up,
 And let it be purest Canary;
 We 'll ne'er shrink nor care at the crosses we bear,
 Let them plague us until they be weary.»

«I can't give you Canary, Jocelyn, but we have some claret that 's mighty pretty tippie; and you shall drink like a judge before you budge, so finish the bottle and clear off your glass.»

At these words he doubled his little finger, put it into his mouth, and blew two or three such piercing whistles, that Jack Whittaker, accustomed to the shrill signal, soon made his appearance. «Give us some hoghan-moghan glasses,» cried Sir John, «ask your mistress for the key of the cellar, and bring a jug of claret.»—«Ay, ay, Sir John,» replied the serjeant, with a familiar nod, and disappeared.

«'Sblood!» continued the baronet, «we 'll drink our first bumper to the King, for we may do it now without type or symbol—

« We 'll drink and pray no longer,
 For the King, in mystical fashions;

But with trumpet's sound,
His health shall go round,
And our prayers be proclamations.
Singing hey trolly, lolly, loe!

Just as he had finished this ditty, Whittaker returned with the welcome jug in his hand; but something had so tickled his fancy during his absence from the room, and his efforts to suppress his laughter occasioned such heavings of his shoulders, that as Sir John held out his huge glass to be filled, he rattled the jug two or three times against the brim without pouring out a drop. "What are you sniggering at, you grim-looking gaby?" exclaimed the baronet, growing impatient; "fill the glass."

"Ay, ay, Sir John," replied Whittaker, at length obeying the command, which he had no sooner done than his master exclaimed, " 'Sblood! what's this? what is it?"

"Swipes! your honour," shrieked Whittaker, delivering himself boisterously of the laughter which he had so long bottled up.

"And how dare you, saucy scoundrel, play me such a trick as this?" exclaimed Sir John, looking fiercely at his servant, and seemingly half disposed to throw the nauseous liquid in his face.

"I, Sir John? drinking swipes is too serious a matter for me to joke about. It's my lady's orders. She said you had had wine enough; she couldn't afford another drop, and if she could, it would only give you the gout again; so no more should you have."

"Damn her and the gout too!" cried the baronet,

“that was her excuse for sending my hunter to be sold. What, the foul fiend! are we to swill swipes, like groom-porters and coalheavers? A pize upon me, if I don’t have the key of the cellars, even if I cut it out from the twenty-fourth quilting of her flannel hips.” He was hurrying away in furious dudgeon for the purpose of executing this threat, when Jocelyn interposed, and used every effort to allay his indignation, declaring that so far as himself was concerned, claret was no treat to one who had so lately come from France; that he had already drunk more than his usual quantity; and that he would much rather proceed to Brambletye House, which he had not yet visited, as he was anxious to ascertain the extent of the dilapidations, and consult with him respecting its repairs. With some difficulty he succeeded in persuading his father to abandon his hostile intentions, and accompany him to the devastated mansion; but during their walk he puffed, and snorted, and knit his brows, and angrily grasped his oaken staff, and gave vent to sundry epithets which we dare not venture to record, and more than once expressed his regret that he had not taken Jack Whittaker’s advice in the first instance, and suffered him to give her a fair start with the cat-o’-nine tails.

Too much irritated now to dream of concealing her ladyship’s little foibles, he told Jocelyn that she sometimes actually got up in the middle of the night to pick his pockets of any money that accidentally came into his possession during the day, adding, that he had once baited his waistcoat with a gold jacobus, and secretly set a snap-rat-trap upon it, but that she had been

cunning enough to carry it off without injury, though he still lived in hopes of shortening two or three of her fingers. During the whole of this narrative, he termed her the damned Juffrouw Weegschaal, a name which he invariably applied to her in his angry moods, either for the purpose of irritating her, or of affording a momentary gratification to himself, though it eventually aggravated his own bitter regret, that he should ever have been fool enough to transform so appropriate an appellation into the inconsistent title of Lady Compton. X

On his arrival at the mansion, Jocelyn found it in a most forlorn and desolate condition. Although the roguish purchaser, as we have already stated, had only paid a deposit, and was absolved by the dissolution of the Protectoral Government from any legal claim for the remainder, he had not only refused to part with his prize, but proceeded rapidly to dismantle it; applying the materials to a house which he was constructing at a little distance. Part of the roof and of the floorings of the upper rooms had already been removed; and although application had been made for an injunction, and further demolition had been thus arrested, he had succeeded by interposing all the chicaneries of the Chancery, in retaining unjust possession of the premises. Most of the tenants, availing themselves of this double claim, refused to pay rent to either; but some from honesty, and their old attachment to Sir John, regularly made their disbursements to him, or rather to his lady, who performed the functions of bailiff, steward, and chief manager. Jocelyn

explored with great interest every chamber of the house in which he had been born and had passed all his earlier years; lingering for some time in the music gallery of the great hall, and contrasting the desolate appearance of the scene before him, abandoned to silence, cobwebs, and decay, with the clamorous voices, furious faces, glittering armour, and levelled pistols of the Ironsides, when he had with such boyish temerity launched an arrow at their colonel. Nor could he, without a sigh, advert to the wretched fate of that individual, when he recollected his kind and courteous demeanour towards himself; and remembered, that with his characteristic courage, he had disdained to fly or conceal himself upon the Restoration. Sir John pointed out to his observation, how the sculptured acorns in the porch had been battered and bruised by the weapons of the Roundheads: vowing, that if he lived to renovate the mansion, he would have oak-leaves and acorns carved upon every post; though he would leave those in the porch unrepaired, that he might never enter his house without a memento, to keep alive his hatred of the Puritans.

The wind went sobbing and sighing through the empty chambers, and as they quitted the mournful hall, the hollow echoes of their feet seemed to be the voice of lamentation at the desolate state of the mansion, and a solemn appeal to its master to restore its former splendour. They next proceeded to the Friar's Copse, the scene of Jocelyn's boyish sports, amid whose lofty trees the rooks, wiser than the vain glorious lords of creation, were quietly cawing as in the olden time;

tending their nests, or pursuing their customary recreations, unaffected by the changes of dynasty, or the furious passions of the busy unfeathered bipeds, who were so perpetually wrangling for the possession of the earth beneath them.

"'Sblood! Jocelyn," cried Sir John, "let us push forward for the Swan, at Forest Hill, and take a cup of burnt claret or appled ale with the landlord, a merry old cock, and a stannch, and, I warrant me, crows as loud as the best, for he was ever a friend to Rowley, and must have had rare tippling o' late under his old ash-tree. Zooks! the fellow's voice is as clear as a bell, and he can troll aloud now many a ballad upon red-nosed Noll, which he was fain to whisper in corners before the day of Restoration and roasted Rumps."

Jocelyn suggested that it was getting late, and expressed a doubt whether his father's tender feet could carry him so far.

"Tush!" cried the baronet, "my oaken staff will help me forward; this trusty old staff, which I cut with my own hand from the royal oak at Boscobel:—besides, the moon will be up presently, and I long to hear the rogue carol 'the Roundhead's Race.' Ah, the lucky dog! he has got back his King, lost no estate, and won no damned Juffrouw Weegschaal. Come along, Jocelyn; gouty as I am sometimes, I can hold you a stout pull still."

So saying, he set forward towards the forest with a sturdy vigour, which would presently have brought him to his journey's end could he have continued it;

but soon finding that he had materially overrated his strength, though by no means disposed to admit the fact, he stopped short; and after appearing to ponder for a moment, exclaimed:—"Zooks, Jocelyn I've been thinking 't would look shabby to go at this time o' night, as if we were afraid to show our faces in the sunshine; so we 'll put it off till to-morrow, and in the mean time we 'll rest ourselves a bit under this oak-tree, for every true Cavalier loves an oak, and I see you begin to be tired."

Though this was by no means the case with Jocelyn, he willingly consented to the proposition; and they accordingly seated themselves under the tree which terminated a straggling thicket of the forest.

"Ah, Jocelyn!" cried Sir John, as he looked mournfully towards the mansion, of which only a dim outline was now perceptible. "There's old Brambletye, but it looks as if it were quite dead. No lights in the windows; no smoke from the chimneys; no hunters in the stable; no claret in the cellar; and its roof off too, showing its poor old bones. Zooks! when I think of the jolly doings we have had there, I can hardly bear to look on 't."

"Away then with all such gloomy thoughts," cried Jocelyn, anxious to cheer his father's spirits, "and let us look forward to better times. You shall soon recover your rights; and the huntsman's horn, and the rattling glass, and the jovial song shall resound through the halls of Brambletye as merrily as ever."

"So they shall, my brave boy," cried Sir John, elated at the thought, at the same time slapping his son on the

knee, singing in a loud voice an appropriate verse of the Cavalier song—

« And then shall a glass,
To our undoers pass,
Attended with two or three curses;
May plagues sent from hell,
Stuff their bodies, as well
As the Cavalier's coin does their purses.»

Yes, my boy, we 'll soon get the roof on again, and then——»

«Anathema! maranatha!» exclaimed a sepulchral voice immediately behind him; «never shall a roof again cover the house of sacrilege!»

«Damn her! there 's the black ghost!» cried the baronet, starting up, and throwing his staff in the direction of the sound. «At her, Jocelyn! catch her, for she runs too fast for me; seize the Jezabel, cut out her croaking tongue with your rapier, grapple her, hamstring her, throttle her, don't let the she-devil escape.»—Startled at the sounds which had fallen upon his ear with a doubly solemn effect after the blithe echoes of the song, and puzzled at the meaning of his father's passionate expressions, Jocelyn remained for some moments in suspense, until Sir John again cried out, «Run boy, run, catch the cursed jade, if you love me,»—when he commenced a pursuit, but presently returned, declaring that he could not even hear a footfall, and that in the darkness of the forest it was impossible to discern a single object. «Ay, the old story,» exclaimed Sir John—«a cunning jade, and as fleet as a Yorkshire tike; but we shall trap the bitch-

fox still, and if she pay not bloodsauce for her pranks, you may e'en pick out my brains with my own sword, and spread 'em on a Banbury cake." He now rose wrathfully to return home, relating, as they proceeded towards the moated house, the different mysterious appearances of this figure, the strange import of her banning language, for which he professed himself utterly unable to account, and the marvellous power which she seemed to possess of rendering herself invisible, or, at least, of escaping where it would seem almost impossible for any thing human to avoid apprehension. Although more free from superstition and credulity than most of his contemporaries, Jocelyn could not help being struck by the singularity of this inexplicable narrative, as well as by the recent occurrence of which he had himself been a witness; while the coincidence between the malisons of this secret visitant, and the continued misfortunes with which Brambletye House had been assailed, seemed to prove that there was something more than madness or malice in her denunciations. During their walk home Sir John maintained a stern silence, only interrupted by an occasional curse at his tender foot, which began to wince at the length of the excursion; Jocelyn revolved in his mind the mystery of the black ghost; and neither of them was in a very complacent cheer when they terminated their walk, and again crossed the threshold of the moated house.

CHAPTER III.

« O heavens! wert thou for this loose life preserved,
Are there no gods nor laws to be observed? »

LORD ROCHESTER.

« ' SLIFE ! » exclaimed Sir John to his son two or three mornings after his arrival, « is it not a burning sin and shame, that I who for years together hardly ever doffed buff and steel-cap; who was in the great saddle from sun-rise to sun-set, ever ready to gallop in the King's cause where there was flashing of powder and clashing of swords; who sat in a pool of my own blood after Worcester fight, and yet rode twenty miles with Don Carlos and Pendril to assist the King's escape; who served him abroad, and advanced money for him (for which I have never been paid), after I was ruined and driven from home; I say, Jocelyn, isn't it a crying sin and a cruel, that I should be not only forgotten by Rowley, but kept out of my own estate by a rascally Roundhead? Four letters have I written to the King himself, but the deuce a word of acknowledgment of any sort; and as to assistance, it seems to me that the poor Cavaliers, now they have served the turn, and formed the ladder to the throne, are to be kicked down and trampled upon, even by the rogues that bowed the

knee to Noll. They say you must run the buck down to make sure of his horns, and I would have gone up to London myself, but this cursed gout, and the Juf-frouw—in short, something or other has always cried, hark back.”

“My dear sir,” cried Jocelyn, “why not entrust me with this commission? Confident am I that our old friend the Marquess of Ormond——”

“Ay, he has had his reward, and been created a duke,” interrupted Sir John, “and is at this moment in Ireland: without a friend at court nothing can be done, and I know none of the young dogs that now run down the game for the King, and make him follow wherever they give tongue. Jack Wilmot, indeed, who is one of the chief favourites, ought to remember me; for I once sat him behind me when he was a boy, and galloped with him after the hounds till he had hardly a puff of breath in his body. Ah! his father and I have rode together many a time after the red-coats, though we have been runaways in our turn. Well do I recollect our taking the King his dinner, when he was disguised as a wood-cutter in the copse at White-ladies, with a bill in his hand; and how hungry the King was, and how frightened we all were when a stag started out from the brake behind us! We were obliged to cut off his Majesty’s hair with a knife for want of scissors, and there we undressed him, and he gave one of his servants the chain of gold or spannar-string, which had been presented to him by a Scottish lord. ’Sblood! Jocelyn, Harry Wilmot had a narrow escape when he crept into the hot kiln at Mrs Lane’s malt-

house, while the soldiers were searching the premises, and was half-baked when they took him out again.¹ But poor Harry Wilmot's dead now! Wilmot's dead now, and little Jack has become my Lord Rochester, and the King's crony.—A wild rogue, they tell me, and a wicked, but I warrant me none the less liked by merry Rowland.”

“He must be more wicked even than report makes him,” said Jocelyn, “if he would refuse a service to his father's oldest friend. I will demand his good offices in your behalf, and if all else fail, I am determined to make an appeal to the monarch himself, and request not only the restitution of your estate, but some employment for myself. Your exertions and sufferings surely entitle you to advance this claim.”

“Body o' me, Jocelyn! if a just claim were a sure

¹ The Tract in the British Museum, to which reference has already been made, and whence some of the foregoing particulars have been extracted, states that Mrs Lane's share in his Majesty's escape having by some means transpired, a party of soldiers were sent to apprehend her, and finding she had fled, burnt the premises to the ground. The lady succeeded in reaching France, of which she apprised Charles, who was then in Paris. After relating that the King immediately sent one of his own carriages for her, and went out to meet her, the author gives the following trait, which (if true) is not less honourable to his Majesty's sense of gratitude, than to the humble individual who was the object of it.—“The Queen, his mother, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, went out also to meet this preserver of their son, sovereign, and brother. The coaches meeting, and she being descended from her coach, his Majesty likewise descends, and, taking her by the hand, salutes her with this grateful expression—‘Welcome, my life!’ and so putting her into his own coach, conducts her to Paris, where she was entertained with the applause and wonder of the whole court.”

card, we should speed with the best, and the kitchen-fire of Brambletye would blaze as it used to do. 'Slife ! didn't I refuse to put up the crosses and harp, and retain the three lions at the back of my grate, ay, and well-polished too, till I was routed out by Noll's Ironsides ? and yet after all, I am to be ejected from my own house, as if I were as big a Roundhead as Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, who have been dug up, and bundled out of their coffins. Surely the King must have been bamboozled about me, or never have received my letters. But kissing goes by favour at court ; so you shall go up to Whitehall, and try your luck with a letter to Jack Wilmot : if he refuses to assist you, you shall have another for the King ; and if Rowland fobs you off—'Sblood ! I'll hobble up myself to the foot of his throne, and shake this oaken staff in his face, and remind him that it was cut from the very tree into which I helped him to climb for his life, and into which I afterwards threw up a pillow that he might lay his head in Don Carlos's lap, and get a little sleep."

Jocelyn was by no means sorry to accept this commission, for it was not only painful to him to witness the groveling situation in which his father was placed by his unfortunate marriage, but he had already received several very intelligible hints from his sordid step-mother, which rendered him anxious to quit her presence with as little delay as possible. Certain that he would become, however unintentionally, a spy upon her actions, and apprehensive that he would endeavour to intercept the supplies, or withdraw Sir John altogether from her grasp, she had always opposed his

coming over to England, and now sought to drive him from his father's house by rendering it as uncomfortable to him as possible. This had been one reason of the sorry cheer she had provided upon his arrival; this had been the incessant motive of her subsequent demeanour, and Jocelyn was not of a temper to require being twice told by any one that his presence was unwelcome. Upon the following morning, accordingly, he demanded the letter of introduction to Lord Rochester, together with one for the King, which he pledged himself to deliver into his Majesty's own hands, and immediately took his departure for London.

At about two o'clock on the day after his arrival, he presented himself at his lordship's house, near the Bowling Alley, in Westminster. He was not yet risen, but as his servants expected every moment to hear his bell, he was invited to sit down in the ante-room. In this apartment, he found a considerable company assembled, by whose conversation he discovered, that the major portion consisted of calling-again duns waiting by appointment, and all in high expectation of touching their money, or receiving a payment on account, for which purpose some of them had already been several hours in attendance. Among them, however, were others of a different character; tradesmen, who, considering inordinate profits a compensation for protracted payment, were come to tempt him with specimens of jewellery, plate, sword-handles and belts, rich ornaments, stuffs, hangings, and every description of costly gew-gaw. In an arm-chair a teacher of the guitar had fallen fast asleep, with his instrument in his hand; at

his side, a French dancing-master was relieving the time by rehearsing the *Bransles*, a Parisian dance, in which he was to give instructions to his lordship: in one corner stood a thread-bare poet, reading over to himself, with prodigious interest, a copy of encomiastic verses, for which he expected some trifling honorarium; and in another was an artist, who, for the consideration of forty shillings, initiated his pupils in the mystery of folding napkins in eighteen different forms for the dinner-table, an accomplishment with which his Lordship had been so much struck, that he had determined to become his scholar in his own person, though it would seem to have been better adapted to some of his numerous servants. While Jocelyn was gazing upon this motley assemblage, the door again opened, and in strutted his quondam acquaintance of the Gate-house, Pickering the actor, now gallantly dressed in fine and flaunting clothes, seeming to snuff up the very air with a disdainful nose, and carrying himself with a more magnificent swagger than ever. Our hero, who perceived that he was not immediately recognised, had no sooner made himself known, than he started back into a theatrical attitude, exclaiming, "Art thou, indeed, the Jocelynian youth?" embraced him, with open arms, and then proceeded to inform him, in his usual bombastic style, that he was in high repute at one of the royal theatres, and came here by appointment for the prologue to the tragedy of *Valentinian*, which his lordship had been altering from *Fletcher*, and which was to be produced in a few days.

While they were conversing, the servant who had

taken up Jocelyn's letter came to him with a request, that he would withdraw into his lordship's breakfast-closet, where he would join him in a few minutes. Willingly obeying this mandate, he was ushered into a small apartment, which he had full leisure to examine, before his solitude was interrupted. Its wooden panels, divided into carved compartments, were adorned with paintings from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, beautifully executed, though by no means very decorous in the conception. On a large table were lying the works of that author, those of Cornelius Gallus, and the other amatory classics, the volumes of Aretino, and several French and Italian productions of a similar stamp. Open letters were scattered about from his friends Sedley, Etheredge, Henry Saville, and the Duke of Buckingham; interspersed among which were papers in his own hand-writing, licentious love-songs, translations from Horace, imitations of Ovid, satires, and the beginning of the intended prologue to *Valentinian*, and a poem entitled "*Apollo's grief for having killed Hyacinthus by accident.*" At the other extremity of the same table, the breakfast was set out, consisting of an apparatus of fairy cups for tea, then a newly-introduced and costly beverage, some cordials and restoratives, with eggs, shell-fish, potted meats, and other salacious condiments. Nor was the room in less confusion than the table; vizors, masquerade and court-dresses, hats, swords, papers, books, and musical instruments, being carelessly scattered upon every chair.

His lordship at last made his appearance, a tall, slender, graceful figure, habited in a French morning-

gown, and already exhibiting in his youthful countenance the hectic evidences of a premature decay. Receiving Jocelyn with great courtesy and kindness, he apologised for his late hours, which he attributed to illness, occasioned by an over-night's debauch (an excuse, of which his looks abundantly testified the truth); and smiled, when Jocelyn, in reply to an invitation to share his breakfast, declared he had already dined. "I well remember your father, the stout Sir John Compton," said his lordship, commencing his repast, "and though I am a man, which is a most mendacious genus, and a courtier, which is the worst species of that genus (always excepting a king), I beg you to believe that I will most willingly serve you to the utmost extent of my ability. What are your wishes?"

Our hero now gave a short account of his father's services, losses, and sufferings, concluding with an opinion, that they constituted a strong claim upon the King's gratitude and sense of justice.

"The King's what?" exclaimed Lord Rochester, smiling — "his gratitude and sense of justice? my dear Mr Compton, you need not have told me that you are just arrived from abroad. What is it, think you, that has brought myself into favour? Not that my father saved his Majesty's life at White-ladies; not that he was a staunch old royalist, who made it his business to fear God and honour the King; but that he happened to have a graceless dog of a son, who does neither the one nor the other, though he can drink, wench, and gamble, with the most roystering blade in London. What claim have you that is recognised by Charles the Second? Are

you original and desperate in your oaths like myself, whose swearing, according to the King's own calculation, would cost me two thousand a-year if the Rump Act were still in existence? Can you play chess like Brouncker; tennis, like Sir Arthur Slingsby; ombre and basset, like Sir Charles Berkeley and Fitzharding; the fool, like Tom Killigrew; the mimic and merry-andrew, like Buckingham? Can you dance a couranto, like Jermyn; vault upon a tight-rope, like Jacob Hall; drink like Sedley and Buckhurst; sing a smutty song like Lord Arlington; or a profane one like your humble servant, for which gadamercy on me! Can you lend money like Alderman Bakewell; import the last French fashions like de Grammont; flatter like Bab May, or play the pimp like Chiffinch and Rogers? Have you a pretty sister, cousin or niece, or even a beautiful little tumbler-dog, setter, or Bellonia spaniel, with yellow ears, and silver bells about its neck? Have you, finally, any interest with Lady Castlemaine, Moll Davies, Nell Gwyn, or any of the numerous courtezans that share the King's time and favour, with such moral and discreet courtiers as a certain Lord Rochester, of whose mad pranks you may perhaps have heard?"

Our hero professed his utter deficiency in any of these requisites for royal favour, but added that the King had promised, when at Bruges, to do something for them upon his Restoration.

"Worse and worse!" cried his lordship, "would you have his Majesty set the perilous example of keeping a promise, and thus bring a host of claimants upon his back, who are now all quiet because he has redeemed

his pledges to none? Your case begins to look desperate."

"I fear so," said Jocelyn, "unless a little skill in the guitar, and such French songs as I picked up at Paris, may be rendered available to our object."

"My dear Sir," said Lord Rochester, rising and taking him by the hand with a mock gravity, "I congratulate you; play upon the guitar and sing French songs! why did you not mention this at first? You have now as fair a chance of success as if you were a blooming Hamadryad, and had just stepped out of the Boscobel oak. Here is my guitar; voyons! touch, that I may judge of your services, for you may take my word (which however very few will), or the King's (which nobody in the world will), that in these times the weakest accomplishment is better than the strongest claim."

Jocelyn, who had an admirable voice and great command of the instrument, accompanied himself in two or three French chansonnettes, so as not only to delight his auditor (himself an amateur in music), but to receive from him an assurance that no accomplishment was more likely to ingratiate him with the monarch. "But some management will be required," he added. "Were he to hear you in a room, and in your ordinary dress, fond as he is of music, he might fail to be struck by your proficiency. Like myself, he has run the whole circle of ordinary luxury, and cannot be excited except by some surprise, or new and unexpected sensation, which he values for the moment in proportion to its rarity. If you will wait till I am dressed, I will stroll with you into

the Park, when we can consider the best method of attacking him."

Our hero expressed his unwillingness to usurp his lordship's time, when there were so many claimants upon it in the ante-room below.

"Ha!" cried his companion, laughing heartily, is my levee in attendance? I recollect now that I appointed them all for eleven o'clock. You shall see presently how I dispose of the varlets." So saying he withdrew into his dressing-room, where Jocelyn still heard him alternately laughing and singing until his toilet was completed. "Now, Signor Compton," he exclaimed, as he re-appeared richly dressed, "first let us secure our prisoners, and then hey for the Mall or the Park." At these words he left the chamber, followed by Jocelyn, and going on tip-toe to the door of the ante-room down stairs, in which his levee was collected by appointment, softly turned the key, put it in his pocket, and walked out of the house.

"Now the Lord deliver the rogues!" he exclaimed, after another burst of laughter, "for it is one of Morland's locks; nobody can let them out but myself, and when I shall return the Fates only know! I'm sure I don't, as it will depend upon my being drunk or sober."

"But have they no other means of escape?" inquired Jocelyn, somewhat anxious for the emancipation of his theatrical friend, whose time of performance, three o'clock in the day, was now just at hand.

"None, of which I am exactly aware," replied his lordship, "unless they venture the leap from the win-

dow into the garden, which they may do, after all, for a few sprained ancles and insignificant bruises. Ten to one no bones will be broken." Thus unconcernedly dismissing their situation from his thoughts, he led his companion through St James's Park to the garden, under the wall of which, standing upon the grass walk, was a knot of gentlemen in gay attire, whom Lord Rochester instantly recognized to be the King and his select band of courtiers. The monarch, leaning his shoulder against the wall, stood with crossed legs, patting on the head a diminutive spaniel which he held in his arms, and looking up to a gorgeously-dressed female on a terrace of the garden, parallel with the top of the wall. Not very decorous in her attire, and somewhat meretricious in her gestures, Jocelyn could observe, even at a distance, that her features were beautiful, and expressed his opinion that her wit must be at least equal to her charms, by the laughter that every now and then burst from the assemblage below.

"That is Nell Gwyn, the actress, now termed Mistress Nelly," said Lord Rochester; "a bold, merry slut; but as for her wit it is of that sort which every shameless jade has at her command, and which such loose fellows as myself (to say nothing of his Majesty, God save the mark!) have seldom any objection to hear. Ten pieces to one, they are discoursing of her last night's performance, with which the King was mightily smitten. Be not seen, for you must not mar the effect of a surprise: I will join the party, and learn their plans for the afternoon, which may assist us in settling our own."

So saying, he walked forward, was welcomed by the

King with a nod, and by Mistress Nelly with a pelting of sweetmeats and bon-bons, one of which hitting him in the eye seemed to afford egregious satisfaction to that laughter-loving dame, and scarcely less to the party beneath the wall, who were in their turn assaulted with a shower of the same dainty missiles. Returning from these illustrious triflers, whose amusement was exposed to public observation, he informed Jocelyn that they were about to proceed immediately to St James's Park, where for a wager lords Castlehaven and Arran had undertaken to run down and kill a stout buck before the King. "We cannot desire a better opportunity of a surprise," he added, "but we have not a moment to lose, so step forward with a good will." With these words he hurried to a masquerade-warehouse in Westminster, where he selected the garb of a sylvan, or a man of the woods, together with a guitar, which he entrusted to a porter, bidding him accompany them to St James's Park.

"But what connexion is there between a sylvan and a French song accompanied by the guitar?" asked Jocelyn, as they paced rapidly along.

"None whatever," replied his companion, and, therefore, the better for our purpose. The King has long lost all taste for that which is appropriate: to be pleased he must be surprised, and this can only be effected by some absurdity; the more preposterous the more likely to succeed." In a short time they reached a ditch behind some bushes, which was instantly converted into our hero's tiring-room; and here, as soon as his metamorphosis was complete, Lord Rochester left him to join

the royal party, undertaking to lead them towards his place of concealment, and directing him to start forward as soon as he heard the signal of a whistle. Through the crevices of the hedge Jocelyn saw the two young noblemen, whose vigorous and active limbs were displayed to the best advantage by a light elastic vestment, prepare themselves for their laborious task. A stout buck was selected for the chase. Several ladies in riding-dresses, with round black satin hats cocked on one side, and surmounted with scarlet plumes fastened by a diamond loop, were now joined to the royal party in the centre of the Park; while above the circling enclosures were seen the eager faces of the numerous gazers, whom curiosity had attracted to the spot.

The two adversaries of the buck, stationing themselves at opposite extremities of the Park, contented themselves for a considerable time with chacing him backward and forward from one to the other; until seeing the poor animal nearly exhausted by its exertions, they joined together in its pursuit, running it fairly down by superior fleetness, and killing it at a small distance from Jocelyn's lurking-place. Thither the King and his company immediately hastened to examine the dead stag, and congratulate the victors: Lord Rochester, as they returned from the spectacle and approached the bushes, gave the appointed signal, and Jocelyn started from his concealment. At this unexpected apparition several of the ladies shrieked, and ran for protection behind the King, who having been too often encountered by similar maskings and disguises to be at any loss for the meaning of the present, rather enjoyed their terrors, and

disposed himself to listen to the song or the address which usually terminated these devices. Jocelyn bent himself gracefully upon one knee, rose up, again bowed to the assemblage, struck his guitar, and thus accompanied it with his voice :—

Les rois d'Egypte et de Syrie
 Vouloient qu'on embaumât leurs corps,
 Pour durer plus long-temps morts ;
 Quelle folie !
 Avec du vin embaumons-nous,
 Que ce haume est doux ! embaumons-nous,
 Pour durer plus long-temps en vie.

“ Prettily imagined, i’ faith !” exclaimed the King, when he had concluded, “ and most daintily executed. Od’s fish, Lauderdale, isn ’t he a likely spark ? What say you, Arlington ; is not his voice as charming as Joanni’s ? —Jermyn, you are undone ; yonder is a better leg than your own. Hamilton, did you ever hear a more perfect Frenchman ? Whose getting-up is this ? Yours, Ashley, for a wager ; or else some new prank of George’s, my merry wag of Buckingham.”

Both these noblemen having strenuously disavowed any knowledge of the singer, the other courtiers, ever jealous of any new candidate for their master’s capricious favour, began to take exceptions against his figure, voice, and pronunciation ; while the ladies, after numerous wondering exclamations of who he could be, and what he could be, were unanimous and loud in their admiration.

“ Will none of you father this well-graced man of the

woods?" cried the King:—"then we must e'en bring the culprit himself to confession. Prythee, my tuneful Sylvan, who are you, and who has spirited you to this enterprise?"

Thus interrogated, Jocelyn approached the monarch, took his father's letter from his bosom, presented it, and retired. Charles happened to be in a particularly good humour; and his appearance exhibited the usual contrast of his physiognomy. His swarthy, solemn, and saturnine countenance was lighted up by a gracious smile; and his vivacity and high spirits seemed to be an effort to get the better of his melancholy features, as if the Scottish and French blood, which he inherited from his respective parents, were perpetually struggling for the ascendancy. Gratified by the sport he had seen, a winner of his wager, and pleased with Jocelyn's voice, manner, and theatrical mode of appearance, he took the paper with a smile, and waving it in the air exclaimed:—

"A copy of verses for fifty gold pieces! then is it assuredly your plot, Rochester, or Sedley's; for I know you poets will spare no pains to give publicity to your verses. Now listen, gallant cavaliers and fair dames, and let us see who will first detect the rhymester by his couplets."

At these words he opened the paper, when his countenance suddenly reddened and lowered into a stern scowl, as he muttered to himself—"What's this? What's this? Old services—wounds—Boscobel—Bruges—Brambletye House—Sequestration—impoverished and forgotten, but still loyal and faithful subject—John Comp-

ton.—Which of you, gentlemen,” he continued, turning a fierce look upon the courtiers—“which of you has presumed to expose me to this assault?”

This interrogatory being followed by a dead silence, he again addressed himself angrily to Jocelyn.

“Sirrah, did your father expect his name to be included in the list of seventy or seven hundred Privy Councillors (I forget which), that Monk put into my hands as soon as I arrived at Canterbury? Surely, the Comptons have taken care of themselves. Sir William retained his office in the Ordnance till he died; and Lord Northampton, I take it, is still Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire and Constable of the Tower.”

“I am sorry to inform your Majesty,” said Jocelyn, respectfully, “that a fatal feud of many years’ continuance has existed between Sir John and those branches of his family.”

“’Ods fish, man!” cried the King, “and am I to patch up all the silly quarrels of individuals, as well as those of the nation? Begone, Sir!”

The irritated monarch was preparing to depart, when again turning towards Jocelyn, he exclaimed, in a less angry tone, “What has become of that son of Sir John’s whom I remember to have seen in Flanders?”

“I am his only child, Sir,” replied Jocelyn, “and had the honour of being presented to your Majesty at Bruges.”

“What! are you the quondam queen of the Gate-house that was whipped out of prison by the gaoler?”

“The same, Sir,” replied Jocelyn, with a bow.

Either some pleasant association was awakened by this reminiscence, or some qualms of conscience about Sir John's long services and his unanswered letters flitted athwart his volatile mind; for the King's anger seemed to have passed away as suddenly as it had arisen, and he exclaimed, in a pleasant tone of voice:—"Gad! Arlington, 't were a pity, after all, not to do something for such a toward spark, and the son of a doughty old Cavalier. Have you no place vacant in your double capacity of Secretary and Chamberlain, into which we could pop him, and so silence his tongue till we want him to sing?"

"He would be an ornament to the court," said Lady Castlemaine, the foremost of the ladies; "for I would wager my diamond necklace, that he dances as well as he sings; and it is really high time to cure Jermyn of his conceit; though I know not upon what else he is to pique himself when his legs are eclipsed."

"Your Majesty did not seem to recollect him," said Lord Arlington; "a stranger may have dressed himself up in this fantastic fashion, and have presumed to stop you in your path. Pray, Sir Sylvan or Sir Mountebank," he continued, addressing himself to Jocelyn, "how do you propose to prove that you are Sir John Compton's son?"

"By my sword," cried Jocelyn, fiercely, "either here or elsewhere, against one or all that dare to question it, if I have his Majesty's sanction for unsheathing it."

"'Ods fish! Arlington," exclaimed the King, not displeased with the spirit he had evinced; "that smacks

strongly of the Comptons, for they were ever ready to draw steel and cast away scabbard. Tilly valley, man, I'll vouch for his identity."

"There is no vacancy, Sir, in my department," replied Lord Arlington, drily.

"Since Ned Cholmely's dismissal," observed Lady Castlemaine, "the Queen has remained without a Vice-Chamberlain."

"'Odso! well remembered, and just the thing, if the man of the woods has the gift of tongues. Can you speak French as well as you can sing it?" inquired the King, addressing himself to Jocelyn in that language.

"My long residence in Paris has rendered it as familiar to me as my native tongue," replied Jocelyn, in French.

"Why then, Monsieur Sylvan," resumed the monarch, "call upon Lord Arlington to-morrow for your instructions. You may inform your parents, Pan and Dryope, that I have made you Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen; and here is my hand to kiss that we may bind the bargain."

Dropping upon one knee, Jocelyn touched it with his lips, and was about to express his gratitude, when the King held up his hand, exclaiming: "Brythee, no more speechifying; 't was a pretty scene, but we have had enough. Now, ladies and gallants, all who are for the Tennis Court, and will bet upon the King's side may follow me." So saying, he passed on; the whole of the company followed; and our hero, finding himself alone, returned to his ambush, doffed his sylvan dress, and resumed his customary attire. Before he had com-

pleted this transmutation, Lord Rochester returned to congratulate him upon the success of their project, and the certainty of his appointment; though he declared he would have had no share in so perilous an enterprise, had he suspected that Jocelyn meant to convert it into what the King termed an assault, by presenting his father's petition. "However," cried his lordship, "all's well that ends well. I am so amazed at your success, that I shall hardly credit it until it is confirmed. Every thing depends upon the caprice of the moment; a word from Lady Castlemaine will instantly turn the scales either for or against you. Strike, therefore, while the iron is hot, and fail not in your interview with Arlington; for I see he likes not this appointment made without his suggestion, and will be glad of an excuse to frustrate your promotion. And now, Mr Vice-Chamberlain, for I am entitled to be the first thus to salute you, will you reciprocate the favour you have received, and assist my advancement as heartily as I have yours?"

"Your lordship cannot confer upon me a greater favour than by putting me to the test," said Jocelyn.

"Will you, then, call upon me immediately after your interview with Arlington?"

"I shall not fail to do so," replied our hero; "and that appointment reminds me of your poor prisoners at home. If you think proper to entrust the key to me——"

"Curse the sorry knaves!" interrupted Rochester; "think of them no more. I shall be at home some time or other, but it will be morning first; for I have

to sup in Covent Garden with Buckhurst, Sedley, Etherege, and Killigrew; beat up the quarters of Mother Shipley and her nymphs, where we have ordered the fiddlers to attend;—take boat at Charing Cross by sunrise, and drink buttered ale at Lambeth, for a silver tankard, with Sedley; row a wherry to Vauxhall, for fifty pieces, with Tom Killigrew; swim back against Buckhurst for fifty more;—dress and to the Finish at Wood's in the Pall-mall; and so home quietly to bed. You see the nature of my claims upon the royal favour; and as you are now in office, and bound not to delay one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber to the King, and the Comptroller of Woodstock Park, when he has so much public business upon his hands, I shall make no apology for bidding you adieu till to-morrow.)

CHAPTER IV.

« England is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne,
That fear attends her not.»

ON calling upon Lord Arlington next day, our hero received from his secretary the official confirmation of his appointment, with instructions to proceed, the next morning but one, to Hampton Court, for the purpose of being introduced to the Queen, and immediately commencing the duties of his new office. With this welcome intelligence he hastened to Lord Rochester's, happy that his appointed interview would afford him an opportunity of renewing his thanks. He was not yet risen, and Jocelyn was ushered to his bed-side, when he expressed his apprehensions that his lordship's various wagers and undertakings of the night and morning might have proved too much for his strength. «Not a bit, not a bit,» he replied, «the swim from Vauxhall carried off my drunkenness, and enabled me to win all my wagers and finish in good style. I am used to these freaks, have had some sound sleep since, and feel in better health and spirits this morning than I have done for a long time. This is precisely my

reason for lying in bed, that I may preserve them till to-night, when I shall have still more urgent occasion for them."

"Have you then some fresh wagers to win?" inquired Jocelyn.

"Ay, my Faunus, my Sylvan, my man of the woods, a wager that will make me for life. Excuse these epithets, Mr Vice-Chamberlain; we will be serious. I have served you in obtaining that office, because I foresaw that I should want your assistance; and you are now going to return the favour, in the hope of benefiting still farther by my future influence. Now, prythee don't try to look so ingenuous and disclamatory; don't affect to be disinterested, though I will allow you to be as grateful as you please for any benefits you may hereafter expect. I hate a man who is influenced by any thing but selfishness, or rather that pretends it, for it is the universal impulse. He who yields to his feelings veers and vacillates with the whim of the moment; he who is governed by principles, as he calls them, changes his conduct, and tells you he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday; you know not where to have such fellows. Give me the man who follows nothing but his own interest. I know how to deal with such a chapman; I know that he will be my servant so long as I serve him. These are my notions: we understand one another now, Mr Vice, as well as if we had been acquainted twenty years."

"I will make no professions, since you consider them so suspicious," said Jocelyn, "but I cannot say that I share your lordship's sentiments."

"I don't expect you to say so; few men care to be so honest as myself; they may own to a bad head, but never to a bad heart. My candour takes an opposite course; I will acknowledge my heart to be as black as you please, but I should be sorry to have my wit impeached. So much for prologue, and now to the play. Premising that for your present aid you are to have the benefit of my future influence, I have to propose that you should assist me to-night in carrying off Mistress Mallett, the great beauty and heiress of Somersetshire, whose fortune of twenty-five hundred per annum may save many scores of creditors from leaping out of my ante-room window, and prove marvelously acceptable to a certain pennyless wight yclept John Earl of Rochester."

"Surely, my lord, you would not use force," said Jocelyn.

"None more than the lady herself is willing to encounter. The King has repeatedly spoken in my behalf; the damsel is ripe and ready; but a psalm-singing mother, and Lord Hawley, an old dotard of a grandfather, entertain the strange conceit that I am not sufficiently moral and religious for a good husband; forgetting that if there be any truth in the old adage about a reformed rake, I am entitled to become a marital phoenix. To this opinion, however, the donzella herself luckily inclines, so that she has agreed to elope with me to-night, although she is so strictly watched that I must carry her off *vi et armis*. This method she prefers, because it saves appearances on her side, while she has no objection to the compulsion that gives her the man.

of her choice for a husband. She is engaged to a ball at Mistress Stewart's, one of the *maids* of honour, as the King still calls her (though he must know better); and upon her return we are to waylay and stop her grandmother's coach at Charing Cross. My own coach with six horses, and two ladies inside to receive her, will be in waiting to whisk her away. Some stout well-armed horsemen, who have been already provided, will be sufficient to master Lord Hawley's servants should they prove rebellious; but as I would not have the nymph rudely handled by serving men and varlets, I wish you to assist me in removing her from the carriage; and I warn you not to be deceived should she deem it necessary for her own exculpation, to make a show of repugnance, or even of resistance."

Though by no means pleased with the service upon which he was to be employed, however anxious he might be to evince his gratitude, Jocelyn felt too far compromised to recede, and consented to join the party. "Provide yourself then with a good horse," said Lord Rochester; in the loneliest part of the road, near the Triumph Tavern at Charing Cross, you will find myself and my fellows in attendance at midnight (for it will be a late ball); we will secure the Roxalana; you shall accompany me a few miles into the country to a house where I have already appointed a parson to be in attendance; and after the marriage we will all return in grand procession, and sing an epithalamium under the old lady's window to one of the psalm tunes of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Norton and Wisdome. And this being settled, Mr Vice-Chamberlain, I must entreat you

to leave me, for I have much to do. I must borrow the money to pay for our expedition, unless I can previously touch the wagers I won last night; at two I am engaged to play the mall in the Park with Harry Saville, and besides I must positively finish the prologue to the Tragedy of Valentinian before I begin the farce of Marriage. So adieu till to-night."

Our hero, having engaged a stout steed, presented himself punctually at the place of rendezvous, where he was not long in discovering the little troop of horsemen who were to perform the enterprise, though he found they had not yet been joined by their leader. Upwards of two hours did they patrol the road before he made his appearance, when he at length presented himself, inquired whether the coach had yet passed, and upon receiving an answer in the negative, exclaimed, with a deep oath, that he feared he should have been too late. "Ha! Mr Vice," he continued, on recognising Jocelyn, "am not I a lucky fellow to be still in time? Five minutes ago I would have sold my chance of the fair one's charms, videlicet, her fortune, for a pint of Canary, but now I shall still start for the prize. I have been supping at Covent Garden, with some choice spirits, where I saw the rarest exhibition of dancing dogs! one of them dressed up like the pompous Lord Chancellor, and another like his stiff-necked daughter, Nan Hyde, the Duchess of York; but so inimitable, so true to the original, so irresistibly droll, that I sat and shrieked with laughter, till one of the company mentioned the anecdote of the dog that bit Buckingham's leg, and his exclaiming, in the bitterness of his anguish, 'Damn you! I wish you

were married and lived in the country.' This luckily reminded me that I was myself about to be married, so I mounted my horse, galloped to join Mr Vice-Chamberlain, and have fortunately arrived in time." Jocelyn would have been surprised that he could indulge in such foolery, almost in the crisis of so important an undertaking, but that he saw he had been drinking pretty freely; while he already understood enough of his lordship's character to know that any frolic, however wild, would easily divert him from the most grave and urgent business. Scarcely had he been ten minutes arrived, and already was he fidgeting about in that impatient restlessness produced by the necessity for constant excitement, when one of the scouts, who had been stationed at Whitehall, came running up to say that the coach was approaching. The flambeaux carried by the footmen were presently seen advancing towards them; Lord Rochester called out to his people to be upon the alert; and gave notice to the females in his own coach, to prepare for their expected companion. By this time, the equipage to be attacked had reached the dark spot in which the horsemen were stationed, when the whole party rushed forward, instantly stopping the carriage, and cutting the reins and traces to prevent pursuit. The sturdy rogues behind, undismayed by the disproportion of numbers, threw away their flambeaux, and drew their swords; but they were presently pulled to the ground and disarmed. Jocelyn, in the mean time, opened the coach-door, when Lord Hawley, who had unsheathed his weapon, made a push at him, exclaiming, "Villain! what mean you by this outrage?" Fortunately

it passed beneath his arm, and he found no difficulty in seizing and wrenching it from the feeble grasp of his assailant. At the first clashing of swords, the lady had fainted away, so that Lord Rochester encountered no opposition, but bore her to his own carriage, while her grandfather was engaged with Jocelyn.

The prize being thus successfully secured by a coup-de-main, which had hardly occupied three minutes in its execution, the dismounted horsemen hastily regained their saddles; the vehicle containing the rich heiress, for whom so many noble suitors had been contending, set off at full speed, guarded on either side by the armed riders; while Jocelyn and his lordship brought up the rear, keeping at some distance from the cavalcade, that they might have the first notice of any intended pursuit. In this manner they travelled forward with undiminished rapidity upon the Uxbridge road, until they had nearly reached that town, when Jocelyn, in the darkness of the night, missed his companion, and though he immediately pulled up and called aloud several times, he received no answer. Such was the obscurity of the road, that his lordship might easily have passed him unperceived; he therefore deemed it not improbable, that he had pushed forward to join the coach; and urging his horse to a full gallop to do the same, he soon overtook it. The object of his search was not, however, to be found, and in the midst of his parley with two or three of the horsemen, he was utterly astonished at seeing a female thrust her head from the carriage, shrieking and calling for assistance, in an agony of distress and terror that incontestably proved she was no

willing actress in this scene of abduction. Instantly clapping spurs to his horse, he rode up to the leading postilion, and compelled him to stop, when he returned to the coach, imploring its terrified inmate not to be alarmed, as she was in the hands of men of honour, and assuring her that a momentary delay would enable her friend, Lord Rochester, to come up.

"My friend!" exclaimed the lady, indignantly. "If this be his contrivance, as I suspected it was, he is a villain, and a most unmanly dastard!"

"Is it possible, Madam," said Jocelyn, in a whisper, "that this flight has been undertaken without your consent? that you are no party to his lordship's arrangements?"

"The very supposition is an insult!" replied the lady. "If you are the man of honour you profess to be, I appeal to you as a christian and a gentleman for assistance. If it be denied me, my cries and shrieks in every town through which we pass shall ultimately ensure my deliverance."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Jocelyn, drawing his sword, and addressing the horsemen, "we will go no further in this business: he who proceeds, does it at the peril of his life. I have been betrayed and deluded, as much as this lady has been outraged, and we must seek his lordship, that we may consider the most honourable method of restoring her to her friends."

"Certainly, certainly," cried several of the horsemen, who neither liked the threatened outcries of their prisoner, nor this apparent desertion of their employer—"we must see his lordship: we will not stand the risk

of passing through Uxbridge, just as the day is breaking, and on a market-morning: besides, our horses are blown. »

« Then, remain here while I return to seek our principal, » said Jocelyn: « he cannot be far behind; and I am anxious that he should make some reparation to this lady, by conducting her back in person, and explaining to her friends the circumstances of her disappearance. You must all, I am sure, be as anxious as myself, to stand acquitted of so serious an offence as a forcible abduction. »

« All, all ! » cried the fellows, who had become mightily moral as soon as they saw the enterprize was likely to be abandoned, and that they had been deserted by their employer.

« Madam, » said Jocelyn, bowing to the lady, « we all pledge ourselves for your safe reconveyance to your friends. I go to seek his lordship, and will return to you with all speed. »

At these words he hastened back, repeatedly calling out the name of his missing friend, but without effect. After proceeding about a mile in this manner he came to a public-house, and observing that some of the inmates were stirring, inquired whether any traveller had lately stopped there. A horseman had alighted, he was told, some little time before, who called for spiced Canary, of which he drank three half-tankards in quick succession, and had then quitted the house, and struck across the fields opposite. In the stable Jocelyn immediately recognized the horse upon which his lordship had been mounted, and instantly set off in pur-

suit of the rider, a good deal puzzled to account for this sudden change of purpose, and not altogether without apprehension as to the motives which had induced a man, always reckless and desperate, and now flushed with wine, to plunge into these lonesome meadows, in which he noticed several pools of water. Although the sun had now risen, he could not see a single moving object, but his ears served him better than his eyes, and his forebodings were quickly dissipated by hearing his lordship's hearty and peculiar laugh, which upon the present occasion was almost aggravated to a shriek.

Crossing a stile in the direction of the sound, he beheld a fold of sheep, with two men leaning upon the wattles, one of whom was his lordship. The other was a mountebank quack-doctor, who, having got drunk over-night at a neighbouring fair, had strayed to the sheep-fold, and imagining himself, as he leant upon the hurdles, to be in front of his own itinerant tumbrel, was haranguing his woollen auditors upon the merit of his medicines, with a most stolid and grave absurdity. The vacant look of the sheep, who had formed a semi-circle at a little distance, and were gazing in his face, the fixed drunken eye of the orator, staring at the sun as if puzzled by the phenomenon, and his tottering efforts to recover the centre of gravity whenever he bowed to his fancied customers, were rendered still more ludicrous by the solemn folly of his address. To a dark-faced sheep, whom he individualized as a gentleman of an atrabilarious temperament, he most urgently recommended the precious elixir of the phial which he held, and so saying, he dropped his tobacco-box at his

feet; upon a ram with large curling horns, whom he apostrophised as the worthy magistrate in the periwig, he enforced the necessity of taking a box of his incomparable pills, and accordingly tossed him a bunch of keys; while a lamb, addressed as the sickly-looking young lady in white, was intreated with a maudlin tenderness to take some of his precious powders, of which he tendered her one in the form of a clasp-knife. His ridiculous perversion of long-winded medical terms, his frequent hiccoughs and hesitations as he stopped to stare with a stupid bewilderment at the sun, his exclaiming, when any any of the sheep bleated, "I will answer that objection presently," and the asinine anger with which he occasionally turned to Lord Rochester, and damned him for a lazy tapster in not bringing him another tankard of humming bub, had occasioned those shrieks of laughter which had attracted Jocelyn to the spot, and had afforded a treat to his lordship that he declared he would not have missed for all the heiresses in the three kingdoms.

"May I inquire," said Jocelyn, somewhat offended at this declaration, "how you discovered this egregious drunkard, and why you abandoned your party?"

"As to this inimitable artist," replied his lordship, "I stumbled upon him by mere chance; and as to my quitting the cavalcade, the Canary had partly driven it out of my head; and when it recurred, there appeared something so diverting in the dilemma of your all finding, when your horses were knocked up, that you had run away with a large live heiress, and didn't know what to do with her, that I could not resist the tempt-

ation of exposing you to it. I should have come forward, however, sooner or later, to relieve you from your embarrassment."

"Your lordship's friends are infinitely obliged to you," said Jocelyn, coldly, "and I would fain know why I was selected for the honour of being thus deceived and laughed at."

"Why, to deal frankly with you, Mr Vice, I have strongly conceited that you will become a great favourite with the King: if I fail in this enterprize I shall need your influence with him, for I shall probably fall into immediate disgrace. Nobody but myself can know that you have been a participator in this outrage, and thus I have you in my power; being enabled to effect *your* disgrace by disclosure, or by my silence to ensure your offices in averting my own. These are the morals at court, where all practise what I alone avow, because I had rather be a rogue than a hypocrite. And so having shown you what an amiable aspect is worn by the human heart when it throws off the mask; hey! to horse! Mr Vice, and let us gallop after the heiress."

"My lord," said Jocelyn, sternly, "I should express my opinion of your conduct in words that it would grieve me to utter to a benefactor, but that there is no time for parley, for yonder comes the lady's grandfather with two friends. Defend yourself, my lord, for his sword is drawn, and I decline all further participation in your enterprize."

"I have always maintained," replied Rochester, calmly, "that every man would be a coward if he dared. That animal courage which we share with the

brutes, I have evinced more than once against the enemies of my country : that moral courage which enables a man to defy the sneers of fools and knaves, I displayed when I refused to fight Lord Mulgrave : and this angry old pantaloon shall have no excuse for scratching my skin, when I would not shed a thimble-full of blood to purchase the good opinion of that contemptible nobody, or everybody, yclept the world. What ! be pinked through the body for a white-faced chit in a silk petticoat ! No, not to avoid a thousand epigrams of Sir Carr Scroop.”¹

Lord Hawley and his friends having procured assistance at the Horse-guards, and commenced an immediate pursuit, had made inquiry at the public-house, where they gained tidings of two of the fugitives, and hurried across the fields to seize them. Advancing towards the pursuers as they approached, Jocelyn told them they might sheathe their swords, as Lord Rochester surrendered himself their prisoner ; he then informed them, that he had arrested the cavalcade and carriage the moment he had heard the cries of Mistress Mallett, and described the exact spot where the whole party would be found. After receiving their thanks, he walked at a brisk pace towards the inn, hearing the most insulting and opprobrious epithets applied to his lordship, without their appearing to extort a single syllable of angry rejoinder, or being otherwise noticed

¹ His lordship probably alluded to one which terminated with the following lines—

“ Thou canst hurt no man’s fame with thy ill word,
Thy pen is full as harmless as thy sword.”

than by his whistling the air of a fashionable song. Mounting his horse, Jocelyn retraced the road to London, utterly ashamed of the part he had acted in the adventure, and not less indignant at the manner in which he had been duped by his lordship, than amazed at the childish levity, avowed heartlessness, want of principle, and inexplicable inconsistency of his character.

On the morning after his return to London he felt more acutely and angrily the embarrassing situation in which he had been placed, for he learned that the King, in high dudgeon at Lord Rochester's attempt, after having himself condescended to interfere with the lady in his behalf, had instantly ordered his committal to the Tower; a measure which was expected to be followed by his banishment from court, and the loss of all his preferments. A word from his lordship would instantly blight the budding honours of the Vice-Chamberlain; and he had the mortification to find his fortunes in the power of a man, who possessed an utter disregard to moral obligation, and whose uncalculating caprice might lead him to divulge even that which his governing principle of self-interest would have rendered it prudent to suppress. It was obvious, however, that nothing could be at present gained by Jocelyn's inculpation; and in the hope that the part he had acted, under his first erroneous impression, would remain unknown, he betook himself on the following morning to Hampton Court, conformably to the orders he had received.

The royal party, he found, were gone on a water-

excursion, an opportunity of which the Queen's gentleman-usher availed himself to instruct him in his duties, and show him the apartments of the palace, particularly those appropriated to her Majesty. In her dressing-room he saw the gold cup presented to her by the city upon her arrival, and the massy toilet of the same material, made for her by the King's orders, at an expense of four thousand pounds. Thence he was ushered to the Queen's bed-chamber and closet, in the former of which was the magnificent bed of crimson velvet embroidered with silver, which the States of Holland had presented to the King upon his restoration. In other respects the room was sufficiently plain, being fitted up with pious pictures and books of devotion; a receptacle for holy water was adjusted to the head of her bed, by the side of which stood a large clock, provided with a lamp to show the hour in the night-time; and in one corner of the room, amid others of rare Indian manufacture, was an ebony cabinet inlaid with silver, which upon touching a spring opened, and was converted into a Prie-dieu, furnished with a crucifix, a little altar, a missal, and every customary ornament and appendage of the Romish worship, but all of a diminutive size. In passing through the apartments he encountered some of the Guard-Infantas, or Portuguese maids of honour, whose forbidding looks, olive complexions, and preposterously unbecoming dresses, seemed to afford abundant evidence that they had not been selected, like their English sisters, for their personal recommendations. Two friars, who stood in the window of the next apartment, in black robes and

cowls, with ropes about their waists, and sandals upon their naked feet, eyed them with a scowl as they passed, and then renewed their conversation in a low whisper; so that our hero, in spite of the rich ornaments in the dressing-room, thought there was something peculiarly gloomy in the grandeur of these apartments, and concluded that their mistress must be of an austere and bigoted turn.

Of the monarch most assuredly no such opinion would be formed, from a contemplation of the chambers appropriated to *his* purposes of state or privacy. Here every thing was magnificent and joyous, for all had been splendidly refitted and furnished since the Restoration. Here every thing betokened that the gay and effeminate Sybarites had succeeded to the stern and solemn men of iron. Hangings designed by Raphael, and richly wrought with gold; unrivalled tapestries, among which the story of Abraham and Tobit was particularly admired; rare pictures, especially the Cæsarrian Triumphs by Mantegna, formerly belonging to the Duke of Mantua; the gallery of horns, with its huge antlers of stags, elks, and antelopes; the great hall gorgeously decorated; the chapel, whose fretted roof had been newly gilt; the wardrobe of tents and other furniture of state; were all admired in succession; while from the windows of the palace they were enabled to view the improvements making in the park, part of which was laid out for a hare-preserve, while in another a canal was being dug, shaded by plantations of lime-trees. In the garden was a rich and noble fountain, adorned with syrens and statues, cast in copper

by Fanelli, and terminated by a parterre known by the name of Paradise, in which was a banqueting-house, set over a cave or cellar.

Upon entering the presence-chamber he found that the maps, plans, and statistical tables, which had been hanging there upon his former visit, had been replaced by portraits of the wanton beauties who figured in the court of the licentious monarch, or formed part of his acknowledged seraglio; while the closet, with its voluptuous paintings and lascivious works, intermixed with cabinet pictures by the first artists, and rare antiques that evinced a taste for the purer specimens of art—its miniatures and plays, its costly knick-nacks and gewgaws, its trinkets and trumpery, presented a no less striking contrast to its state when he had visited it with Colonel Lilburne. Even in the most sumptuously-furnished apartments of the palace, spaniels and lap-dogs of all descriptions were allowed to litter and feed their puppies, spoiling the chairs and rich carpets, and tainting the air with their filth; so that, from the mixture of nastiness and magnificence, the visitor might rather fancy himself to be in the camp of an Asiatic satrap, than the palace of a refined and polished monarch.

But a little time had elapsed, after his having completed this inspection of the royal apartments, when he was summoned to be introduced to the Queen, who had now returned from her excursion. So much had been said of her homeliness, and the sight of her apartments had so impressed him with a notion of her austerity, that he was not less agreeably surprised by her personal appearance, than by the cheerful courtesy

with which she received him. In the former respect she fully justified the description of an eye-witness, who, speaking of her Majesty and her Portuguese ladies, says, "She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough." Expressing herself obliged to the King for providing her a Vice-Chamberlain, with whose services she doubted not she should be well content, she informed him that, as it was the Sabbath, and she should be engaged during the remainder of the day with her confessor, or in the religious observances of the chapel, she would dispense with his further attendance until the morrow. Some of her foreign attendants, apparently struck with Jocelyn's fine figure and noble countenance, seemed to intimate by their glances that they could have been well pleased to retain him among them; but if such were really their wishes, there was no reciprocity in the object of their admiration, who looked with some distaste upon their dark complexions and ill-favoured features; and whose thoughts were still pre-occupied by the large lustrous eyes he had seen at the Carousal at Paris, though he now almost despaired of ever encountering the lovely being to whom they belonged.

At night he betook himself to the King's side of the palace, where he understood there was to be a select ball, stationing himself in the ante-room in order to have a view of the visitants, as well as to obtain a peep into the ball-room. Several of the most illustrious

noblemen and ladies passed into the festive chamber, the former gallantly attired for dancing, the latter as resplendent as beauty, emblazoned by jewellery and rich dresses, could make them. From time to time, when the door opened, he gazed into the illuminated saloon, where waving plumes, sparkling diamonds, bright eyes, buzzing voices, and merry music glittered before him and filled his ears for a moment, to be suddenly shut out from both, like a flitting pageant, when the double folding-doors were again closed. From the officers of the palace and members of the household by whom he was surrounded, he did not receive such a courteous return to his advances towards acquaintanceship, as he could have wished, their answers to his inquiries being mostly confined to a cold monosyllable. He was a new comer, a personage always eyed with jealousy in a court; and such were the parties and factions into which the whole establishment was divided, that they deemed it prudent to stand aloof until they had ascertained whether or not the Vice-Chamberlain were patronized by the King and Lady Castlemaine, or selected by the Queen. In the former alternative his friendship was to be courted; in the latter it might be prudent to avoid too great an appearance of intimacy. Among those that passed was Lord Arlington, who evidently recognized him, for he frowned as he saw him, and went forward without further notice. Jocelyn remembered what Lord Rochester had said about the probable hostility he would have to encounter from this nobleman; and already foreseeing that he should be exposed to all the sup-

planting intrigues of a court, he determined to disarm malevolence by an irreproachable discharge of his duties, and at all events not to merit any disfavour, even should he be unable to avert it.

While our hero was thus occupied, he heard voices behind him crying—"Fall back, gentlemen! fall back! make way for his Grace!" and, looking round, he beheld several servants in the royal livery, who arranged themselves on either side, making a lane through which passed a youth in a splendid court-dress, with a diamond George sparkling on his breast, and the garter round his knee. It was his friend Crofts, with whom he had become acquainted in Paris! If any thing could have added to his surprise at this discovery, it was the manner of his friend's reception by the King, which he had an opportunity of witnessing through the door-way. His Majesty hastened up to him as he saw him approaching, embraced him with smiles of welcome, and retained him in close conversation as long as Jocelyn could observe them. On inquiry he learned that the supposed Crofts was the King's natural son by that identical Lucy Barlow for whose miniature Sir John had been despatched to Dunkirk; that he had only been entrusted to Lord Crofts for his education; had discarded that name upon his arrival in London; and was now Duke of Monmouth, and the favourite of the King, who it was thought by many would declare his legitimacy, and ultimately make him heir to the throne.

Before his astonishment at these tidings had subsided, the young duke returned to the ante-room, to despatch

one of his servants for some article that he had left in his apartment, and, spying Jocelyn, hurried up to him with open arms, inquiring to what lucky chance he owed the pleasure of seeing him at court. Our hero mentioned the nature of his appointment, congratulated his friend upon the eminent station he had so unexpectedly attained, and expressed a fear that the great difference of their present rank might almost render it presumptuous, were he to claim a continuance of their former intimacy.

“What! are you prepared to accuse me beforehand?” exclaimed the duke, “when you yourself are the first to exhibit pride in your very humility. You shall not shake me off so easily, master Jocelyn: so, come along, and let me introduce you to the King as one who was my earliest play-fellow, and I hope will be my latest friend.” Thus saying, he put his arm familiarly within Jocelyn’s, led him into the dancing-room, and presenting him to the King, related in a few words his adventure in the Luxembourg-gardens, the issue of the Carousal at Paris, and the former friendship that had existed between them. “I faith, Mr Vice-chamberlain, or rather Sir Guy of Warwick,” exclaimed the King, gaily, “I must look to my Queen, now that she has such a doughty champion at her elbow. One who has overset the Duke of Anjou, and unhorsed a Bohemian baron, before he wore a beard, may well win the citadel of a lady’s heart, when grown so stout a man at arms as thou art. By my sword and sceptre! as you have been the protector of this young scape-grace, you shall have all the honours of a champion, for a monarch

shall be your master of the ceremonies, and the fairest damsel in the court your partner."

So saying, he clapped his hands, and calling out to the band to play the old English country-dance of "Cuckolds all awry," led up Jocelyn, and introduced him to Lady Castlemaine; selected the Duchess of Buckingham for himself; and, bidding the Duke of Monmouth and the other dancers to take their places, led off the set, acquitting himself with that grace and elegance which rendered him confessedly unrivalled in all personal accomplishments. Lady Castlemaine, whose brilliant beauty little needed embellishment, was in a perfect blaze of jewels, their value being estimated at upwards of forty thousand pounds. She appeared highly satisfied with her partner, addressing him with a lively and sparkling familiarity, which proceeding from so lovely a woman, radiant with all the splendours of nature and art, would have perhaps intoxicated his senses, had he not been duly impressed with the exalted station which she occupied in the favour and affections of the sovereign. More than once he thought she gave him a most significant pressure of the hand, which he had not the presumption to attribute to any thing but accident upon her part, or mistake upon his own; although any one who had been more conversant with the loose character of the lady, or the licentious manners of the court, would have put a different interpretation upon these tender overtures.

No sooner had the company reseated themselves after the conclusion of the dance, than a bustle was heard at

one end of the room, whence the courtiers came flocking up towards the King, two or three attired as heralds, crying aloud as they advanced—"Make way! fall upon your marrowbones! hide your faces! prostrate yourselves upon the ground, and lick the dust! for here comes the most high, mighty, and puissant Bashaw, Edward Earl of Clarendon, Lord High Chancellor of England, and Sovereign *de facto* of the three kingdoms, to the grievous wrong of the King *de jure*, Charles the Second, whom God preserve!" Behind these sham heralds, who were well known to be some of the court merry-andrews, marched Sir Thomas Killigrew, bearing with infinite gravity a brass-handled poker, intended to represent the mace; and Lord Ashley, with a monstrous pumpkin for the great seal; next came the Duke of Buckingham, dressed up as the Lord Chancellor; and the procession was closed by two or three others carrying a huge paper mushroom, a pasteboard figure of Lucifer, and another of an owl, intended to typify the sudden growth, inordinate pride, and solemn starchness of the Chancellor, of whose features the two latter presented a grotesque likeness. On arriving before the King, the sham Chancellor proceeded to read him a sharp lecture upon his idle and licentious courses, in which he introduced a satire upon the whole court, mentioning several of the auditors and by-standers by name as his principal instigators, accusing them of all the little peccadilloes and intrigues that formed the prevalent scandal of the day; and throughout preserving the pompous carriage, solemn voice, peculiar phrases, and even the very look of the original, with such inimitable felicity,

that the monarch and his company were convulsed with laughter. Buckingham himself was the only one that preserved his gravity; holding up his head with a burlesque dignity, casting a stern look at the King, and strutting out of the room in the same majestic procession with which he had entered.

A second dance now commenced, in the progress of which Lady Castlemaine invited her partner to a ball, which she was about to give at her apartments in Whitehall; adding that she could now afford to be gay, as the King had lately presented her with thirty thousand pounds to pay her debts. Alluding to Lord Rochester's enterprize, which indeed formed the leading subject of discourse, she expressed a vehement indignation at his insolence; and hoped that the author of the outrage, and every one of his accomplices, would be visited with a signal punishment. Poor Jocelyn blushed deeply at this avowal, stammered out a faint assent, and endeavoured, though not without considerable embarrassment, to turn the conversation. Distinguished as had been his reception, and flattering as were his prospects, he saw clearly that he stood upon the edge of a precipice, and already began to experience some of the anxieties of a courtier's life.

Two or three *pavans* and *courantos* having succeeded to the country-dances, the company betook themselves to various games and amusements, the King himself being seated at chess with Brouncker; when the parties who had enacted the little pageant we have described returned in their own clothes, and, gathering themselves into a circle at a little distance from the monarch,

although within his hearing, proceeded in their incessant plot for undermining the only able and upright minister he possessed, in order that they might engross the King entirely to themselves.

"Is it true that the court goes to Tunbridge this summer?" inquired the Duke of Buckingham.

"Most unquestionable," replied Lord Ashley. Dr Sibthorpe declares it is the only chance for the Queen."

"Then we may consider it as settled," added Fitzharding.

"Settled!" cried Sir Charles Berkeley. "You must be aware, gentlemen, that every thing in England depends upon the Chancellor giving his consent."

"Oh! of course! of course!" cried several voices at once: "nothing without that."

"I understand the pompous prig hates Tunbridge," said Lord Lauderdale.

"Then there's an end of the whole scheme," observed the Duke of Buckingham; "for the King dare not call his soul his own, without permission from the Great Seal."

"What a pity," exclaimed Bab. May, "that a monarch, who has ten times more wit and talent in his little finger than that solemn ass in his whole numscull, should thus submit to be led by the nose!"

"Perhaps," added Lord Arlington, "as his Majesty has done so much for him, and consented to his daughter becoming Duchess of York, he may be prevailed upon to give his consent to the excursion, and allow the King to go."

"And the hypocritical insolence," cried Fitzharding,

“of his presuming to twit his Majesty with his pleasures, when it is well known that the old fellow is in private as wanton as a goat. Fifty guineas to five-and-twenty, that we shall have no Tunbridge-wells. Who says done?”

All this had been uttered in a kind of whispering voice, but loud enough to reach the King; who turning round exclaimed, in a half-bantering tone:—“Gentlemen, I like not to be a listener; so that if you have any more impertinence to vent against the sovereign, you had better move out of ear-shot. ’Ods fish! ye varlets! what mean ye by this balderdash? I put confidence in Clarendon, because he is an honest man and a good, and keeps aloof from such wild, loose, and deboshed companions as yourselves. But as to my judgment, I surrender it to no man; nor will I suffer any one; whoever he may be, to interfere with either my prerogative or my pleasure.”

This was all that the intriguers wanted. They saw that the King’s pride was piqued; they knew by experience, that he would oppose the very next measure recommended by the Chancellor, however incontestable its utility, merely to prove his independence; and they foresaw, that by first rendering the minister contemptible by this ridicule, and then stimulating the King’s jealousy by their artful cabals, they should ultimately procure his dismissal.

“Brouncker!” said the King, rising, “I am tired of this chess, for I suspect I shall lose the game. Come, ye saucy libellers! which of ye are for the tables? which of ye will challenge me for a hundred pieces, and let me punish his pocket in revenge for his over-bold

tongue? What say you, Fitz? Is it to be ombre or bassett, portico or lansquenet, with the King; or a game of cribbage with that simple Tom-otter, Lord Chandois?"

"Bassett with your Majesty for a hundred pieces!" replied Fitzharding and several others at once.

The tables were rapidly wheeled up; the rest of the courtiers, both male and female, followed the royal example; the pulvilio'd purses were produced, and Jocelyn was presently surrounded by tables covered with rouleaus and piles of gold, which were lost and won upon the turning of a card. As the hour waxed later, this recreation was abandoned; and while cordials and refreshments were handed round, the arrangements of gallantry and intrigue seemed to be carried on with little or no concealment. The ladies threw out all their blandishments, and flirted openly with their lovers; the King, after passing some time in dalliance with Lady Castlemaine, sauntered away to toy with some other beauty; two eunuchs and a French boy were introduced, who sang the most impassioned amorous songs; and the conversation assumed a freedom, not to say a licentiousness, at which our hero was somewhat startled. In the court of Louis the XIVth he had indeed witnessed a stately and magnificent gallantry; but it was modified by refined and decorous observances, which, if they did not alter its real features, at least invested them with a becoming veil. Elegant without being effeminate, and fond of pleasure without neglecting business, that monarch was decent in his very vices. Here the licentiousness was gross, open, and unblushing; unredeemed by talent or application in public affairs; un-

palliated by a single form of delicacy in the manner, and little scrupulous as to the merits, rank, or station of the object. The profane oaths of two dicers behind Jocelyn, who were still wrangling at their game, suggested to him how much more striking was the profligacy of the scene he now beheld, with its wantons, dancers, and dicers, sycophants, pimps, and pandars, buffoons, flatterers, and swearers, when compared with the entertainment given in this identical palace by the Lord Protector, whose companions, and the ornaments of whose court were such men as Milton and Marvel.¹

¹ Lest this picture should appear to be overcharged, the following authorities are subjoined :

« May 31st.—I was told to-day, that upon Sunday night last, being the King's birthday, the King was at my Lady Castlemaine's lodgings (over the hither gate at Lambert's lodgings), dancing with fiddlers all night almost ; and all the world coming by taking notice of it.»—*Memoirs of Pepys*, vol. I. p. 296.

« Nay, she (Lady Carteret) told me that they have heretofore had plays at court the very nights before the fasts for the death of the late King.»—*Id.* p. 470.

If it be objected that these are only *on dits*, we have the following unimpeachable testimony of the virtuous Evelyn, an eye-witness of the scene at court on the Sunday before the King's death.

« I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'night I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, etc.;—a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greates courtiers and other dissolute persons were at bassett round a large table, a bank of at least 2000 in gold before them : upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust.»—*Memoirs*, vol. I. p. 585.

To crown the contrast, he called to mind, that the prayers and religious observances upon that occasion were in sanctification of a week-day; while the indecent revels that he now contemplated were in open profanation of the Sabbath.

CHAPTER V.

• Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games, shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love,
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:
My angle breeds me no such care. »

IZ. WALTON.

FORTUNE now seemed to smile propitiously upon our hero, and to promise him a sure career of brilliant and uninterrupted success. The friendship of the Duke of Monmouth, the patronage of the King, the favour of the all-powerful Lady Castlemaine, formed a combination of favourable circumstances, and gave a distinguished *eclât* to his *début*, such as perhaps no young candidate for courtly honours and preferments had ever before been enabled to boast. Naturally sanguine, he indulged the most flattering anticipations of advancement; while it was evident, by the altered demeanour of those who surrounded him, that they were not less confident of his success than himself. Even Lord Arlington, supercilious as he had been in the ante-room, had no sooner observed his reception in the saloon,

than he hastened up to him, his whole countenance radiant with smiles; solemnly protesting that it gave him a singular satisfaction to congratulate him upon his appointment, and declaring that he should only be too happy in serving him. Several of the King's companions and other grandees had imitated this example; and as to the members of the household and subordinate officers, they seemed determined, by their present sycophancy, to atone for their former reserve and distance. Most of them informed him that they had from the very first prophesied his good fortune, and they were therefore the less surprised to find their predictions verified. Some began already to speculate upon the extent of the favouritism he would enjoy, offering wagers that he would get a title, like Sir Harry Bennett, within a twelvemonth; and pointing out the great probability that he would speedily be as richly endowed as Lord Fitzharding, to whom the King had granted not less than twelve thousand pounds a-year, merely because he had taken a fancy to him. They were sure he deserved it infinitely more than that empty popinjay; and, concluding by professing themselves the most humble servants of Mr Vice-Chamberlain, they humbly ventured to solicit his future protection and good offices.

Although too penetrating to be elated by this sordid flattery, Jocelyn was highly gratified by the prospect of being able to serve his father. He resolved, however, to confirm the promising impression he had made, before he hazarded a solicitation of any sort, and at all events to avoid a second application to the King, now that he knew his vehement objection to any kind of pe-

tition founded upon past services, which implied something like a reproach. It was only where there was no claim that he was spontaneously lavish. Our hero, therefore, rather turned his thoughts towards the Lord Chancellor, by whose interference he hoped to obtain an early decision of the Brambletye lawsuit, and a restoration of the property so iniquitously withheld. This once accomplished, it was his determination, if Sir John approved the scheme (of which there could be little doubt), to purchase the voluntary emigration of the Dutch Lady Compton, or to compel her to a separation upon a reasonable allowance for a maintenance. The repair of the dilapidated family mansion, and the restoration of his father to all the comforts and luxuries of his former establishment, formed the background of the prospect which was thus pleasantly developing itself to his mental eye. Now and then, indeed, the recollection of his sinister affair with Lord Rochester passed over it like a cloud; but as several days elapsed without hearing of him, and the transaction itself began to blow over, his confidence gradually returned, and his spirits rose with the increasing probability of his realizing all his hopes.

In the discharge of his official duties he acquitted himself with a zeal and assiduity that appeared to be gratefully acknowledged by his royal mistress, who treated him with a marked affability and kindness. Independently of the distinction with which she honoured him, he could not avoid feeling a deep interest in the fate of this unfortunate and unoffending princess, who had apparently been married merely for her

dowry, and was already most grievously neglected and wronged by her husband. The humiliation she must have experienced by his publicly abandoning her for his concubines, almost immediately after their marriage; the ridicule to which she was exposed from his loose companions, although they had shared in the plunder of her jointure; the charging her with forty thousand pounds per annum, in the accounts laid before Parliament, although she had not received more than a tenth part of that sum; her deserted and solitary situation in a strange country, with whose language she was unacquainted, and to the majority of whose inhabitants her religion was odious; all conspired to awaken in him that respectful attachment by which every generous heart is warmed at the sight of unmerited misfortune, more especially where the sufferer is a female and a queen.

In a short time after the commencement of his official employment, her Majesty intimated her intention of giving a grand evening entertainment, for which preparations were made on an extensive scale of stately splendour. Upon her arrival in England, the King had ordered the name of his mistress, Lady Castlemaine, to be put down in the list of presentations to her at court, but she had with her own hand run her pen through the obnoxious entry; and, upon its appearing a second time, had complained to the King of the insult, requesting that he would either abstain from any further attempt at bringing her into the presence of that wanton woman, or send her back to Portugal. She even declared that she would never have quitted

that country, had she been aware that she should be exposed to a solicitation of that nature, or expected to descend to such degrading companionship. This she might well consider a sufficiently spirited and explicit avowal to deter him from any renewal of the attempted indignity; but Charles, though pliable enough in all matters of state, was self-willed and obstinate in every thing that regarded his personal gratification; while he was at the same time so absolutely under the dominion of the imperious Lady Castlemaine, that he dared not disobey even her most absurd and extravagant mandates. That haughty woman insisted upon being made one of the Queen's ladies of the bed-chamber; and the King not only wrote to the Lord Chancellor (who had implored him to abandon so odious a measure), *swearing* that he would accomplish it; but resolved to get over the difficulty of a presentation by introducing her himself to the Queen. For the perpetration of this unfeeling outrage, the evening entertainment she was now about to give appeared particularly adapted, since it was sufficiently numerous to make the fact generally known, and would ensure the triumph of Lady Castlemaine in a more pointed and observable manner, than if it occurred amid the bustle of a drawing-room at Whitehall.

The appointed evening had now arrived: no preparation for giving splendour to the entertainment had been neglected by the Queen's attendants; and the King, as if anxious to grace it with additional magnificence, not only ordered his own band to be in attendance, as well as the yeomen of the guard, but sent in

some costly ornaments for the decoration of the supper-table. So little had the Queen been latterly accustomed to any attentions of this sort, that she was not less surprised than gratified at their occurrence, attesting the pleasure she received by the gracious smile with which she greeted the King upon his entrance, and the unusual cheerfulness of her manner towards all her numerous visitants. With a youthful vanity (which, however, he excused to himself by attributing it to respect towards his royal mistress), Jocelyn buckled to his side the splendid sword presented to him by the King of France, and took his station near the state-chair in which the Queen was seated, whence he contemplated the gay scene before him with the greater delight, as the numerous attendance seemed to be an act of homage from the court, to which her Majesty had been but too little accustomed.

The room was beginning to be thronged : glittering dresses, sparkling diamonds, and more brilliant eyes, all emblazoned by the profuse light of the silver chandeliers, flitted before him in dazzling confusion ; when Killigrew hastened up, with a look of burlesque terror, exclaiming, "*Sauve qui peut !* fly for your ears ! for hither comes the inexhaustible, the never-silent, the omniloquent Lady Babington, whose tongue has at last discovered the perpetual motion. Even gentle George,¹ whom she caught by the button, cut himself from it with a penknife, and ran for his life. If she would

¹ A name by which Sir George Etherege was known. He was sometimes also called Easy Etherege.

only talk by the hour-glass as the Puritans preached, ' we might submit; but fly! I charge ye once more, all ye who would save your ears from being drenched with the torrent of her sempiternal silliness.'

At first Jocelyn imagined that this was the introduction to some new mummary, such as he had witnessed in the King's party, and that the apparent terror with which the auditors fled at the announcement was but to give effect to the intended joke. But he was soon undeceived by the apparition of a tall, thin, eager-looking woman, whose long chin and lank jaws seemed to have been attenuated by their own incessant motion. Making up directly to her victim, she exclaimed, in a sharp and rapid voice, « Ah! Mr Compton, how do? saw a strange face, so asked who it was, and found you out. Knew Sir John many years ago; understand he has married a Dutch vrouw; how very odd! He! he! —La! I wonder I can laugh, having so lately lost my poor sister Fanny; only buried last Thursday week. Sir John has often played at ombre with her at Grinstead House. Dare say you think I'm very dull, but assure you I'm generally the life of the company.

' In those more religious, or more patient times, the Puritan ministers generally preached an hour by the glass, which was either affixed to the pulpit, or to some conspicuous part of the church, and afforded many an apposite allusion to the preacher. The celebrated Hugh Peters, « the religious buffoon,» as he has been termed, after having completed the prescribed period in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his congregation—« As I see, my brethren, that you are all good fellows I am sure you will not object to take another glass with me.» He turned it accordingly, and indulged them with a second hour.

Heigho! isn't it shocking to wear black crape and bugles, when all the world's so gay in colours and diamonds. There's Lord Arlington with his staff of office. How do, Lord Arlington? well, I do think that frightful black patch upon his nose gets bigger and bigger.¹ Poor Fanny! it was only last month—there goes Lord Oxford! you have heard of course that he has taken the Roxalana off the stage. However, she had a handsome funeral, a much finer sight than the presentation of the Muscovy ambassadors at the Banqueting-house. She was always my favourite sis—La! what a splendid sword you have got! are they real diamonds? Ah, Sir Charles Sedley! how do, how do? Did you ever hear such a shocking affair as his and Lord Buckhurst's at Oxford Kate's? They fined him 500*l.* though, and made him give bond for 5000*l.* for his future—Gemini! what a delicious smell! Oh Count de Grammont! I could have sworn to the essence of your periwig. Is it frangessan, or calembue, or ambrette? You promised me a fillagree casket of mille-fleurs, and to fill my silver flask with tuberoses from Marechal's. Oh you traitor! to forget me! Only think, Mr Compton! 't is but three weeks since poor Fanny and I—that's silly, old Lord Chandois; I really wish he wouldn't sing psalms so horribly out of tune at Whitehall-chapel.—My dear Mrs Wells! delighted to see you; how beautiful you're looking! what sweet silk stockings with gold clocks and charming little diamond buckles! Allow me; one of your *crève-cœurs*, or *meurtrières* as some call them,²

¹ From an honourable wound received in the civil wars, he was always obliged to wear a black patch.

² Two small curled locks at the nape of the neck.

has fallen a little too near the confidantes.¹ What superb point-d'Espagne cornets!² There, that will do nicely. Did you get any thing by Sir Arthur Slingsby's lottery at Whitehall? No more did I! What a hurry you are in; good bye.—Is it true, Mr Compton, that the King has left her for Mrs —? By the by, have you seen the new coin with the likeness of Mrs Stewart in the figure of Britannia? Well, poor Fanny, as I was telling you—I'm sure I never saw her look better in my life.—I shall never think of the day without crying—He! He! do for Heaven's sake look at the Duchess of Newcastle; was there ever such a figure? She has never altered her dress since she sang, 'Like the Damask rose,' and danced the Canaries, Selenger's Round, or the Spanish Pavan, thirty years ago. Have you seen her in the Mall with her two black pages, in velvet liveries, to hold up the fringe of her Spagnolet? How do, Duchess of Buckingham? Vastly well, thank ye. What a beautiful diamond Venez-à-moi.³ By the by, Mr Compton, have you seen my new liveries, cinnamon suit, lined with philamott-coloured mohair, silver buttons, and a broad mixed lace of carnation, black, blue, gold, and white? Isn't it pretty? I've been up all night reading poor Fanny's will: couldn't eat a mouthful of breakfast: when the heart's full, you know—Heigho!—How do you like the Fontanges curl?⁴

This being the first break or pause that had occurred

¹ Small curls near the ears.

² Upper pinners falling about the cheeks.

³ A breast-knot so called.

⁴ A top-knot introduced by the lady of that name, one of the mistresses of Louis XIV.

in her ladyship's voluble effusion ; for she never waited for an answer to any of her numerous interrogatives, and none of the other parties, whom she attacked *en passant*, had stopped to encounter a second volley ; Jocelyn made a bow of departure, hoping to effect his escape. But the delight she experienced in getting hold of a new listener, particularly one who had heard nothing of poor sister Fanny, was too keen to be so easily relinquished, and nothing less than Sir George Etherege's desperate expedient of cutting himself from his button would have accomplished Jocelyn's liberation. " La, Mr Compton," continued his garrulous persecutor, " I forgot to show you my mourning-ring ; that's poor Fanny's hair.—How do, Lord Suffolk ? So the King and Sir Arthur beat you and Chesterfield at tennis this morning.—Isn't it prettily set ? What do you think of this strange story of the invisible drummer in Mr Mompesson's haunted house, and Glanville's book upon the subject ?—How do, Sir Car Scroop ? How do, Lord Bristol ?—Isn't it a mysterious affair ?—Were you at St George's Feast at Windsor ? Wasn't it pretty to see the Duke of Monmouth dancing with the Queen with his hat in his hand, and how fondly the King kissed him and made him put on his hat ? Are you fond of dancing ?—so am I. But I can't now, you know. I'm sure, if poor Fanny had been aware of this ball, she wouldn't have——Heavens ! here comes Lady Castlemaine quite loaded with jewels. Well she may, when the King has lavished upon her all the Christmas presents made to him by the Peers. Have you seen Lely's picture of her,

and did you hear of her squabbles with Lady Gerrard and the Duchess of Richmond ?»¹

Jocelyn now perceived, that the King was leading Lady Castlemaine by the hand, and in the bustle occasioned by the advance of the knot of courtiers that followed them, he contrived to slip away from his loquacious tormentor. Her ladyship was even more resplendent with jewels, and arrayed with more gorgeous magnificence than when he had danced with her in the King's apartments. Many, as she came forward, curious to witness the result of this experiment upon the Queen's patience, followed the party until they approached her chair, when the King presented by name his titled concubine, who bowed proudly, not to say disdainfully, to her royal rival. To the utter amazement of the whole circle, her Majesty graciously returned the salutation ; pronouncing in a foreign accent, the few words of English with which she had been taught to greet her visitants.—« I am glad to see you.»

The King led away his mistress, who walked off with a statelier step than usual, her features flushed with the public triumph she had just achieved ; while a buzz ran through the chamber, and the words « pitiful wretch, » « mean-spirited creature, » and « unfeeling idiot, » were liberally applied to the unfortunate Katharine by the profligate minions of the King, who were ever seeking to malign her, as some sort of justification for the conduct of their unprincipled master. In point of fact, however, the object of their rancour was perfectly un-

¹ The latter told her she resembled Jane Shore in person, and expressed a hope that she might come to the same end.

conscious of the indignity she had sustained. Never imagining, that her husband would offer her this public insult in her own apartments; and utterly unable, from her ignorance of the language, to distinguish names and titles, she had not caught the sound when Lady Castlemaine's was mentioned; but presuming her to be some female of the high nobility, had contented herself with admiring her beauty, and the rare sumptuousness of her dress.

This tranquil ignorance was not, however, long to continue. An old Portuguese duenna, who filled the high post of "Mother of the Maids," and knew Lady Castlemaine by sight, approached the royal seat, and whispered the startling fact in the Queen's ear. The effect was electric. The rage and jealousy which had hitherto lain rankling in her heart exploded at once: all the proud blood of Braganza rushed to her face: she bit her under-lip so as to leave the mark of every tooth deeply indented in the flesh: her eyes flashed fire: and as she convulsively clutched her hands together, she looked fiercely round for her audacious rival. The King, after having led her off, was at that moment paddling with her hand, under pretext of examining one of her diamond rings. Stung almost to madness at the sight, the Queen started from her seat, and was hurrying towards them, when she was suddenly overcome by the violence of her feelings. She stopped short; the blood gushed from her nose; she sunk backwards in a fit, and would have fallen to the ground, but that Jocelyn, who followed close behind, luckily supported her in his arms.

*note
rankling
see*

Confusion and consternation now spread rapidly through the apartment. Her Portuguese attendants crowded around her with looks of fury, uttering passionate exclamations in their own language, and vowing vengeance against the insulters of their mistress. Too angry and too clamorous to afford any effectual assistance themselves, they rudely pushed aside the English ladies, who hurried forwards to tender their good offices; so that Jocelyn was left unaided, though still surrounded by the wrathful Portuguese, in bearing the royal sufferer from the apartment. Revived for a moment by the air of the corridor, and relieved by a gush of tears, she was enabled, though leaning nearly her whole weight upon his arm, to reach the door of her own chamber, when he entrusted her to her attendants, desiring that messengers might be instantly expedited to procure medical assistance.

Although constitutionally choleric, Jocelyn had never been affected with a more intense indignation than by this outrage upon his royal mistress, which he felt even more than if it had been personal to himself. The public and wanton nature of the insult, after the wrongs she had so long and so patiently sustained; the sight of her blood, which made an appalling display upon her white satin dress; her tears, so overcoming in any young and unhappy female, so irresistible in a queen, had combined to exasperate him to the uttermost. In this irritable mood he encountered in the corridor one of the King's cup-bearers, named Bagot, with whom he had formed a slight acquaintance in the palace, and who swelled the list of those youthful profligates that imi-

tated the example of the monarch, and of course defended him in all his dissolute courses.

“Hoity-toity, Mr Vice!” exclaimed this flippant minion—“prythee, what intends black Katharine by these freaks and whimsies? That she should show her teeth, is no wonder, for we know she cannot help it; but that she should attempt to bite, savours somewhat of the fatuous and foolish.”

“If, by these impertinent phrases, you mean her Majesty,” said Jocelyn, provoked at the allusion to her defective mouth, “there is matter enough for her illness, for she has received a most gross and scandalous insult; an insult which would have been unmanly in a stranger and a clown, but which, coming from a husband and a king, is infinitely more base and unworthy.”

“Is it to his Majesty that you presume to apply these treasonable terms?” inquired Bagot.

“Were he ten times a king I would say it,” cried Jocelyn.

“His Majesty may chance to know how loyal a Vice-Chamberlain his Queen possesses,” said Bagot. “Your words are sharp, sir.”

“So is my sword,” cried Jocelyn, laying his hand upon the hilt.

“That remains to be proved,” retorted his opponent. “I have known many a spark forward with his tongue, who was a laggard with his weapon. The bully and the craven are no such inconsistent characters.”

“Have you the insolence to apply these words to me?” inquired our hero, fiercely.

"If you think they fit you, you are welcome to wear them," replied Bagot.

"Then I accept them," cried Jocelyn; "and, to prove that I deserve them, take this in my character of bully;" so saying, he struck him across the mouth with his glove, which he afterwards tossed in his face. "And now, sir, for my character of craven, I leave you to name the weapon and the place where I may establish my title to that appellation also."

"Arrogant varlet!" exclaimed Bagot, "this is no place, or I would chastise you on the spot. Meet me with your sword at sun-rise, to-morrow, behind the gladiator, in the middle park, and I will wash out this insult with your blood."

"The craven will be waiting for you," said Jocelyn, with an angry sneer.

"Be it so!" cried his adversary, "behind the gladiator—do you know the spot?"

"Depend upon it, I shall find you out," replied our hero; and with these words the enraged disputants parted, Bagot withdrawing to his own apartment, and Jocelyn walking along the corridor, still chafing with indignation.

Almost unconsciously, the latter again turned into the saloon, where he found, that the King having retired with Lady Castlemaine, in high dudgeon at the Queen's exposure of herself, as he termed it, the party had suddenly broken up, only a few of the visitants being left, who were gathered in little knots, and whispering together, apparently upon the subject of the recent occurrence. Among those who were still saun-

tering about the room by themselves, was the Duke of Monmouth, who, putting his arm within Jocelyn's, took several turns up and down the apartment, and expressed his regret at the Queen's indisposition, for which, however, he did not seem to be aware that there was any particular cause. He invited his friend to sup with him in his own apartment, since they had been disappointed of the repast provided by her Majesty; an honour which Jocelyn could not well decline, though he would rather have been master of his own time, as he wished to write a long letter to Sir John. The immediate necessity of providing a second for the encounter of the morrow formed an embarrassing point, upon which he had some thought of consulting the duke, although he doubted the propriety of implicating him in any way in the quarrel, lest he might communicate it to the King, or take other measures for the prevention of the meeting. Monmouth had now withdrawn to his own apartments; Jocelyn had promised to follow in a short time, and was revolving in his mind the probability of his procuring a companion in the field, or the possibility of his appearing without one, when he was accosted by Mark Walton, one of those intriguing fortune-hunters, who filled a subordinate station about the court, and was ever watching and listening for an opportunity of currying favour with any body whose good opinion might be turned to account. He had witnessed Jocelyn's familiarity with the duke, he had heard the invitation to supper given and accepted; and thinking it a favourable opportunity for ingratiating himself, he smirked up to our hero, exclaiming, "If I

were in such high favour as you, Mr Vice-Chamberlain, I should never look so serious and thoughtful."

"I am serious," replied Jocelyn, "because I have a serious favour to ask, and know not exactly where to apply myself."

"If none but the duke can perform it," said Walton, "you need not fear; for I am sure he can refuse you nothing, and I am equally certain, that nothing will be refused to him."

"It rests not with the duke," said Jocelyn; "it requires neither interest nor rank; any man can perform what I require; but my residence in the palace has been so short, and my acquaintance with any of its inmates is so very slight——"

"My dear sir," exclaimed Walton, interrupting him and pressing his hand, "I have already declared how happy I should be, how much flattered I should feel, in being allowed to call myself your friend. If I can serve you on the present occasion, pray command me freely."

"I accept your offer," said Jocelyn, "with as much frankness as it is tendered, and beg that you will in return reckon confidently upon my good offices so long as I remain in the court." He then stated that he had unexpectedly quarrelled with Bagot, that he had appointed to meet him next morning, and was unprovided with a second, in which capacity he would gladly avail himself of Walton's proffered assistance. Expecting that it was to have been some service of a much more insignificant description, the latter was a good deal startled at this declaration. However, as he felt that

he had committed himself too far to recede, and calculated, moreover, that he should secure the friendship of Jocelyn, whose brilliant career at court every one had confidently anticipated, he put a good face upon the matter, and professed his readiness to attend him. It was arranged that they should meet at Walton's apartments, which opened into the Park ; and Jocelyn having thanked him for his friendly alacrity, withdrew to keep his appointment with the Duke of Monmouth.

In spite of all his efforts to get away, he was detained till a late hour by his young and hilarious host, who already began to exhibit his father's bibulous and convivial propensities. Upon his return he wrote a long letter to Sir John, detailing the circumstances of the quarrel, and hoping he should not forfeit his good opinion, whatever might be the issue of the contest. By the time this was completed, the night was so far advanced that he determined not to go to bed, but to sit up until he went to summon his second. At a little before day-break he accordingly proceeded to Walton's apartments, whom he found waiting for him, when they sallied into the Park, reaching the statue of the gladiator just as the sunbeams, darting through the openings in the chestnut-trees, glittered upon the bronze head of the figure. They had hardly gained the spot when Bagot and his friend came up, and both parties saluted one another courteously. "Mr Bagot," said Jocelyn, "this quarrel is personal to ourselves ; I have always reprobated the absurd practice of making seconds act the part of principals ; and it is my earnest request, that however the encounter may terminate

between us, it may not compromise either of these gentlemen, who have so kindly come forward as friends and umpires."—"In that respect," replied Bagot, your wishes coincide perfectly with my own.—Gentlemen," he continued, addressing himself to the seconds—"you hear our mutual desire; be pleased to conduct yourselves as witnesses, not as antagonists." The parties, thus directed, bowed in acquiescence.

Jocelyn, who had retained his diamond-hilted sword, now gave it to be measured; the lengths corresponded, the weapons were respectively returned, and the combatants took their station in front of one another. Though subject to fits of choler, and capable of sudden violence when under their influence, our hero was neither revengeful nor blood-thirsty. His passion had long since evaporated; he regretted the quarrel more and more as he reflected upon the consequences to which it might lead; and hoped, by disarming his antagonist, to avert the threatened mischief, and yet terminate the fray with honour to himself. His skill in this particular manœuvre, which he had long practised under the unrivalled Du Plessis, gave confidence to this expectation, and he determined to execute it, if possible, without wounding his adversary. But Bagot, who was himself a pupil of Monsieur Foubert,¹ and almost as expert a swordsman as his opponent, not only baffled his attempts, but succeeded in wounding him slightly in the shoulder; so that Jocelyn now endeavoured to disable his enemy's sword-arm, so as to finish the contest with

¹ The passage from Regent-street, that formerly led to his Academy, still retains his name.

the least possible effusion of blood. Pressing vigorously forward for this purpose, he compelled Bagot to recede several steps, until his heel coming in contact with the root of a tree, he staggered backwards and fell to the ground.

“Recover yourself, Sir,” said Jocelyn, dropping the point of his sword; “I can take no advantage of so brave an adversary.”

“I acknowledge your courtesy,” said Bagot, as he rose up and placed himself on his guard, “but the insult I have received admits of no compromise. Defend yourself, Sir.” So saying, he pressed forward with so furious a lunge, that the sword of Jocelyn, which was directed against Bagot’s right arm, unfortunately passed completely through his body, and he again staggered and fell helpless on the grass. “I am badly wounded,” he exclaimed—“wounded, I fear, to death; but your conduct has been fair and honourable. Fly, Sir, while you may; for the King is possessed of the obnoxious terms you applied to him. You are dismissed and disgraced, and he has given orders for your being this morning arrested.”

Declaring his deep regret at the serious nature of the wound which he had never any intention to inflict, Jocelyn refused to quit him until he had conveyed him to a surgeon’s in the neighbouring village, which he persisted in doing, in spite of Bagot’s repeated request, that he would lose no time in providing for his own escape. Having discharged this painful duty, he began to think of obeying the advice, although utterly at a loss to know what measures to adopt, or in what di-

rection to fly. In this emergency, his second recommended that he should conceal himself for the present in a ruinous grotto of the park, promising to return shortly with a change of clothes or some disguise, that might enable him to take boat unsuspected, or travel on foot to London, the best place for avoiding immediate discovery.

To this forlorn building did Jocelyn accordingly betake himself, lying perdu for two or three hours, and his suspense aggravated by receiving no tidings from his second. In the interval he had full leisure to reflect upon his situation, which presented itself to him in the gloomiest and most forbidding colours. Independently of his remorse at the probable death of Bagot, he found himself, by one intemperate sally of passion, hurled down from the promising eminence he had attained, all his fond hopes of assisting his father and advancing himself utterly blighted, and the envied Vice-Chamberlain converted into a skulking and disgraced fugitive. Had he awaited the appearance of his second; his release from the grotto would have been remote enough; for that calculating personage, learning upon his return to the palace the origin of the quarrel, and the orders that had already been issued for Jocelyn's arrest, was filled with a profound horror at being implicated in the transaction, and determined not to incur any further responsibility by being instrumental in his escape. Anxious, however, that he should abscond, in order to stop further inquiry, and conceal his own participation in the duel, he revealed the whole in confidence to the Queen's gentleman-usher, suggesting

that as Jocelyn had thus embroiled himself from his devotedness to her Majesty, she ought to facilitate his getting away until the King's wrath was appeased. Walton was not deceived in his calculations. The gentleman-usher conveyed the whole affair immediately to the Queen, who declared her resolution to protect her chamberlain and champion, for which purpose she desired her informant to adopt immediate measures; pledging herself not only to bear him harmless in whatever he might undertake with this object, but to reward him handsomely for his interference. Putting into his hand one of the gold medals struck upon her arrival in England,¹ together with a small miniature of herself, to be presented to Jocelyn in her name, she bade him lose no time, but proceed instantly to execute his commission.

Fortunately for all parties, the agent thus selected, whose name was Tracy, was a shrewd and intelligent man, who set about the business entrusted to him with judgment and despatch. Carrying with him a sad-coloured horseman's cloak, russet boots, and a slouched hat, he presented himself at the grotto, delivered the Queen's presents as his credentials, disguised Jocelyn in the clothes he had brought, and bidding him instantly follow, led the way to a neighbouring village. Here they provided themselves with horses belonging to the Queen, and, riding off at a smart pace, made a circuit round the outskirts of London into Essex, strik-

¹ Stamped in compliment to the Queen, with a figure of St Catharine at length, holding a sword, point down, in her left hand; a palm in the right; and inscribed—*« Pietate insignis. »*

ing through Hackney and across the marshes, until they reached the lower part of Walthamstow. In this sequestered and melancholy retreat stood a lone mansion, belonging to an uncle of Tracy's, a merchant in the city, who had formerly inhabited it, though it had been now left for some time to the care of an old gardener and his wife. Such were the humble companions to whom Jocelyn was introduced as a friend of their master, whom adverse circumstances, and a fear of his creditors, had reduced to the necessity of a temporary concealment. "Be cautious," said the usher, on taking leave of our hero; "confine yourself to the house as much as possible, and do not expect any immediate release, for both the King and Lady Castlemaine are bitterly incensed against you; while the Duke of Buckingham, to whom young Bagot is related, has been heard to swear, that he will have your blood if his kinsman dies. So that you have the three most powerful people in the kingdom for your enemies, and only the Queen, who is a mere cypher in the state, for your friend. As to the King, however, he is of a generous and forgiving temper, easily offended and easily appeased. Buckingham is too vacillating in his humours to be steadfast in any thing, and may profess himself your devoted friend, in the very midst of his resentment, from pure love of inconsistency: but Lady Castlemaine is a steady hater, and will, I fear, pursue you with unrelenting rancour. However, we will do our best to allay the storm. I will communicate with you from time to time, to put you in possession of our progress; and in the mean while, make yourself a

voluntary prisoner, if you wish to avoid becoming one upon compulsion."

With these words he departed, leaving our hero in possession of a gloomy old family mansion, which required not the aid of his present circumstances to give it very much the air of a prison. The high wall by which it was surrounded, the massy gates of entrance secured by cross-bars of iron, the court-yard overgrown with grass, the projecting oriel-windows, whose diamond-panes of glass were dim and dirty, and the forlorn deserted aspect of the whole exterior, were calculated to inspire a melancholy, which the dark oak-panneled rooms inside, some of them hung with decaying portraits of ancient Aldermen and Lord Mayors, the civic ancestors of the proprietor, were little likely to dissipate. Depressed in spirits by these gloomy objects, Jocelyn wandered into a garden, rendered damp and dismal by the height of the sun-excluding wall, and the over-grown boughs of two mournful cypresses. There was a rusty sun-dial in the centre, whose moral inscription about the perishableness of all earthly things had long since begun to confirm its own assertion; the fish-pond was thickly encrusted with a green mantle; the hornbeam maze, in which the children of former occupants had been delighted to lose and puzzle themselves, had shot out into one impervious mass of vegetation; while the moss-covered gravel-walks, and the rank weeds in all directions, attested that the gardener was either too old for his office, or considered it to be altogether a sinecure. Little exhilarated by the sight of this neglected wilderness, he returned into the house, consoling him-

self with the reflection that it was at least a place of refuge, and better calculated for his present purpose than if it wore the more cheerful air appertaining to a mansion of habitual resort and habitation. Not having been in bed the night before, he retired to rest at an early hour in the afternoon, gladly forgetting in sleep the unfortunate circumstances which had made him a fugitive, as well as the doleful aspect of the asylum that had been chosen for him.

During the whole of the next day he was left to his own meditations, which, as it may be easily imagined, were not very consolatory. He often adverted to the caprice of fortune, which, while he was anticipating danger from his affair with Lord Rochester, had suddenly overwhelmed him from another quarter; and though his sentiments as to the King's conduct remained unaltered, he felt the necessity of curbing those sudden effusions of passion to which he was liable, and of putting a greater restraint upon his tongue, more especially within the dangerous purlieus of a palace; although he thought it very unlikely that he should ever have an opportunity of revisiting one. On the second day of his confinement, the Queen's usher again presented himself, bringing tidings of an inauspicious character. Bagot had been given over by the surgeons who attended him: Buckingham was in consequence more furious than ever against his antagonist, for whose apprehension he had promised to reward the officers; the King had apparently already forgotten him, having filled up his appointment, and not having been heard to make any further allusion to his offence; but Lady

Castlemaine had been seen in consultation with one of the serjeants-at-arms, who had immediately afterwards set out for Brambletye, whither it was concluded she had despatched him in the hope of arresting the object of her resentment. From the Queen he brought the most condescending expressions of good-will and an assurance that she would stand his friend, and exert herself to procure his restoration to favour, as soon as the first animosity against him had a little cooled : but as there were no present indications of any such abatement, Tracy concluded with again recommending a strict seclusion, and took his departure. Another long dull, and solitary day ensued, which the prisoner was not at all sorry to terminate as before by betaking himself to bed.

While he was dressing himself at an early hour on the following morning, the old gardener hurried into his room with alarmed looks, to inform him that there were three men thundering at the great gates, who declared they had a search-warrant, and demanded immediate admittance. There could be no doubt, he added, that they were the sheriff's bailiffs, and he therefore urged Jocelyn to make instant escape by the garden-gate, of which he delivered him the key, bidding him be sure to lock it after him, make for the ferry, and hasten to London; while he promised to give him a good start by keeping the rogues kicking their heels at the gates as long as he dared. Losing no time in following this advice, Jocelyn huddled on the remainder of his clothes, ran down stairs, opened the garden-gate, which he took care to lock after him, and found himself in the

fields, quite at a loss which way to turn, having, in the hurry of the moment forgotten to inquire the direction of the ferry.

As he could not, at all events, venture towards the opposite side of the house where his pursuers were stationed, he struck away from them across the field, presently falling into a hollow lane, concealed by a hedge on either side, along which he ran with good speed, not doubting that it conducted to the ferry. After having pursued it; however, for some time, he came to a point where it diverged in two opposite directions. In the fork of the branching roads stood a remarkably neat little cottage, having a small garden in front, in which an old man was busily tending some choice flowers. To this personage Jocelyn addressed himself, inquiring which of the ways led to the ferry.

"Ay, so I hear, so I hear," cried the old man, who was so deaf that he could not hear a syllable;—"they do tell me King Charles has come in again some years ago; what d'ye think o' that, eh? though, for my part, I see no great difference atween him and King Oliver, for the rain and the sunshine come all the same; here's the same earth," he continued, stamping upon it, "to raise me up my flowers: and there sits the same God (pointing to the sky), to send me down his blessings."

Jocelyn put his mouth to the old man's ear, and repeated his inquiry in a bawling tone of voice, which, however, only elicited the same reply.

"Ay, so I hear, so I hear. Only to think o' that, eh? A fine misty morning.—Charming dews for my ranunculuses and anemones, but too heavy for my mealy

auriculas, so I keep them covered up. But come this way, come this way, and I'll show you the queen of my garden."

He hobbled along as he uttered this invitation, not hearing the flight of Jocelyn, who darted down one of the lanes, vexed at having wasted his precious moments upon such a deaf old dotard, as he peevishly called him. "And yet," he observed, moralizing to himself as he hurried forward, "the fellow is in some respects to be envied. Shut out by his deafness from participating in all the wrangling bitterness of his fellow-creatures, he derives his present pleasures from the earth, and his final hopes from Heaven, neither of which are likely to disappoint him. He is independent and happy; while I——"

This apostrophe would, probably, have assumed a very eloquent and didactic turn, but just at this moment he was seized with a sudden misgiving about the road he had selected, which appeared to terminate at no great distance in a large dung-heap. This proved to be the case; and, on attempting to advance beyond it, he found his progress arrested by the swampy ground of the marshes, so that he began to apprehend he should be obliged to measure back his steps, and pursue the other branch of the lane. At so critical a moment, nothing could well be more vexatious than such an alternative, especially as he could perceive the river Lea meandering tranquilly through the level, at no great distance beyond him. Just as he was about to turn back, a partial dispersion of the mist disclosed to him an angler a little higher up the stream, quietly

pursuing his sport beneath a clump of lime-trees. By making a little circuit he contrived to reach the spot; and hoping to find him a more competent guide than the deaf old florist, he accosted him courteously, inquiring in what direction he should find the ferry.

"It is lower down the stream," replied the stranger, a hale-looking personage, although considerably stricken in years; "and neither very near to reach nor inviting to seek. Unless you know the way blindfold, I recommend your waiting till the mist, which is apt to hang over the marsh, be a little dissipated: now that the waters are out, there are ugly swamps and bogs on one side, and the reedy pit-falls of the river on the other, which have proved sore traps to the marsh-men, and have more than once occasioned strangers to find a watery death."

Jocelyn thanked him for his caution, but declared that the juncture was too urgent to admit a moment's delay; adding, that there was at least a chance of his escape by reaching the ferry, whereas if he remained, he was sure of being arrested.

"Arrested!" exclaimed the stranger. "What! are the bailiffs abroad ere the lark has finished piping her matins?—Well they may, when folks outrun the constable in the day-break of their youth. Fie! young man, fie! When the mist blows away, you may be seen for a mile along the flats ere you gain the ferry. But you shall be neither hooked nor netted if I can prevent it; whatever you may have hitherto been, we will transform you forthwith into a brother of the angle."

As he ended this speech he opened a large basket,

whence he took a violet-coloured camlet roquelaure and a rabbit-skin cap, exclaiming :—“ Here is my foul-weather wardrobe : doff your upper trappings and put on these.”

Jocelyn did as he was ordered; his own cloak and hat were concealed in the basket : the stranger put an extra fishing-rod into his hand, and bidding him seat himself by his side, exclaimed :—“ There ! if any peer-ing knave denies that we are a couple of honest anglers, fond of the sport, and haunters of the running stream when it first opens its eyes to the sun, there is one of us at least that can boldly say him nay. Said I not that the vapours would presently roll away ? See how the cattle become gradually visible ! first dimly and indistinctly seen, like faint sketches of future vitality, or apparitions of that which has passed ; but sending their lowing voices lustily through the mist, to relieve us of our doubts, and assure us of their perfect existence. See too, yonder, how the waters flash and the landscape smiles farther up the river, as the sunbeams chase away the mist ! Is it not as if we saw Nature herself lifting up the veil from her beautiful face, and looking out upon us with sparkling eyes and laughing features ? Is it not as if we were watching the progress of a creation—seeing a new and glorious world gradually forming itself out of the void ? We shall have a delightful morning for our sport ; one that will justify my son Cotton’s assertion :—

“ A day without too bright a beam,
A warm but not a scorching sun,

A southern gale to curl the stream,
And, master, half our work is done.»

Who can be seated upon the banks of the clear and tranquil Lea, enjoying so delicious a day-break as this, and not feel his heart expand with gratitude towards the Creator, and benevolence towards all his creatures?»

As the heart of the angler thus ran over with amiability, he was very benignantly impaling a live frog upon a hook, to which he afterwards sewed its flesh, for the purpose of torturing a fish to death, without a single motive for either, but his own momentary gratification. Jocelyn was struck by the inconsistency; but as the stranger's conduct was at least marked by humanity towards himself, he forebore from all comment, took the fishing-hook which had been thus compassionately provided with a living bait, cast it into the stream, and endeavoured to assume the deportment of a watchful and patient angler. Hasty footsteps were presently heard approaching, which he doubted not to be those of his pursuers,—an apprehension speedily converted into certainty, when a strange voice thus accosted his companion : « What ! Master Izaak Walton, up so early, and busy at the old sport of rod and line, when younger men by a score years or more are still hugging their pillow ! Gadzooks ! thou 'rt a staunch angler, and one that deserves good sport. Hast seen aught of a runaway gallant in a sad-coloured cloak, with a slouched hat?»

« Master Ingleby, Master Ingleby ? » replied the conscientious Izaak, boggling at a direct falsehood, yet not

scrupling an evasion, "I thought you knew the author of the Complete Angler too well to ask such a question. I keep my eyes upon my float; and when I thus shut out the earth and its inhabitants, and give my looks and my thoughts to the calm heavens reflected in the waters before me, I trouble myself little about sad-coloured cloaks and slouched hats. Have I not called the noble art of angling, 'The Contemplative Man's Recreation?' "

"We must be close upon his flight, however," said Ingleby, "for his nest was warm; but yet, when we reached it, gone was our bird."

"The chap must have made for the ferry," observed one of the men; "we had better push forward, and we shall be sure to nab him when this plaguy mist blows off."

"Then, prythee, move away as quickly as you list," said Izaak; "for the fish like not the shadow of your bodies, nor the sound of your voices. Silence and solitude are the angler's best bait. I should not have a companion, but that he ever holds his tongue and minds his rod."

"What sport have you had, Master Walton?" inquired Ingleby, making towards the basket, as if to open it; while Jocelyn gave himself up for lost, if the lid should be raised.

"Not a fish, not a fish have I or my comrade caught this morning," answered Izaak, calmly; and at the same time taking the basket, he quietly seated himself upon it, exclaiming, "These heavy dews make the grass long a drying; I have done wrong to sit upon it—Why, look

ye there, comrade! look ye there! you have a rare bite, and a jack, sure as fate, by the pulling, if it prove not a great chuckle-headed chubb. Was ever such a bungler! Is that the way you handle your reel? Psha! tug not so, man, or you break the line! give him play, give him play, let him pouch the bait, and then strike him smartly. Hand me the rod quickly, or all will be lost. Now, Master Ingleby, if you'll only wait a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, I will instil into thee, my friend, Tom Barker's approved method of catching a jack."

"I shall not catch mine if I do," replied Ingleby; "and so, Master Walton, I must e'en wish you good day and fair sport." At these words, the serjeant and his myrmidons moved off, to the great relief of Jocelyn, who liked not the invitation, and little expected that, in his eagerness to display his own skill, the worthy angler should so completely forget the jeopardy in which he was placing his friend. As the old gentleman sate for some time enjoying the struggles and agonies of his hooked prey, humouring and toying with the line, Jocelyn was no longer amazed at his indifference about the frog, when he found that he took even less interest in saving a fellow-creature than in destroying a fish. "Tush, man!" he exclaimed to Jocelyn, as he saw him preparing to go away—"You will not surely budge till you have helped me to secure the jack. Take this landing-net, and pass it under him as I draw him towards the shore."

"But if the men should return—" said Jocelyn, looking in the direction they had taken.

“Psha! mind not the men; let us first prevent the escape of the jack, and it will be time enough afterwards to think of yours,” replied the amiable angler.

This *magnum opus* being at last accomplished, and the piscatory tormentor having gloated for some time over the victim of his lingering cruelty, and deposited it in his basket, Jocelyn was again preparing to depart, for which purpose he requested his hat and cloak.—“Harkye, young man,” said Izaak, as he handed them to him,—“you have heard my name; let it go no further, for though I would have saved you from a bailiff, I little deemed you were pursued by a serjeant-at-arms with a King’s warrant. I meddle not with such matters, but have ever learnt to obey ‘pastors and masters, and all that are in authority over us.’ Learn thou too, to fear God, honour the King, and love thy fellow-creatures; and with this advice, as I desire no fellowship with violators of the law, I say unto thee, as Micaiah said to Ahab, ‘Go and prosper!’”

Jocelyn expressed the warmest gratitude for the assistance he had received, declaring that it was doubly acceptable from so celebrated a person as the admired author of the *Complete Angler*.—“My good young man!” exclaimed Izaak, taking him by the hand, while his whole countenance beamed with satisfaction, “you do me honour. I shall be happy to be better acquainted, that I may give you some instructions in the noble art, wherein, to say the truth, thou art but a sad and sorry tyro.”

“I fear I shall ever continue so,” replied our hero, who was no admirer of the “noble art:” and with

these words again bowing to his preserver, and thanking him, he retraced his steps towards the lane, for the purpose of regaining the house, where he thought he should be safe, at least for the present, and might consider at better leisure how he should dispose of himself for the future. The old gardener welcomed him back to his hiding-place, which began to assume a less cheerless aspect when he considered it as a probable refuge from the Gate-house, a dismal receptacle to which he had not the smallest inclination to be a second time consigned.

In the course of this day he received another visit from the Queen's usher, to whom he related his adventure. "I am not at all surprised at it," replied Tracy, for I observed a horseman following me last trip, and methought the same fellow was dogging me to-day. Your lair is discovered, and no time must be lost in changing it. England will soon be made too hot to hold you: are you ready for a trip to Holland?"

"As soon as you please," replied Jocelyn.—"Then let us seize time by the forelock," said his companion, and trust to our heels for a flight to Bow-bridge, where we can take boat for the Thames. Anticipating the necessity of this measure, I have already secured your passage with the skipper of a Dutch galliot; and will take care, before you sail, to procure you such a letter of introduction from my uncle the merchant, as will ensure you a welcome reception in the land of dykes and dams." Crossing the country at a brisk pace, they reached the destined point without obstruction, where they entered a wherry; and Jocelyn was in due time

put on board the vessel, being introduced to the captain as a young man going out as clerk to the great merchant of Rotterdam, Adrian Beverning. Having delivered to the fugitive a purse of gold transmitted by the Queen, and promised to send his luggage and effects from Hampton Court, as well as the promised letter of introduction, Tracy took his departure; leaving our hero to meditate upon the strange vicissitude which had thus unexpectedly compelled him to exchange the luxuries of a palace for the abominations of a small Dutch galliot, whose crew were at that moment surrounding a pot of boiled peas and pork, while the whole vessel was enveloped in a fog of steam and smoke, and perfumed with the mingled odours of pitch, pork, tobacco, and red-herrings.

CHAPTER VI.

———— « These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch
She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse.»

SHAKSPEARE.

IN this miserable floating hovel, obliged to participate in the coarse fare, and submit to the coarser fellowship of boozing mer-men ; with no occupation by day, and an old ticking stuffed with pea-shells for his bed at night, did Jocelyn pass the greater part of a most uncomfortable week, until his effects arrived from Hampton-Court, as well as his credentials from Tracy's uncle. Tracy himself did not again make his appearance, suspecting that all his movements were watched, and apprehensive that by this means an embargo might be placed on the vessel, or an officer sent on board who would infallibly curtail the travels of the pretended merchant's clerk. The cargo was now completed ; and our hero, anxious to escape from the wretched galliot, in which he was the only passenger, gladly saw the

hatch battened down, the mooring rope cast off, and the sails hoisted. As if to atone for the previous delay, the remainder of the voyage, under the speeding influence of favourable winds, proved rapid and fortunate. In less than the usual period assigned to the passage, they discovered Schónhoven and the Island of Goree; then the mouth of the Maas, which river they shortly entered; and coasting along its low slimy shore fringed with osiers, interspersed here and there with a stunted polled willow, they passed Maaslandsleys. From this point the banks began to assume a more picturesque aspect, being lined with farm-houses, villages, and handsome avenues of trees, enlivened by moving groups of people, and herds of cattle that seemed to rival their owners in sleekness and solidity of appearance. The gates of the city being shut and the boom closed, when they reached Rotterdam, Jocelyn was fain to remain on board another night; a penance which he endured with the less patience as it was entirely attributable to the obstinacy of the captain, who persisted in sending a boat ashore to buy a pound of tobacco at a particular shop, although warned by the pilot that it would occasion his being shut out for the night.

At an early hour on the following morning our hero landed, and, entering the city by the old gate, was struck with the numerous canals, covered with draw-bridges, and lined with vessels of all sorts, whose lofty masts, surmounted with gallant flags and streamers floating on the wind, imparted an animation and gaiety even to the air above; while the beautiful streets below, the stately avenues of trees, the houses faced with shin-

ing tiles, their stories projecting above each other in gaily painted balconies, and their large windows glittering in the rising sun, gave to the whole scene a lively and exhilarating effect, which was heightened by the activity and bustle of the thronging population. As if to render his reception still more cheerful and flattering, a celebrated carillonneur from Leyden was skilfully playing a favourite air upon the chimes of the church of St Lawrence, whose merry echoes appeared to awaken a correspondent feeling, even in the phlegmatic natives of Rotterdam.

In the broad and magnificent street called the Boom-pies, planted with a noble mall, and commanding delightful views of the opposite country, stood the house of Mijn Heer Adrian Beverning, one of the burgo-masters of the city, and the merchant to whom his letter of introduction was addressed. The mansion, partly built in the old Spanish style, with the gable ends embattled in front, and enlarged by subsequent additions in the Dutch taste, formed a huge unwieldly pile of massy construction, flanked round with a little suburb of counting-houses and offices at the bottom; and terminated at top by a range of warehouses for light goods, to whose walls cranes were affixed. The intermediate stories, fronted by projecting balconies handsomely decorated, and embellished with beautiful shrubs and flowers, seemed to be appropriated to the residence of the family. Ringing at the principal entrance, Jocelyn was surprised to find himself ushered into a spacious marble hall, whence a broad flight of steps of the same material, adorned with gilt balustrades, conducted to

the upper apartments. Early as was the hour, Mr Beverning, he was informed, was not only up, but employed in superintending the landing of some goods, though he would doubtless see Jocelyn immediately if he sent in his letter of introduction. This was accordingly done, and in a few minutes afterwards he was ushered up-stairs.

The apartment which he now entered was hung round with cabinet pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools, and opened by a folding window upon the flat-leaded roofs of the counting-houses. At this aperture, in an arm-chair of embroidered velvet, with a small desk and papers before him, sat the burgomaster, a portly, not to say a somewhat burly-looking, personage, attired in a green cap edged with lace, a flowered damask morning-gown lined with green silk, a tabbiset waistcoat, trunk-hose, and green velvet slippers. His commanding height, his large and rather corpulent figure, his peaked grizzled beard, a certain appearance of richness in his costume, and the sparkling of a magnificent diamond-ring, which he wore upon the little finger of either hand, imparted a degree of grandeur and superiority to his look, which Jocelyn had little expected to contemplate; and which in his estimation did but ill assort with the pipe in his mouth (although it was a richly embossed meerschaum), the silver spitting-dish at his feet, and the burning turf in a little porcelain vase, which was to relume that pipe in case it should be extinguished. Stately, however, as was his appearance, the expression of his countenance was good-humoured, and his manner frank, even to familiarity. "Aha! Sir,"

he exclaimed, speaking to Jocelyn in perfect good English—"this is what I like in a young man—smorgens vroeg, as the Dutch proverb goes,—to rise early is to double life. You see I have not opened your letter of introduction; the hand-writing and seal of my excellent and wealthy friend Alderman Staunton will ever be a sure passport to Adrian Beverning. I was clerk to his father upon London Bridge as early as the year—— but what signifies the date? You may see that time has taken me by the beard, a touch that turns every thing to grey, to show us that the evening of life is coming on. You would have been welcome, Sir, without the alderman's autograph, if there be truth in Seneca's averment, that personal comeliness is a letter of recommendation. Even merit is enhanced by it: Petronius Arbiter was right. '*Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus.*' You see, Sir, I am giving you credit before-hand, for when I look at you I can never believe you will justify the exclamation applied to Ovid's Larva—'*O quale caput, at cerebrum non habet.*'"

Just as he had finished this somewhat unnecessary and pedantic display of his classical lore, Jocelyn observed that the window was darkened by a bale which was being craned up to the warehouse above, at sight of which the burgomaster, putting his head to the window, bawled out—"Double S in a diamond. No. 278,—what is the weight?" A voice from below gave the necessary information, which the merchant entered in a book before him, and then turning to Jocelyn, inquired, "Are not those delightful nutmegs?"

"Really, Sir, I cannot say," he replied, "as I never tasted them."

"Tasted them!" exclaimed the burgomaster, with an expression of some contempt; "cannot you judge by the smell? They are just arrived from Amboyna."

Our hero declared that the odour was delicious, and indeed the whole house was perfumed with the fragrance of spices, over which not even the smoke of its master's pipe could predominate.

"Did you see my noble vessel in the river?" continued the merchant, "de Vrouw Roosje; the Lady Rose, the richest ship that ever entered Rotterdam. These bales are just brought up from her in lighters, for she is yet too deep in the water to come into the harbour. And yet she has nothing in her but spices. Aha! young man, think of that!" He evidently thought a good deal of it himself, for his whole figure expanded with delight as he took the pipe from his mouth for a moment, inflated his capacious cheeks till they resembled those of Boreas, and deliberately puffed out the smoke with another interjection of—"Aha! young man, think of that!"

One of the fragrant bales was again passing the window, when, instead of contemplating it with the same complacency as the former, his countenance was marked with anger as he called out in a loud voice—"Peterkin Voorst! Peterkin Voorst!"

"Ja, mijn heer, ja," replied some one from below.

"Who is in the lighter repairing the bales?"

"Wouter Vanwangen," was the reply. "Dismiss

him instantly," cried the wrathful burgomaster; "he has left a hole in the last bale, and three of the nutmegs have already fallen out. Stop yonder varlet of a boy, he has picked up one of them. *Donder ende blixem!* are we to be ruined by such careless knaves?"

As if not to notice this act of meanness in so important a character as the richest burgomaster of Rotterdam, Jocelyn had fixed his eyes upon one of the pictures in the apartment, which his host observing, exclaimed, "Aha! that is a curious picture; it was painted by Rembrandt, while yet a youngster in his father's mill, which only admitting the light from above, imparted to his pencil that peculiar depth of light and shade from which he never afterwards deviated. Next to it is the portrait of his maid-servant, which he placed in the window of his house, and for several days deceived the good folks of Amsterdam, who mistook it for a real figure. I gave two hundred double ducats for the pair. But if you are an admirer of these things, look at yonder gem, the shrimp-man, by Frans Mieris. It cost me fifteen hundred florins. Aha! think of that!"—It was indeed an exquisite specimen of the master, and the whole collection seemed to have been made with a taste and an indifference to expense, that formed a startling inconsistency in one who piqued himself upon judging of nutmegs by the smell, and was too sordid to lose a single one of those little aromatic balls, without at the same time losing his temper and crying out that he should be ruined.

"You have not examined this sea-fight by Gillem Vandervelde," continued the burgomaster, pointing to

a picture over the fire-place: "he went out to sea in a light skiff during the last engagement of our fleet, in order to take his sketch, and ventured into the midst—(Hallo! Jan Oost! Jan Oost! put some grease to that creaking crane. *Donder ende blixem!* we cannot hear ourselves talk:)—and ventured into the midst of the bullets; but the rogue made me pay for it. Eighteen hundred rix-dollars. Money, Sir, money; but yet the man must be a fool that would venture his life for it. Half-mad, however, is sometimes double wise. What says Seneca? *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.* Peterkin Voorst! what is the weight of No. 280?"

As Jocelyn still continued gazing on the sea-piece, his host continued, "Aha! Sir; since you are fond of ships, I have a rare treat for you. You shall accompany me in my cutter on board the *Vrouw Roosje*. Such a beauty! Round as a barge, at both bows and stern; and deep, deep, deep to hold the nutmegs and cinnamon, and spices from Amboyna. Aha! young man, think of that. And here, too, we have some pretty little pictures of Nature's painting. Follow me, follow me."

So saying, he passed his portly figure with some difficulty through the folding window, and Jocelyn following him out upon the leads of the counting-house, found them encircled by low stands, on which were leaden vases of the rarest and most expensive tulips, whose names were inscribed upon the front in gilt letters.

"Aha! the poor Grand Duke is dead," cried the burgomaster, pointing to one of the flowers that had

perished. "I gave six hundred and twenty dollars for the root; but bulbs are mortal as well as men: he had been ailing some time. This, however, is my pride, the yellow Sultan; I dare not tell you how much it cost me; a fortune—a fortune;—unless, indeed, this streaked emperor, or this queen of Hungary may contest the palm with it in beauty, as they did in price. Is it not a paragon? straight as Circe's wand, and fair as Rhodope among the virgins. I know not which to admire the most, nor how to satisfy myself with gazing upon either. I am like Tantalus—*inter undas siticulosus*."

The floral enthusiast was becoming quite poetical under the inspiration of his vegetable beauties, when he espied a little caterpillar upon one of the leaves of the "Queen of Hungary," an apparition that filled him with unutterable horror.

"Genadigste God!" he ejaculated, with a look of dismay, as falling on his knees and placing the bow of his pipe under the obnoxious insect, he fumigated it until it rolled lifeless into a piece of paper which he extended to receive it.

"Karl Vanhoven!" he exclaimed, in a loud and angry voice—"send me Karl Vanhoven."

In a few minutes the unfortunate gardener made his appearance, when his master, deeming words inadequate to the enormity of his guilt, pointed to the defunct reptile, a silent and pathetic reproach, which soon overspread the countenance of the offender with a blush of consternation.

"Miss Beverning is managing the Queen of Hungary

herself," said the accused wight, "and desired me never to touch it."

Though this was probably an off-hand falsehood, ventured in the fellow's belief that his kind-hearted mistress would take the blame upon her own shoulders, it instantly appeased the wrathful burgomaster, who exclaimed:—

"Nay, if Constantia will rear her own flowers, she shall treat them as she lists, e'en should she kill me half a dozen dynasties of kings, queens, and emperors. Poor girl! since her mother's death she has few pleasures, and I were a churl indeed, to deny her any thing that wealth can procure. Get thee gone, Karl: here is something to buy a bottle of schiedam for the Huisvrouw; but forget not my Noordwyk roses in the blue balcony, nor my Haerlaem jonquils."

"Every leaf has been twice brushed this morning," said the bowing gardener, as he quitted his master's presence with a re-assured countenance.

"The crane has stopped working," cried the burgomaster to Jocelyn:—"the wharfmen are gone to their breakfast; and if you can drink Mocha coffee of my own importation, to the tune of 'De Witt's Dream,' which this persevering carillonneur has been pealing on St Lawrence's chimes ever since six this morning; or sip some chocolate-cream which my daughter mixes for me with her own hand, we will e'en seek the painted parlour, and see whether the jade have yet made her appearance."

Jocelyn having bowed acquiescence to this proposition, his host led the way to an apartment, whose

pannels and ceiling were decorated by the pencil of Rubens and Jansen Mirevelt with figures and landscapes, that seemed to unite the rich colouring of the Venetian with the elaborate detail of the Flemish school. On the table was a breakfast-service of massy silver; but the nymph who was to do the honours of the repast had not yet taken her station.

“Aha! Miss Constantia!” exclaimed her father. “You must not read *Celanire, ou la Promenade de Versailles*! so late o’ night, if it renders you such a sluggard in the morning.” Taking out a watch encircled with rare diamonds, he continued:—“Nay, it is not so late; these rogues have put the wharf-clock too forward: they are paid by the hour, and see how they cheat me! We shall have time to visit my museum.”

At these words he led his guest to a large upper room, hung round with baubles, curiosities, foreign arms, dresses, and instruments of music, most of which his own captains had procured in their traffic with the islanders of the Indian Ocean. On a table, in the centre, were divers quaint contrivances of clockwork, and other pieces of mechanism of Dutch manufacture, such as waterworks in miniature, that performed all the operations of larger machinery, artificial music, an automaton, a tumbler, and a farm-yard, whose various tenants, both birds and beasts, enacted a most discordant imitation of the voice of the originals.

“I have complied with the fashion,” said the burgo-master, “in setting aside a room for all this trumpery,

1 One of Madame de Scuderi’s romances, which were at that moment in high vogue.

and dignifying it with the name of a museum. The folks of Rotterdam are mad for these conceits and toys, and it is wise, as the monkish adage runs, 'sinere insanum mundum vadere quo vult; nam vult vadere quo vult.'—For myself, I hold them but as poor and puerile; and if your taste jump with mine, you would rather possess one relic of my gallery below, than all these barbarous trophies and elaborate playthings. But you shall judge for yourself, if you will follow me."

Willingly accepting this invitation, Jocelyn accompanied his host into a long gallery at the back of the house, supported by Doric columns, and filled with statues, marbles, and antiques, of the greatest rarity and beauty. Some of the former, in particular, were of the most exquisite proportions; and as he gazed upon them with fervent delight, his admiration of the burgomaster's character was enhanced when he informed him, that he had at that moment two agents in the Greek Islands expressly employed to discover and purchase marbles for his collection. In the course of conversation he also learned, that he united the diplomatic avocations with those of the merchant and the virtuoso, having been once despatched to Paris by their High Mightinesses on a secret mission; and twice on a similar errand to the late Protector of England. When he combined his little scraps of Latin, his attention to the paltriest details of business, and his sordid fear of losing a single nutmeg, with his utter indifference to expense in his magnificent establishment, his love of the arts, and his presumed diplomatic talents, he was at a loss to determine in what class to place him; whether among the plodding and

thrifty burghers of Rotterdam, or with such enlightened and princely merchants as the De Medici of Florence.

“Let us begone,” said the burgomaster—“breakfast must have been long since ready, and we shall in our turn be keeping Constantia waiting.”—Jocelyn tore himself away the more reluctantly from the contemplation of a Venus Callipyges, which had just engaged his attention, because he had from the first, by some unaccountable association, anticipated a resemblance between the burgomaster’s daughter and his Dutch step-mother. He was prepared, by all the Dutch women he had hitherto seen, for voluminous protruding hips, thick legs, a sodden sandy face, and that sort of form and physiognomy, which might in some degree remind him of Sir John’s admission as to Lady Compton, that she had become “a trifle fishy in the face, and a thought sowish in the figure.”

“Ah! I thought so,” he exclaimed as he entered, the apartment, and saw a female seated at the table, whose prim and formal figure, white eye-lashes, grey eyes, and old-maidish appearance, were far from prepossessing, although they would not by any means have authorized Sir John’s ungallant and disparaging phrases. She saluted Jocelyn with a coldness of manner and forbidding aspect that seemed calculated to repel any attempt at intimacy, even had he been disposed to make it; but as he saw at once that all his unfavourable presentiments were confirmed, so far at least as could be judged from her demeanour, he determined to address himself to the burgomaster, and leave his sour-looking daughter to her own meditations. The lapse of a few seconds,

however, served to undeceive him as to the notions he had so hastily and erroneously formed. "Aha! Miss Vanspaacken," cried the burgomaster, "I have just been saying that Constantia must not read *Celanire* over-night, if I am to expect my chocolate-cream in the morning. Though she is now too old to be deemed any longer your pupil, you should read her a lecture on the subject. As for me, though I can scold upon occasion with any churl that growls in Rotterdam, I could not twit the baggage, no not for the value of the *Vrouw Roosje's* cargo, though she contains nothing but spices: Aha! Joffer Vanspaacken, think of that."—"Miss Beverning has been up and waiting some time for her breakfast," replied the person thus addressed, pursing up her mouth, and bending stiffly to the burgomaster—"but as you did not appear, she has gone to look at her flowers, whence she will doubtless return in two or three minutes."—Jocelyn smiled at the idea of his having mistaken the governess, or rather the *duenna*, for the damsel; though he still thought that nothing very prepossessing could be expected in the pupil, when he contemplated the starch and pragmatical *institutrice*.

In the midst of these lucubrations the door opened, and he almost started from his seat at the apparition of the two large and lustrous black eyes he had seen at the tournament in Paris, and which had too deeply impressed his memory to permit any mistake as to their identity. Nor was the recognition less instantaneous and electric on the part of the lady, who stopped short, blushed deeply, drew down the blue-veined lids over her large orbs, and seemed unable for a few se-

conds to recover from her confusion and surprise; while Miss Vanspaacken perked herself up with a keen suspicious look, and the astonished burgomaster, taking the pipe from his lips, and letting the smoke escape as it liked from his open mouth, exclaimed, "Heÿ, Slapper-loot? wat is ér in de weg? what 's the matter?"—These were the only sounds that were uttered for a short interval, at the expiration of which, Jocelyn, having in some degree recovered his self-possession, explained to his host, that if he were not mistaken, he had had the pleasure of seeing Miss Beverning at the royal tournament, in Paris.

"And did you recollect her so immediately?" inquired the burgomaster. "I was there with her, but you did not seem to remember me when we first encountered." There might have been more reasons for this difference than entered into the speaker's immediate contemplation, though he still seemed to be at a loss to account for their mutual surprise and agitation, when Constantia, who had now become more collected, exclaimed, "This is the gentleman that unhorsed the Bohemian Baron in the lists, and who picked up my scarf, when, by mere accident, owing to my leaning too forward, it slipped from my shoulders."

As Jocelyn noticed the alacrity with which she seized the first opportunity of exculpating herself from any intentional bestowal of that favour, he thought it right to acquit himself also of any vain misconstructions he might have been supposed to put upon the occurrence, by declaring that he had made every inquiry for the purpose of restoring it, but without success. "Aha!" cried

the burgomaster, "werè you the young cavaliero who bore off the baron's casque like a pennon to your lance? Donder en' blixem! you gave him a rough greeting and a sore fall. What was the value of the sword the King gave you?"

Jocelyn declared that he had never thought of estimating it, as he only prized the honour, without adverting to the intrinsic value. "But the honour is sometimes more gratifying," replied the merchant, "when we know that it is convertible into some certain hundreds of ducats. I need not, then, as it seems, introduce you and my daughter to one another; nor could I if I would, for though we have been chatting together so long, I never thought to inquire your name. It is time I should examine your credentials, and break the seal of my good friend's letter. I am told he is worth a hundred thousand double ducats. Aha! think of that, young man!"

With these words he took the paper from his waistcoat-pocket, and while he was engaged in perusing its contents, our hero had an opportunity of contemplating his daughter, who had derived from her sire nothing but her height and her commanding figure. From her mother, a Frenchwoman of a distinguished Norman family, whom he had married in his first embassy to Paris, she inherited that cast of countenance which in this country, we should pronounce to be emphatically foreign, although some might rather say, that it gave her the appearance of a most beautiful Jewess. Her black eyes, which, as we have already noticed, were large round, and lustrous, were surmounted by dark,

though delicately arched brows; her nose inclined to the aquiline, and her mouth might have been pronounced too large, but that it disclosed, when opened, a set of teeth that were absolutely faultless. Her clear brown complexion harmonized admirably with the profuse raven locks, which, parting upon her high forehead, fell in glossy curls down to her neck; while the general beauty of her features received an inexpressible charm from an interesting air of pensiveness, which, however, seemed to emanate from modesty and depth of feeling, rather than from melancholy.

From this survey, which, although it has occupied some time in the description, was comprehended by our hero in a single delighted glance, he was recalled by the burgomaster's exclamation of "Donder ende blixem!" and on Jocelyn's casting his eyes upon the apostrophiser, he clearly saw that the contents of the letter had not only surprised him, but disturbed the equanimity of his temper. "Wat de deivel!" he continued, turning to Jocelyn, as he folded up the paper; "does not the alderman know my connexion with the English Government, that he asks me thus a second time to harbour runaways from the royal frown? Am I not in jeopardy enough already about that unfortunate ——? Does he think Charles the Second will be played with, as if he were de Koning of Heer, a king o' cards? An angry monarch has keen eyes, and quick ears, and long hands, and sharp nails. Aha! young man! think of that. In den naame Godes! how came you to take a man by the beard that wears a crown upon his head?"

Our hero concisely related the cause of his intemperate expressions, and the unfortunate issue of the contest they had occasioned with Bagot, concluding by stating, that he still possessed the favour and good offices of the Queen, whose portrait he produced, in corroboration of his assertion. "Aha!" cried the burgo-master, who, from the ambiguous terms of the letter, feared that his offence was of a more treasonable nature—"is that all? then we may snap our fingers, provided we make no noise in doing it. We will take care of you, young man: but you must be quiet and discreet; neither so ready of hand, nor so free of tongue; for though Adrian Beverning be a burgomaster of Rotterdam, and I believe none of the poorest—aha! yet is he surrounded by spies of the Orange party, who, in these times of trouble and faction, might, upon the slightest pretext, or even upon none at all, expose him to the perilous suspicion of the Hooghen Mooghens. Een woord voor de wyzen, a word to the wise, young man, is enough; so taste the mocha ere it be cold; and if Constantia will spare you some of the chocolate-cream, in return for your taking care of her scarf, I can recommend it as being specially balsamic as well as grateful."

A second blush deeply suffused his daughter's face as she obeyed this intimation; and the founder of the repast now setting the example of more active measures by a vigorous assault upon the dried fish and smoked meats, Jocelyn, who had an accumulated appetite of three or four days to allay, since he had found little that was edible on board the galliot, did justice to the hospitality of his host. What Miss Vanspaacken wanted

in activity, she supplied by perseverance; for though the formal way in which she executed every manoeuvre of the knife and fork, and the mathematical precision with which each piece of meat was cut, occasioned her progress to be slow, the process went on with the steadiness of machinery, and the work accomplished was proportionately considerable. Constantia was the only one that seemed indifferent to the good cheer. Sitting silent and abstracted, she was apparently too much occupied in feeding her thoughts, to attend to the refection of the body, until her father exclaimed, "Aha, Constantia! has the sight of this doughty champion robbed you of your appetite? feed, child, feed!" when, with renewed blushes, she endeavoured to obey the injunction.

Just as the repast was concluded, the burgomaster started up at the sound of a bell, exclaiming, "Hey, Slapperloot! there is the wharf-bell. I must see the remainder of the nutmegs landed; but, at twelve o'clock, Signor Cavaliero, we shall have emptied the barge, and I shall be ready to give you your promised treat, by showing you De Vrouw Roosje. Meantime, Joffer Vanspaacken, will you order an apartment to be prepared for the Queen's champion? and you, Constantia, must manage to entertain him till I return. She is still too deep in the water to enter the canal; and all spices!—Aha! young man, think of that!" The conclusion of his speech was an unconscious soliloquy, uttered as he was leaving the room, and while his thoughts were on board De Vrouw Roosje.

In a short while, Constantia, discarding her embar-

rassment, commenced a more unrestrained conversation with our hero, who was astonished at her proficiency in English, until he learned that she had not only accompanied her father in his embassies to London, but that it formed the more prevalent language at their table, where some of his own countrymen were almost daily visitants. "In my poor mother's time," she continued, "we always conversed in French; so that I am perhaps as well acquainted with these two languages as with my native Dutch."

"Better!" ejaculated Miss Vanspaacken, opening for the first time her thin compressed lips, "for you never give our gutturals their full beauty, nor do you impart the classical breadth to our double a's. Even my own name is rendered less harmonious by your manner of pronouncing it:—"and she then uttered it herself, giving such a specimen of the true Dutch harmony, as wonderfully resembled the quacking of a duck; which, after all, may have been the original and genuine dialect of her amphibious countrymen.

Requesting another sight of the Queen of England's picture, Constantia drew from Jocelyn a more detailed account of the occurrence at Hampton Court, and of the rencounter with Bagot, than he had furnished to the burgomaster; fixing her large eyes upon him as he spoke, and devouring every syllable of his narrative, with an appearance of intense interest. As he concluded his statement, he declared that he viewed his exile, and the loss of his appointment, with diminished regret, since it had been the happy means of bringing him acquainted with Miss Beverning, whose beautiful

eyes had never been absent from his memory since he had first beheld them in the tilting-ground of the Parisian tournament. At this avowal, Constantia again became embarrassed; Miss Vanspaacken assumed a most forbidding and duenna-like demureness of look; and Jocelyn, in order to relieve them both, took down a guitar which was hanging against the wall, and, observing that it was differently constructed from his own, handed it to Constantia, requesting she would enable him to judge of its powers, if he might venture to solicit such a favour upon so short an acquaintance. Without the least hesitation she began tuning the instrument; and, wishing to compliment her visitant with a song in his own language, she warbled in a low, mellow, but withal a somewhat melancholy tone of voice, the following song,—which had been recently set to music by Purcel:—

SONG.

I.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did inflame me.

II.

But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

III.

Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

“The music is by Henry Purcel,” said Constantia, “but I know not the author of the words.”

Our hero informed her that they were by his friend the Earl of Rochester; and after paying her the compliments she so justly merited, both from her style of singing and her command of the instrument, he mentioned the mad exploit in which his lordship had so lately rendered himself conspicuous, and for which he was at that moment doing penance in the Tower; explaining the manner in which he had been implicated in that outrage, and the atonement he had made, as soon as he had discovered its nature, by procuring the restoration of Mistress Mallet to her friends. To this narrative his fair auditor listened with an attention that seemed to absorb every faculty of her soul. She remained silent at its conclusion, as if anxious that he should still continue to speak; but suddenly recollecting herself, and starting from her reverie, she handed the guitar to Jocelyn, exclaiming, “You talked of its being different from your own, and cannot therefore deny that you are a performer. By the custom of minstrelsy, I have a claim upon you for a song.”

“It shall be willingly acknowledged, especially to so fair and accomplished a claimant,” cried Jocelyn; “but I am not one of those adroit workmen that are indifferent about their tools. These wire and brass strings, to which I have been unaccustomed, would make but jangling music, when touched by an unpractised hand. If my effects, which I ordered to be conveyed hither, have arrived, I will cheerfully attempt a ballad upon my own guitar.”

Miss Vanspaacken volunteering her services to show him the apartment, to which the servants had received orders to convey his luggage, he accompanied her upstairs to a room opening into a balcony, filled with rare exotics and the most beautiful shrubs. Every balcony, she informed him, was supplied with choice plants; the captains being instructed to bring home all the botanical curiosities that could be collected in the countries they visited; and every floor had a small green-house warmed by a flue, into which the tenderer plants were removed when the season required it. Among his other effects he soon found his guitar, with which he returned to the breakfast-parlour, attended by Miss Vanspaacken, who watched him with all the jealousy of a genuine duenna. His instrument was presently put in order, and he accidentally selected for his *coup d'essai* one of those simple Norman ballads which he had picked up in Paris, and which happened to have been an old favourite with Constantia's mother, who had often sung it to her when a child. France was the country of her affections, not simply because it was her mother's birth-place, but from the memory of the pleasant hours she had passed there in former times, and the cherished friends and relations she had left in it. She doated upon the very language; and when she heard the sweet and manly voice of Jocelyn giving its full expression to the plaintive ballad to which she had so often listened when sitting upon the knee of her departed mother, it awakened a train of tender recollections that quickly overcame her feelings. As she gazed upon the singer the big tears started from

her eyes, and rolled unrestrainedly down her cheeks, till Jocelyn was himself deeply affected at the sight of her emotion; and Miss Vanspaacken reproved her tartly, declaring that it was extremely ungentle to give way to one's feelings at any time, and particularly indecorous in the presence of a stranger.

Hoping to restore the tone of her feelings, which he perceived to be acutely sensitive, Jocelyn changed the strain to one of those brisk and lively *chansonnettes*, of which France supplies such a sparkling and abundant variety; but it seemed to touch upon no sympathising chord in the heart of Constantia. She had recovered her firmness, but was not to be exhilarated so easily as she had been melted: though she was no longer sad, she appeared to have little relish for gaiety. He accordingly laid aside his instrument; and entering into conversation with her, found that she discoursed with intelligence upon all subjects, and with the eloquence of a deep and earnest enthusiasm upon those which more immediately interested her feelings. So pleasantly was he absorbed in this colloquy, that he was not less surprised than annoyed when the burgo-master entered, with his watch in his hand, exclaiming, "Aha! Signor Cavaliero, twelve o'clock, and not ready? You will learn to be punctual when you have been with us a little longer. Four hundred and thirteen bales of Amboyna nutmegs; think of that! I know you would be disappointed if I did not give you the promised treat by showing you my beauty, De Vrouw Roosje; so, come along, for the boatmen are waiting."

Though Jocelyn most devoutly wished the Vrouw

Roosje at the bottom of the Zuyder-zee, preferring the beauty he was with to all the wooden charmers that ever floated, he could not venture to offend his host, but reluctantly accompanied him to the water-side; filled with admiration of his lovely daughter, and leaving Constantia not less vividly impressed by the character and accomplishments of her father's new guest. Her mother, who had lost two brothers in the religious civil wars which for so many years desolated France, was of a pensive character, and a strict Catholic, which religion, as well as her sedateness, had descended to her daughter; but though Constantia was calm and serious, and had hitherto seen nothing that had in the smallest degree touched her heart, she by no means deserved the imputation of indifference and coldness with which she was sometimes charged. On the contrary, she was deeply susceptible; her apparent want of feeling being nothing but a want of sympathy with the society among which she moved. It might be truly said of her that her desires "were dolphin-like, and showed themselves above the element she lived in." Never was a young female more strikingly misplaced. An enthusiast both in religion and virtue, lofty and perhaps even romantic in her notions, she was exposed to the sordid solicitations of Dutch brokers, ship-owners, manufacturers of madder, and vulgar wooers of all sorts, who, courting her fortune while they were indifferent to her charms, floundered about her like so many porpuses around a flying-fish.

From such a revolting reality she took refuge in the dreams of imagination, devouring the romances of the

Scuderis and others, which then inundated France, with an avidity that increased her distaste for the sphere she occupied, by filling her with notions of a more exalted and chivalrous state of existence. The fancies thus imbibed, and the aspirations thus cherished, might be visionary and fantastic; but her delusion was not the craziness of a female Quixote, nor the romance of a precocious school-girl. It was a high and holy enthusiasm, which while it fixed her thoughts upon a model of perfection that was perhaps unattainable, at least stimulated her to every thing that was virtuous and noble. At the perusal of any great and magnanimous action in the books on which she doted, her heart leaped, and the blood rushed thrilling through her whole frame. If she encountered any thing of an opposite tendency, her large eyes kindled; while a fiery look attested the fierceness of her scorn and indignation.

Will it be deemed wonderful that such a young enthusiast as we have been describing, accustomed hitherto to no other society than that of the mercantile boors of Rotterdam, or the plodding foreigners who drove their bargains over her father's wine, should instantly see realised in Jocelyn the bright creation of her fancy, the very being for whom her soul had secretly panted, and yield herself to the delusion with all the fervour of an ardent temperament? His personal recommendations, his prowess, his musical talents, would not alone have thus inflamed her imagination; though these, it must be confessed, form a combination not easily resisted. When the same hand, that has wielded with distinction the lance and the sword, can tastefully

touch the guitar; when the voice, that has cheered the war-horse in the field, can warble a soft love-ditty in a lady's bower, the ordinary avenues to a female heart are already gained. These united qualifications Constantia had seen in Jocelyn, and had been contented to admire them; but that which she had felt in her inmost soul, that which had awakened the dormant affections of her heart, was the knightly and chivalrous impulse which prompted him to punish the ungenerous Bohemian baron, to vindicate the insulted Queen of England, to succour and liberate the fair victim of Lord Rochester's violence. She looked upon him as her sex's champion; and seeing him ruined and exiled for those very actions, which would have raised him to the pinnacle of glory in the pages of Clelie, Ibrahim, or the Grand Cyrus, she considered him abundantly entitled to her admiration and pity; little reflecting, or perhaps not knowing, that those feelings are but the insidious disguises under which Love masks his advances.

CHAPTER VII:

• Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where our Argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers, on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.»

SHAKSPEARE.

As Jöcelyn entered the hall with the burgomaster, for the purpose of visiting the spice-ship, he found several servants waiting in rich liveries, one of whom threw over his master's shoulders a superb Palatine cloak, which fastened across the chest with a broad golden agraffe enchased with jewels. As he gazed upon his companion's wide-flapped hat, looped up on one side with a button of black buglés, on his peaked and grizzled beard, his old-fashioned basket-hilted sword, whose handle glittered as it now and then escaped from beneath his cloak, and the commanding height and portliness of his figure, he might almost have fancied that he beheld some haughty Spanish grandee of the olden time, had not his ideas been instantly recalled to Holland by the meerscham pipe, from which the worthy burgomaster seldom parted. When he remembered

that this grandeur of appearance was combined with a reputation for immense riches, he was no longer amazed at the reverence, almost amounting to awe, which his presence seemed to inspire; nor at the profound obeisances with which he was every where greeted as he moved along. Their progress to the water-side was impeded by a little bustle among the men, owing to their having seized a caitiff in the act of filling his coat-pockets from a sugar-hogshead.

“Who had the watching and repairing of those casks?” inquired the burgomaster, when he learned the cause of the disturbance,

“Wont von Goocht,” replied two or three voices.

“Hand me the wharf-book,” continued the merchant.

He took it; and, running the pen through the offender’s name, said:—“Give him his wages and dismiss him. My people are well paid, and they shall do their duty. Besides, he who leaves the door open makes the thief.”

“Mercy! mijn heer, for the love of God!” cried the sugar-stealer, whom they were rudely hauling away. “As you are rich, and great, and powerful, have compassion! Be not hard as Dives, because I am poor as Lazarus.”

“Lazarus was no thief, sirrah,” replied the merchant, sternly. “Had you asked charity of me or my daughter, it would not have been refused, if found to be merited. Away with him to the Rasp House!—I have no objection,” he continued, taking Jocelyn’s arm and leading him forward, “to throw away a thousand ducats upon a toy, a trifle, a nothing; but I will not be robbed; no, not of the tenth part of a stiver.”

By this time they had reached the water-side, where a six-oared cutter was in attendance; the boatmen handsomely dressed in the burgomaster's livery, and the whole vessel as scrupulously clean, and even elegant in its appointments, as if they were entering a drawing-room. The spectators, who had collected to see them embark, stood respectfully with their hats in their hands, exhibiting that homage to superior wealth, which is no where more universally felt than in Holland. The sail was hoisted, the wind was fair, the boatmen plied their oars, and in an unusually short time, although it appeared dismally long to Jocelyn, they approached the spot where De Vrouw Roosje lay, like a great unwieldy log on the water; her bows and stern rising considerably above the centre of the deck, and bulging forward, as if proud of the glistening new varnish with which they had been profusely lacquered.

"Aha!" cried the burgomaster, standing up as they approached, and snuffing the air with an appearance of most inordinate satisfaction—"I smell them already; delicious! and all from Amboyna; think of that! Ah, my darling Vrouw Roosje! Isn't she a beauty? As high, and as deep, and as round as a church, and all spices, aha!

As soon as the cutter was identified, the Roosje fired a salute from some small guns upon the deck, and the crew gave three cheers, which the burgomaster acknowledged by taking off his hat and waving it above his head. Apparently at a loss how to express the overflowing of his satisfaction, he at last hit upon the expedient of laughing outright, and continued chuckling

and ejaculating, "Aha!" till they came under the vessel's side; but he would not suffer Jocelyn to go on board till they had pulled round her and admired the stern, whose two little deeply-inserted cabin-windows resembled the disproportionately small eyes in the monstrous head of the whale. Jocelyn would not interrupt the ecstasies of her owner by refusing to participate in his admiration; although the object before him appeared as shapeless as if it were the floating carcase of a defunct kraken. Before they mounted the ladder, the doating proprietor actually kissed and mumbled the ship's side, ejaculating, "Aha! my aromatic charmer! my darling Vrouw Roosje! what a beauty art thou! stately as the bark of the Argonauts; elegant as Cleopatra's yacht; precious as the sacred vessel of the Athenians!"

With this classical salutation he mounted; and seating himself on the capstan, while his whole frame seemed to swell with exultation, he looked triumphantly around, and continued—"There! show me the monarch in Christendom that sits more proudly upon his throne, than does Adrian Beverning upon the capstan of the Vrouw Roosje."—Then calling for a silver goblet which he had brought with him in the cutter, he filled it with Cyprus wine, and drinking health to the captain and crew, with success to the Vrouw Roosje, he emptied it at a draught. Jocelyn was now paraded through every part of the Indiaman, in whose capacious hold he still saw such a mass of spices, that he could not help expressing a doubt whether they would ever be consumed. "*Dulce est e magno tollere acervo,*"

cried the burgomaster;—"they are Amboyna, young man, and will keep for years; think of that! Fire is a sure consumer, when the supply exceeds the demand; but all our warehouses are empty, and Europe is bare. This whole cargo will shortly be turned into gold: is not this the genuine alchemy, young man? aha!"

Wearied with being obliged to descend ladders, climb perpendicular steps, and pry into every noisome nook of the vessel, Jocelyn gladly obeyed a summons to partake of a collation in the captain's cabin; and with still greater satisfaction did he lower himself over the swelling side of the cutter, that was to reconvey them to Rotterdam. A gratuity in money and a double allowance of liquor having been distributed among the sailors, they cheered their owner upon his departure with hearty shouts, in which our hero was half-disposed to join, when he considered that he was leaving this floating warehouse, and returning to enjoy the society of Constantia.

On the way back his companion said but little; indulging apparently his own spicy thoughts, and confirming his complacency by the smoke of his meerschauum. In this silent state of happiness he regained the quay of the Boompies, when a bundle of letters was put into his hand by a clerk who was awaiting his appearance. One of them proved to be a circular from a house at Amsterdam, announcing the establishment of a shop for the sale of madders. Instantly turning it round, and observing by the direction that the postage had not been paid, he angrily exclaimed, "Donder ende blixem! are we to be ruined? Wat de duivel! cannot

these sordid varlets pay the postage when they ask a favour? Here, Dirk Jaagster! run to the post-office, give up the letter, and get back the dubbeltje that we have paid." His countenance brightened up as he opened the second letter, from whence he took a paper; and after ejaculating to himself, "Aha! that is well! good luck, good luck!" he inquired where they had placed the large case, of which he held the bill of lading in his hand. Being told it was in the weighing-house, he thrust the remainder of the letters into his pocket unopened, seized Jocelyn's arm, and, leading him hastily forward; whispered in his ear: "A case of antique marbles from my agent in the Island of Ægina. He ordered excavations to be made in the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter, and has discovered some rare entablatures. Aha, young man, think of that! But the rogue makes me pay gold for stones; he has drawn upon me for twelve hundred ducats. Hey, Slapperloot! it is money, Sir, money."

While he was superintending the unpacking of the cases, and anxiously giving such directions as might prevent injury to their contents, a messenger arrived to inform him that his brother burgomasters were sitting in council upon the subject of dispatches just received, and requested the immediate attendance of their chairman. Dismissing the man with a promise of present compliance, he whispered to Jocelyn: "Not an inch do I stir, till I have perused my own more interesting dispatches from Ægina; so they may e'en wag their heads at one another for the next half hour. Have a care, Aart Graauw!—gently, Epje Loover! Aha! a prize

indeed ! Here is the goat Amalthæa, and there are the Corybantes beating their cymbals at the command of Ops : all beautifully executed, and in high preservation. Think of that, Cavaliero Compton ! I like to pry into these old stones. What says Cicero ? ' Nescire quid antequam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum.' Aha ! »

Although a second officer came to summon him to the council-house, he continued looking on, and cautioning the men not to hurry themselves, until the case was emptied ; when taking a leisurely survey of his acquisition, and expressing his high satisfaction with the execution and subjects of the marbles, he prepared to take his seat at the council-board ; desiring Jocelyn to proceed to the dinner-room, and direct Constantia not to wait his arrival, as he knew not how long he should be detained.

« We are accustomed to these disappointments, » said Constantia, upon his delivering his message. « My father has such a multiplicity of avocations, and would so much rather neglect a meal than a commission, that I am often obliged to do the honours of his table. If he is, as they tell me, the greatest man in Rotterdam, it only means that he is the master of every body but himself. For my part, I smile at the wealth that cannot purchase comfort ; and would much rather be unknown and independent, than a slave to the good opinion of the public. I sometimes fear he suffers himself to be so much absorbed——»

« The dinner has been announced, » interposed Miss Vanspaacken ; « the burgomaster particularly desired

that we should not wait ; and there is a matelote of eels, my favourite dish, which will be spoiled if suffered to cool." Such weighty considerations were not to be neglected ; and they proceeded accordingly to their repast, during the progress of which Jocelyn first imbibed that mortal dislike of Miss Vanspaacken, which every day's subsequent observation only tended to confirm. She was starch, prim, and pragmatICAL ; at the same time that she was officious, meddling, and fidgetty, even to a degree of impertinence. Originally the keeper of a small school, she afterwards became governess in the burgomaster's family, where she was still retained, rather out of kindness to herself, than as being now thought the most fitting companion for Constantia. With an infirmity not uncommon in females of her class after their official duties have ceased, she still seemed to imagine herself surrounded by children whom she might annoy with her frivolous dictation. She piqued herself upon the exact collocation of pins and pronouns, of tuckers and tenses ; her favourite piece of pedantry being the rigorous use of the subjunctive mood, wherever it was dictated by grammarians and was disregarded in colloquial parlance ; while she was as precise in the pronunciation of every syllable as if a pop-gun were making its first attempt at an oration. For lack of other pupils, she had established a kind of seminary for household furniture. On first entering the drawing-room in the morning, she cast a scrutinising mathematical glance around her school ; and any scholar, that was even the tenth-part of an inch out of its place, was instantly corrected and called to order.

The chimney-ornaments were taught where and how to place themselves, the flowers were made to hold up their heads, the tongs to turn out their toes, the poker to carry itself upright, the shovel to assume a becoming and decent attitude; every chair was instructed what position to assume, the truant pins upon the carpet were made to return into their pincushion, and she seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in imposing penance upon a China jar by making it stand by itself in a corner. With a *plumasseau*, or little feather-brush, in her hand (the only rod that was left to her), she went the round of her inanimate scholars, uttering a *matison* against slatternly housemaids; and switching off any stray dust she encountered, with an angry jerk, that appeared to recal the former delight of rapping her negligent pupils upon the scone.

Had she been content to exercise none but a parlour jurisdiction, this pedagogue in petticoats might have been enduring; but she unfortunately extended her claims of pupilage over the kitchen. Her own reputation being as spotless as her gown, she thought herself warranted to take the characters of the maids under her proper surveillance; checking their amusements, and watching their little flirtations, as if she were at once the mistress, mother and duenna of the whole establishment. Men-servants who had been all their lives acquiring a knowledge of their business, had to learn it afresh from her. No napkin was ever folded properly, no spoon was ever turned the right way, no silver was ever cleaned as it ought to be, no salt-cellar occupied its exact position. A mean inquisition into cupboards and

perquisites being added to this teasing, troublesome, and petty persecution, she contrived to worry the best servants into mutiny, and to make the family, the domestics, and the guests, all equally uncomfortable. Minutely as the burgomaster attended to the most trivial mercantile details, he never bestowed a thought upon household arrangements; Constantia was absorbed in loftier contemplations than those of the *ménage*; and thus its entire supervision fell into the power of Miss Vanspaacken, who converted it into a perpetual domestic war.

In Jocelyn's eyes she could never have possessed a single qualification for her office of governess except her plainness,—a recommendation which may appear strange to the uninitiated reader, but which will be duly appreciated by all those mistresses of families who happen to have gay husbands or grown-up sons. When, however, Jocelyn saw this superficial precision, this automatic smatterer, perking up her pinched unmeaning features towards the enlarged orbs and intellectual countenance of Constantia, and presuming to catechise one whose thoughts moved in a superior sphere, which she could neither reach nor comprehend, he would have been moved to indignation at her conceit, had it not at the same time appeared so preposterously ludicrous, as generally to terminate his observation by a vehement tendency to laughter. He could compare it to nothing but the stupid owl upon Minerva's helm gravely presuming to instruct the Goddess of Wisdom.

We perhaps owe an apology to our readers for detaining them so long from the dinner-table, especially for

Miss Vanspaaeken, who never suffered the guests to delay their descent to the dining-room, when her matelote of eels was ready. She had devoured the whole of that ingratiating condiment with her usual mechanical perseverance, and the repast was already half finished, when the burgomaster made his appearance; and, having affectionately kissed Constantia, nodded familiarly to Jocelyn with an "Aha, Signor Cavaliero!" and to the ex-governante, with a "Hoe vaart gy, Joffer Vanspaaeken," he sate himself hastily down to the table. "O those tiresome old beard-waggers!" he exclaimed to our hero: "dispatches, indeed! they know not the meaning of the word; nor would they have sent them off till midnight, had I not arrived to quicken them. While they were listening to the nonsense that came out of their own mouths, they forgot that no dinner had entered mine, though I had fortunately secured a snack on board my darling Vrouw Roosje. See the difference between a beggar and a burgomaster! the former cannot find a dinner to eat, and the latter cannot find time to eat his dinner. Aha! think of that!"

With an apparent resolution of atoning for lost time, he plied his knife and fork vigorously for a few minutes, when he again addressed Jocelyn: "Hey, Slapperloot! is 't mogelyk! I quite forgot the wine. What say you, Signor Lansridder, Sir Knight of the Lance? Merum adimit moerorem; so fill your glass. What shall it be? Cyprus, Canary, Rhenish, Malaga, Gascoigne, or this rare old Constantia from my vineyards at the Cape? I named my daughter after my own estate in that settlement, and the baggage is now dearer to me

than all the estates in the colony; more heart-cheering than all the grape-juice that was ever quaffed from cup. Her gossip's posset was made of this very batch of wine, when she was christened; so we will e'en drink her health in it, now that the lapse of eighteen years has made the one a cordial, and the other a—— no, I must not say a beauty, but a grown maiden, and the darling of her father's heart."

He filled his glass at the conclusion of this speech, Jocelyn did the same, Miss Vanspaacken always took care of herself upon such occasions, and the whole party drank to the health of Constantia, who acknowledged their courtesy with a gracious smile, which appeared the more fascinating to Jocelyn, because it was so rarely seen to mantle upon her pensive countenance. Shortly after the repast, the burgomaster, as it was the foreign-post-night, again betook himself to the counting-house, whence he did not return till a late hour, so that our hero enjoyed the society of Constantia during the whole evening; a pleasure, however, that was not a little qualified by the jealous and inexorable presence of Miss Vanspaacken.

In a few days after he had thus been domiciliated in the burgomaster's family, he received the following letter from Sir John, in answer to one he had written to him, explaining the causes of his sudden flight from England.

"Out upon thee! my dear boy, for a hot-headed ass, and a hasty!—what! the foul fiend! is't not enough to have a choleric *old* fool in the family, that thou must add a *young* one to the list, and take pepper in the nose

about matters that concerned thee not? What a plague had the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain to do with the King's concubine, even had he presented a dozen of them to the Portuguese gypsey, black Katharine, who, I am told, is a dowdy, and is certainly a papist, and wouldn't mind another gunpowder plot, I dare say, if she met with a snug opportunity. 'Sblood, sir! has the country been ravaged with fire and sword for ten years together, to bring back Rowland; and isn't he to do as he likes, now we have got him,—and with his own Queen too? One would think you were as big a Roundhead as any of the crop-eared, red-coated saints; and yet you ought to remember the old royalist snatch I have often sung to you.

“ Yet in this we agree,
To live quiet and free,
To drink sack and submit,
And not show our wit
By our prating, but silence and thinking,
And prove our obedience by drinking. ”

“ Had you attended to the last two lines, you luckless malapert! you might soon have been in such favour with Rowland, as to get the Brambletye estate restored, and the roguish Roundhead, that keeps me out of it, shipped off to the Barbadoes, of which I see no more chance now than I did when you left us.

“ By the by, we were very near nabbing the black ghost t' other night. Culpepper saw her squatting like a great black toad in the stone niche of one of the lodges, looking up at the towers, and spitting out anathemas and curses, as if she were possessed by

Beelzebub. The fellow had heard so many stories about this will-o'-the-wisp in black petticoats, that he was frightened and ran away. Indeed he swears that her eyes glared and sparkled in the dark like a couple of candles, while the hair upon her head bristled up, as he approached, like an angry boar's mane. Curse the slippery witch! if honest Jack Whittaker had been there, he would have seized her by the throat as a terrier does a weasel: and if I do not give her the witch's ordeal, when she is once caught, and drag her nine times round the moat, sink or swim, may I be nailed up against my own barn-door for a scarecrow!

"Ods heart! my dear boy, Jocelyn! if things go cross with thee, they go worse with thy father. The gout still ties me by the leg, and this damned Juffrouw Weegschaal, or Lady Compton, as I suppose I must call her, baits and worries me like a bear at a stake. I am sorry you have got among such a set of potwalloping, pinch-pennyskin-flints; but I don't think they are so bad in their own country. I have been trying to patch up a truce, but we can't agree even about that. We are like the folks in the ballad—

« Come then let's have peace, says Nell :

No, no, but we won't, says Nick :

But I say we will, says fiery-faced Phil :

We will and we won't, says Dick.»

"Truly it's no laughing or singing matter, but sad and melancholy work, to be mewed up as I am in the moated house, with gouty feet, and a wife that threatens to starve me till I am as lank as a greyhound. Devil a guinea do I finger now-a-days; and I suppose I shall

be ultimately reduced to tippie swipes, like a ditcher or a swine-herd. Prythee, my dear boy, settle matters with the court, come over, and see what thou canst do for me. I have got a bottle of claret to-day, in which I am now drinking your health; but I have no heart to write any more, for I have just finished the last glass: so God bless you, my dear, choleric, ill-starred, peppery, passionate, noble-hearted, own—own—own Jocelyn! These from your affectionate father,

JOHN COMPTON."

In a few days after this, he received also a letter from Tracy, stating that Bagot was still living, though considered to be in continual danger; and that, as it was now understood that Jocelyn had made his escape to Holland, the ardour of pursuit had relaxed, and the subject ceased to be much talked of at court. In this dispatch was an inclosure, which he perused with no little pride. It was an autograph letter of a few lines from the Queen, indited in French, and written on yellow paper, stamped with the royal arms of Portugal, bidding him be of good cheer, since she would not fail to use her exertions for his re-appointment when the proper moment arrived, and signed—"Your friend—Katharine." This act of condescension Jocelyn mentioned with a justifiable vanity to his host's family, and even showed the communication to some visitants who happened to be dining at the burgomaster's on the day that he received it.

Our hero had now abundant opportunity for observing the numerous virtues, and appreciating the

exalted character, of Constantia. Cut off by an utter discrepancy of tastes, habits, and pursuits, from all intimacy of communion with the boozing boors and smoking money-getters that occupied the upper sphere of society in the mercantile town of Rotterdam, her sympathies found a vent in the exercise of an almost unbounded charity towards the lower and more necessitous classes. To these pious offices she was impelled, not less by her religious convictions and a deep sense of duty, than by the naturally overflowing and enthusiastic kindness of her disposition. In founding schools for the young, infirmaries for the sick, and alms-houses for the old and helpless, she had already expended thirty or forty thousand ducats of the Burgomaster's money, who never grudged the supplies, when the poor formed the objects of his bounty, and Constantia was his almoner. To the grievous discomfort of Miss Vanspaacken, that lady was always doomed to be the companion of her charitable visits to the abodes of wretchedness. In vain did she turn up her nose, assume a still sourer and more distasteful expression than usual, and exclaim about the dangers of infection : in vain did she declare that it was horribly ungenteel, not to say indecorous, for two young ladies to be seen coming out of such disreputable-looking hovels :—actuated by a high impression of duty, alike unsolicitous of human applause, and indifferent to invidious misconstruction, Constantia continued her course undaunted, dispensing happiness wherever she moved, and almost worshipped as a ministering angel by the numerous objects of her benevolence.

The charms of female friendship had been added to the gratifications derived from charity; for Jocelyn had often heard her mention, in terms of fervent and unbounded attachment, a young Englishwoman, called Julia Strickland, who had for some time resided at Rotterdam with her parents, though circumstances had since compelled them to take up their abode in the Austrian Netherlands. As to the fire of love, however, she had been hitherto ignorant of its existence, because it had wanted an object on which to fix; but, though dormant, it was not extinct. Jocelyn supplied that object; and when the spark was once awakened, the natural enthusiasm of her temperament soon kindled it into a flame. He was the first noble specimen of human nature that she had ever contemplated; for as to the baser beings with whom she had been hitherto surrounded, she would no more dignify them with the name of men, than would Miranda have bestowed that appellation upon Caliban. Virtually, he was to her what Ferdinand had been to the solitary island-nymph; and her attachment, like that of Prospero's daughter, was sudden and deep, because it partook of surprise not less than of admiration. She was no longer so happy as she had been; she felt an unsatisfied void in her heart; she knew that her bosom enjoyed not its wonted peace; but yet she knew not that her complaint was love.

Will it be believed that Jocelyn, who, from the first moment that he had been transfixed by her large expressive eyes, had never lost the recollection of those glorious orbs—who had cherished the thought of again

not complete
encountering them, with all the romantic constancy of a first love—who had been so possessed with her charms, even in a transient glance, as to look with apathy upon every other beauty—who, since he had become acquainted with the being that had thus bewitched his imagination, had seen nothing that was not calculated to exalt and sublimise his passion—will it be believed, that Jocelyn was less devoted to her now, than when he worshipped her as the unknown beauty with the large and lustrous eyes? And yet he had not been deluded by his fancy; his warmest anticipations fell infinitely short of the reality: her personal attractions exceeded all that he had pictured in idea; and he had never calculated upon her musical talents, her intellectual endowments, her fervent piety, her unwearied benevolence, and the unassuming modesty that chastened the effulgence of her virtues.

Inconsistent as it may sound, it was perhaps this very excess above his hopes that excited in him something like a feeling of disappointment. When she impressed upon him in her discourse the beauty of holiness, the charms of charity, the happiness of virtue, and illustrated by example that which she enforced by precept, he looked up to her with respect, admiration, reverence,—but not with love. He could gaze upon her with delight as a vestal, a saint, a superior being, set apart for high and holy purposes; but he could not fancy the fair enthusiast as a mistress or a wife. Naturally gay and lively himself, he looked for something spirited, sparkling, and vivacious, in the partner who was to cheer his present hours and gladden the decline of

life. Constantia was pensive, if not grave; and the seriousness of youth might easily deepen into melancholy in maturer life. She sometimes smiled, but rarely laughed. He liked not a monitress for his wife; still less did he desire a mope: and he was himself startled at the versatility of the human heart, when he recalled the passion of his first impressions, and wound up his present summary of her qualifications, by ejaculating—"No; I feel that I could never love Constantia!"

This conviction received confirmation from the lapse of time: his admiration increased as every warmer sentiment diminished; and he was never less disposed to desire her as a wife, than when she received his most unqualified homage as a woman. An opposite process was unfortunately developing itself in the mind of Constantia: the stranger whom she had at first contemplated with simple admiration was now converted into an inmate that had become necessary to her happiness; and she kept feeding her heart with a passion that only grew more intense as it became more hopeless.

War had now broken out between England and Holland,—a circumstance which in the first instance threw Constantia more than ever into the society of Jocelyn, by occasioning the burgomaster to make frequent excursions to Amsterdam, and to become deeply implicated in political intrigue and faction; though ultimately it necessitated our hero to fly suddenly from the asylum he had chosen, leaving the love-stricken

Constantia to feel for the first time the depth of the wound that had been inflicted upon her heart.

«Donder ende blixem!» cried the agitated burgo-master, as he hurried one evening into Jocelyn's apartment; «I told you that Alderman Staunton should have known better than to consign you to me. Genadigste God! it was a black day, *nigro lapide notandus*, when you took up your ill-omened abode under my roof! Aha! young man, you have the unlucky mark upon you: Jonas was not a more inauspicious shipmate. I remember, I met the Aansprecker¹ on the day of your arrival.»

«What can possibly have justified such forebodings?» inquired Jocelyn, not a little dismayed at this exordium.

«Hey, Slapperloot! forebodings?» resumed the burgo-master; «they are something worse than fancies, Signor Cavaliero. You may find that your coming hither has been 'Van den wal in de sloot,' as we say in Holland; out of the frying-pan into the fire. Incidis in Scyllam, young man. I told you I had enemies. villains of the Orange faction, who will swear away a man's life and fortune for a *zesthalven* or a *dubbeltje*. Some of these pestilent rogues have not only laid an information before their High Mightinesses, that I hold frequent and secret communications with the Austrian Netherlands and with England, a circumstance which I can easily and satisfactorily explain; but that I en-

¹ Messengers dressed in a funeral garb, who are sent to inform people of the death of their friends.

ertain an English spy in my house, one who, it can be proved, receives letters from the Queen of England, and people about the court, who sends dispatches in return, and is vehemently suspected of having given the information that led to the recent defeat of our fleet. Upon this statement, which is verified upon oath, the great council are at this moment sitting; and there can be little question that you will be instantly committed to prison, while I shall be cited to Amsterdam. Aha! young man, think of that! For myself, my wealth and influence, which are better than innocence, will presently get me clear; but the Government are sadly in want of some victim to appease the popular fury at our defeat; and, to deal candidly with you, I do not think your head is worth two days' purchase, if you remain in Holland. Aha! think of that!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Jocelyn, "they will not murder a man who can prove his innocence?"

"They will give you no opportunity of establishing any such unwelcome truth," replied the burgomaster. "You will be put purposely in the way of the enraged populace: and, after you have been massacred, you can have no occasion for a trial."

"What, then, do you recommend me to do?" inquired Jocelyn, with some agitation.

"There is but one course to adopt," resumed the burgomaster; "you must fly instantly. Circumstances, which I must not divulge, have occasioned a friend of mine, one of your countrymen, a Mr Strickland, to secrete himself in the Austrian Netherlands; and it is my correspondence with this gentleman that has origi-

nated one of these rascally charges, which, instead of falling upon my own head, shall presently crush my accusers. I will not be acquitted only, but revenged. Quanto innocentior, tanto frontosior, as was said of Janus. I will pull down my accusers, were each of them as tall as the statue of Erasmus. Hey, Slapper-loot! Adrian Bèverning is not to be felled with a straw, nor pounded with a feather, aha!"

"But you were speaking of Mr Strickland," interposed our hero.

"Donder ende blixem!" continued the indignant burgomaster, not noticing this interruption; "am I to be cited to Amsterdam, as if I were a whipper-snapper apprentice? Are they to issue their orders to a man of a million,—think of that, Signor Cavaliero, to a man of a million, aha! as if he had not a stiver in his pouch? By de heere God! they had better catch a wild Tartar by the beard, or tweak the mustachios of the Great Mogul. What were you saying, young man?"

"You alluded to a Mr Strickland," repeated Jocelyn,

"True, true; 'tis to his hiding-place, which is a sure and snug one, that I mean to consign you. He is timid, reserved, solitary, and will not like an interloper; but 'Hy moet wel loopen die door de duivel gedreven woud; ' how say you that in English? Quick! Signor Cavaliero, quick! Night draws on, and you must be down at Dordrecht before the moon is up. You shall have one of my servants to attend you, whom I have always employed in my communications with Strickland, because he speaks English as well as Dutch; and the pony he always rides, and which, by this time, must

know the way blindfold, shall have the honour to convey you out of the territory of these domineering and suspicious Hooghen Meoghens. Never mind your effects, they shall follow you. Besides, better lose a hat-box than a head; so presto! are you ready?"

Jocelyn declared that he only required ten minutes for preparation; and hastily putting together, in a small valise, such articles as were more immediately necessary for his journey, he ran to take leave of Constantia. A confused murmur through the house, and the bustle incident to the burgomaster's hasty arrangements, had prepared her for some unusual intelligence; but she started and changed colour when she understood the imminent danger with which he was threatened. "This is sudden, indeed," she exclaimed, "and not less painful than unexpected. We shall miss you sadly, indeed we shall! To Haelbeck, did you say? then you will see my beautiful friend, Julia Strickland."—Casting her looks down to the ground at these words, she seemed for a few seconds to yield herself to some painful thought; but quickly raising up her head, and shaking back the locks that had fallen over her fine eyes, she continued, with a proud animation: "and you will see the purest and noblest of her sex—one of whom I may well boast as my friend, and you as your countrywoman. But why waste we a moment, when your safety is at stake? For God's sake! fly, Mr Compton! every instant is precious."

"I have first a restoration to make," said Jocelyn, "which I ought to apologise to Miss Beverning for not

having sooner performed——” and he put into her hands the white scarf, of which he had kept possession ever since the tournament at Paris.

Perhaps Constantia was rather piqued that he had not evinced a greater disposition to retain it as a memorial; for as she received it, she replied coldly, if not proudly—“It is a trifle, Sir, which I had altogether forgotten.” In a moment, however, her tenderness returned, and, holding out her hand to Jocelyn, she exclaimed,—“Farewell, Mr Compton; lose not another second, I implore you! You are innocent; you will have the consolations of religion. God grant that you may be happy!” As if afraid of trusting herself any longer to the emotions that were already imparting a tremulousness to her voice, and beginning to suffuse her eyes, she bowed with an affectionate look to Jocelyn, and walked hastily out of the room.

“Aha, Sir Lansridder! Sir Knight of the Lance,” cried the burgomaster, who was coming to hasten his departure, though he had stopped on the way to clear his pipe with a silver picker; “the horses are waiting; better five hours too soon, than as many seconds too late: your head may move off before you do, if you linger in Rotterdam. Think of that, young man! Here is a letter to my friend Strickland. Away with you over the frontiers; write to me if you want money: and so fare thee well, Signor Cavaliero! *Dii tibi dent quæ velis!*” With this valedictory prayer, and a hearty shake of the hand, the worthy burgomaster took his leave; Jocelyn immediately mounted his pony, trotted along

the streets, followed by his Anglo-Dutch servant, passed through the gate, and turned his back upon the populous, busy, and thriving city of Rotterdam.

CHAPTER VIII.

————— This the seat

That we must change for heaven? this mournful gloom,
For that celestial light? MILTON.

THE servant who had been selected to accompany Jocelyn had been several years in the burgomaster's family, where he bore the somewhat ludicrous name of Winky Boss, the former being a *sobriquet* originally applied to him by some of the English clerks, from his odd habit of winking his eyes; and the latter, a nickname also, of uncertain Dutch origin; but both so naturalised by process of time, as to have completely superseded his baptismal and patronymic appellations. Under a boorish slouching exterior, and a heavy phlegmatic physiognomy, he possessed a good deal of shrewdness and some little humour; qualities for which no one would have given him credit from a casual observation. His eyes seemed to be the only feature that could express emotion of any sort. Their twinkling was a sure index to his feelings; his fellow-servants being enabled to discover anger in the quickness of the motion and sparkling of the orbs, or laughter in their sleepy leer, while all the rest of his countenance pre-

served its usual imperturbable phlegm. Like many of his countrymen, he considered his pipe almost a part and parcel of himself; while he stoutly maintained, that owing to the moisture and fogginess of the climate, it was highly salutiferous and desirable to swallow a dram wherever and whensoever it could be obtained. His sobriety, notwithstanding, was unimpeachable: he could drink all day with impunity: you might as well attempt to intoxicate a sponge.

The pony upon which Jocelyn was mounted had so long been accustomed to carry Winky Boss, who was a sort of domestic courier in the family, that it had acquired something of its master's phlegmatical character. Out of the regular bumping jog-trot to which it had been accustomed, but which its present rider held in special abhorrence, it evinced a stubborn resolution not to deviate; and when Jocelyn endeavoured to substitute his own will by a smart application of the whip, the mutinous quadruped gave such a sudden plunge, and then stopped short, that any less expert horseman would have been infallibly shot over its head. As it was, the present rider did not appear likely to gain much by keeping his seat; for the only motion he could prevail upon the little mulish mutineer to adopt was the rotatory, which it increased in velocity in the same ratio as he redoubled the chastisement. Like a squirrel in a cage, our hero was now in full motion, though making very little advance; and it would have been difficult to pronounce which he was most effectually losing—his time or his temper. Any one who could have inspected his attendant's eyes at this spectacle, would have observed five

little wrinkles at the corners, as if they were holding their sides with laughter; the orbs glistened all over with a silent chuckle; but as to the varlet himself, he sate looking on, as grave and unmoved as a judge; smoking his pipe, and apparently in no kind of hurry for the conclusion of the discussion.

"How far are we from Dordrecht?" inquired our hero, out of breath with his exertions, and still performing an involuntary pirouette.

"About three pipes," replied Boss, who had no other idea of mensuration.

"As you are accustomed to this restive and intractable brute," said Jocelyn, "you can perhaps manage him better than myself, and in that case we may as well change horses."

"He is the quietest and the best pony in all Holland," replied Boss: "you may treat him as you like, and make him do what you please, if you only attend to two rules."

"And, prythee, what are these magical secrets," said Jocelyn, "that are to convert a wrong-headed mule, which seems to have been intended for a live tetotum, into the best pony in all Holland?"

"You must never strike him, and you must always let him choose his own pace."

"Then, in fact he is to be the master instead of myself," said Jocelyn.

"Ja, mijn heer," replied Boss, "and that will be the better for both of you; for the pace he will choose will be an easy trot, the best adapted for such a long journey as ours, and which he will keep up for a day and night

together, when a stronger-looking animal, such as that I am riding, would drop from under you." Dismounting at these words, he went up to the little animal, which was still angrily shaking its ears and circumvolving; and calling to it by the name of Punchinello, it instantly stopped, and, whinnying as it recognized its old rider, held up its head to receive the embraces which he bestowed upon it, with a greater appearance of affection than could have been expected from so lumpish a stoic. Better acquainted now with its peculiar temper, Jocelyn patted and caressed his nag, which instantly fell with alacrity into its regular pace, and both parties continued to jog on for some time with every external sign of amity and reconciliation. This truce, however, was not of long continuance; for, on their shortly afterwards approaching a bridge, the animal suddenly bolted on one side; scrambled down the bank to the stream, where it had occasionally been led to drink by Boss, and, laying itself down in the middle of the current, left Jocelyn to scramble from its back, and wade to the opposite shore in the best way he could. Fortunately the water was not deep, so that he escaped for a wetting, which was sufficient, however, to render the remainder of his ride uncomfortable.

Winky Boss, in the mean time, had drawn up his heavy Flemish steed on the further side, where, by the help of a full-moon, he sat enjoying the catastrophe, his eyes rolling in laughter, but the rest of his countenance solemn and imperturbable; while the smoke oozed from a little aperture at one corner of his mouth, with its usual regularity of puff.

"Curse you, for a phlegmatical Dutch stockfish!" cried Jocelyn, provoked at his apathy; "have you mounted me upon this perverse and skittish devil, that I might afford you amusement? Is this another customary trick of the best pony in all Holland?"

"Neen, mijn heer, not customary," replied Boss calmly, "though he served me so once; but that was before I knew him, and when I was fool enough to maltreat him. This is nothing but a little playful bit of revenge; a ducking for a whipping, that's all. It is his way of crying quits; and I will forfeit my head, which you will please to recollect includes my pipe; if he gives you any further trouble; that is to say, provided you observe the rules."

"And provided also," added Jocelyn, "that we can coax or pelt the brute out of the water, where it seems disposed to take up its quarters for the night."

"As he assuredly would, if you offered to pelt him," continued Boss; "but we will try a better method." So saying, he went to the water-side, and calling out, "So ho! Punchinello! Punchinello!" the pony whinnied, raised itself from its position, and, trotting up to Boss, rubbed its head against his arm with all the familiarity and tameness of a dog. "Now, then, for another essay!" said Jocelyn, reseating himself in the saddle; "we shall in time have a better insight into one another's character, and may therefore hope to be upon more friendly terms together during the remainder of our ride." As they approached Dordrecht, however, he began to be apprehensive of fresh bickerings; for Punchinello again quitted the road, and trotted up to the door of a low house,

where he stood still and whinnied. Jocelyn was looking round to his companion for an explanation of this new freak, when the door opened, and a squat little Vrouw, muffled up in a worsted hood, exclaimed: "Hoe vaart gy? Hoe vaart gy, Meester Boss?" at the same time extending to Jocelyn a long narrow glass of Schiedam gin. The party for whom the dram was intended, rapidly interposed his arm, took the glass, and, instantly tossing off the contents to prevent further mistake, said to Jocelyn: "This is the sign of the Herring-Buss, mijn heer; a very good house, where Punchinello, poor fellow! always stops for a drop of water."

"And yourself for a glass of Schiedam," replied Jocelyn, "which seems to be most mechanically handed forth without even the ceremony of an order."

"They always come to the door when they hear Punchinello, and give it," replied Boss, "and it saves one the vexation of taking the pipe from one's mouth." In justification of Punchinello's imputed share in this short halt, a boy presently appeared with a pail of water, of which the pony took a draught; when Boss tossed a stiver to the young ostler, and they resumed their journey. From subsequent observation, however, it became evident that the man was much more interested in those baits than the beast; for the latter stopped, as a matter of course, at every public-house upon the road; and Boss with equal regularity took his glass of Schiedam: Jocelyn being afraid to interfere with Punchinello's whims and fancies, lest he should break out into fresh acts of insubordination; and the serving-man declaring that it would appear both mean and rude if he

refused the dram, after the pony had thus expressly called for it. Thus they continued travelling all night, the little nag fully confirming the favourable character he had received, by quietly pursuing his career as fresh and strong as when they first started, until the increasing fatigue of the jaded animal on which Boss was mounted compelled them to put up for a few hours, and give both their steeds the refreshment and rest, of which Jocelyn himself began by this time to be in want; although his companion, fortified by his frequent drams, exhibited no symptoms of fatigue or weariness.

After a short repose they continued their journey on the following morning, their course lying for some time along the banks of a canal, bordered by a fine road and an avenue of trees on one side, and on the other by rich pastures and sleek cattle, interspersed with country residences, the gardens laid out in prim parterres of flowers, and generally terminated by little grotesquely-decorated summer-houses that overhung the canal. In these alcoves the proprietors were often to be seen in their drugget caps taking their morning pipe; some recreating themselves with the *dun bier* which Lady Compton had recommended to Jocelyn, though Sir John had pronounced it to be swipes; others with the *Zwaar bier*, which may be designated brown stout; a few of the wealthier or more extravagant sort indulging in Rhenish wine; and all awaiting the appearance of the next *Treetskuyt*, or passage-boat, which passed and repassed them with the utmost regularity at fixed hours. By this conveyance they sometimes received letters, for whose reception a little box overhung the canal; and if

they had no dispatches, there was a chance of a nod from an acquaintance on the roof of the boat, or from one of the windows below ; and at all events they might inquire the news, and learn the last market-prices of madders, spices, indigo, and colonial produce at Rotterdam. In the course of the morning's ride our hero overtook one of these aquatic stages gliding methodically forward at the rate of about four miles an hour, and having on its roof an iron pot of burning turf for the smokers, of which Winky Boss availed himself, having suffered his pipe, by a rare act of inadvertence, to become extinguished.

Prosecuting their route without any other intermission than what was required by Boss's horse, for Punchinello seemed to pick up strength and freshness as he travelled, they at length passed the frontier, and entered the Austrian Netherlands, when they relaxed their diligence, and proceeded more leisurely. On the second afternoon of their travels in this new territory, after ascending a gentle eminence, Winky Boss rode up to Jocelyn, and, pointing before him with his pipe, exclaimed—"Yonder is the castle of Haelbeck ;" when he replaced the tube in his mouth, and resumed his regulated whiffs. Our hero, at this intimation, cast his eyes over a wild watery waste, intersected with causeways, and dotted here and there with stunted alders and willows, that marked a few fields and pastures in which the cattle had very much the air of being impounded. But at first he looked in vain for the building, until upon a closer survey he distinguished the forlorn towers of the castle rising from the midst of the swamp,

and so much resembling in colour the waters by which they were surrounded, that they might be rather deemed exhalations from the marsh, than any edifice of human construction and abode.

"Is yon miserable-looking place the residence of Mr Strickland?" inquired Jocelyn.

Winky Boss saved himself a monosyllable by nodding his head.

"And does it always look out upon such a sheet of water?" resumed our hero.

"Not always," replied the party thus addressed, giving the risible leer to his eye: "in fine weather you have less water and more mud and slime."

"A pleasant and healthy exchange!" exclaimed Jocelyn: "and, in the name of wonder, what can a man do with himself when imprisoned in this miserable morass?"

"There are some rare carp and tench to be caught in the shallows," replied his companion.

"But if a man detests the cruelty of drawing them out of these shallows?"

"In that case," said Boss, "he had better seek a deeper place, and throw himself in. I don't see what else a man is to do who does not smoke."

"Consolatory prospects!" cried Jocelyn: and abstaining from any further queries, since the answers they elicited were so little cheering, he rode forward in silence towards his destined place of refuge. Nothing could present a more lonesome, melancholy, and insalubrious aspect, than the inundated marsh in which Haelbeck formed the sole secluded habitation. Every

where the waters were overspread with a mantle of green weeds, whose uniformity was only broken where the shallows allowed the alders, mallows, flags, osiers, and other aquatic plants, to shoot above the surface in rank overgrowth. Communicating with the sluices and canals of the interior, there was a sluggish motion in the water, which it required accurate inspection to believe, and which, when discovered, imparted to it a more slothful and sleepy effect than it would have derived from absolute stagnation. In the latter case, the element might have only appeared to participate in the general immobility of matter, or the quietude of death; but this crawling of the surface implied some lingering remains of life, a power of locomotion, with too much laziness or lassitude to exert it. Now and then some bulky fish, that seemed to have been fattening for many years in this undisturbed liquid desert, floundered up from its oozy bed, breaking by its sullen splash, as it redescended into the water, the deep, dead silence that hung over these mournful swamps. The water-fowl that frequented them did indeed sometimes interrupt it by the flapping of their wings; and at other times it was disturbed by the wailful cry of an old solitary stork, which, having lost its mate, continued to haunt the castle, upon whose roof it had found a habitation. The very air seemed to hang heavily and ominously over this watery wilderness; and Jocelyn felt an oppression of spirits, in his approach to Haelbeck, which was rather deepened than dissipated by a nearer survey of the castle.

Built in a remote age, and suffered to fall into decay,

it had been repaired and fortified, by the sanguinary Duke of Alva, as a station whose natural strength rendered it a fitting depôt for his treasures; while it might afford a safe place of refuge for himself, in case of sudden disturbance. Frederic of Toledo, his son, had inhabited it for some time; but at a subsequent period, the castle being found to be useless as well as unhealthy, the fortifications were dismantled, and allowed to fall a second time into ruin; no part being kept up but the range of apartments which had formed the residence of the last noble occupant. Neglect, lapse of time, and the damp atmosphere, had rendered these so forlorn as to be scarcely habitable, when the present tenant, conceiving the abode well adapted to his purpose of concealment, obtained permission, by a small gratuity to the governor of the province, to bury himself and family within its walls. The money, which he had since expended in partial repairs, had only rendered the general dilapidation more signal and emphatic, converting the whole pile into that most desolate of all objects, an inhabited ruin. A building that is abandoned to the ravages of time lessens our sympathy by appearing to be resigned to its fate; but when, as in this instance, man is seen struggling with the fell destroyer, it awakens a painful sense of human evanescency and of the eventual hopelessness of the contest.

Surrounded on three sides by the water, on the fourth it was connected with the land by a long narrow causeway, across which had been thrown a triple range of fortified gates, to protect the castle in its only accessible approach. All these were now heaps of rub-

bish, through which Jocelyn and his companion rode unobstructed, till they reached a small postern that fronted the principal entrance, and formed the present barrier to the mansion. No sooner had Boss pulled the bell than the sound was followed by the loud baying of deep-mouthed dogs, answered instantly by others in a remote part of the building; and immediately afterwards, a narrow Gothic window over the inner gates being opened, the head of a wild and haggard-looking man was protruded. The glare of terror in the eyes, the neglected beard waving in the wind, the sallow cadaverous visage, all wore the semblance of a maniac looking out from his place of confinement, as he exclaimed in an angry and agitated voice to Boss—"Villain and traitor! how dare you bring a stranger to my lair? Who is he? what is he?"

"A countryman of your own," calmly replied the party thus fiercely addressed, "and a friend of Mr Beverning, from whom he bears you a letter."

"The worse welcome for being an Englishman," replied Mr Strickland, for such was the gaunt figure at the window,—“and is not one man enough for a letter? Advance a step further at your peril! the fire-arms are always loaded. Give in your paper through the wicket.” With these words he disappeared: Jocelyn handed the letter through the wicket to a servant, whose face he could not see; and was then left for some time to form his own conjectures, no answer being returned from the castle.

"There is a house at a few pipes distance, though we cannot see it," said Boss, "that will furnish us with

good Schiedam, Spanish tobacco, and forage for our horses, should we be denied admittance here, which is not unlikely."

"After so long a journey," replied Jocelyn, nothing would be more vexatious than to be kept out."

"Except being kept in," said Boss, leering slyly at the prison-like pile.

"In good sooth! it presents no great external attractions," continued our hero; "but there may be that within which passeth show, and at all events, I shall be safe here from all unwelcome visitants."

"Except damp air and cold water," drily replied Boss, "and such occasional intruders as wearisomeness, the marsh-fever, and death."

"Hold thy croaking tongue, thou Dutch raven!" cried Jocelyn, becoming irate at this ill-timed freedom, "or by all the dykes and dams of Holland——" The unbarring of the postern, and the heavy rumbling of the gate as it was thrown back for their admission, cutting short the remainder of his speech, he entered the small court-yard, followed by his companion, and dismounted. Punchinello instantly trotted off to the stable, or rather ruined shed, which abutted upon one corner of the enclosure; the postern was again closed, barred, and bolted; and our hero, being cautioned to keep the middle of the court on account of the dogs, advanced towards the great door. It was well that he had been put upon his guard against the mastiffs secured to the wall on either side, for they flew at him as if they would have broken their chains, while their furious baying was again echoed from others, who seemed to

be keeping guard at the opposite extremity, or water-gate of the castle. Passing these fierce sentinels uninjured, he reached the entrance, which was not less carefully secured than the postern; and was at length ushered into the hall, a dark gloomy Gothic chamber hung round with harquebusses, pikes, match-locks, cross-bows, shields, swords, and armour of antique construction, surmounted with bare poles from which the banners had long since rotted away, and the whole warlike apparatus enveloped in one uniform shroud of dark-coloured dust, that seemed to have accumulated in the silence and desertion of forgotten ages.

From this gloomy vestibule he passed into an apartment looking out through deeply-pierced oriel windows, upon the desolate expanse of waters, whence the mists of evening were already beginning to arise in imperious clouds that rolled heavily around the building, as if to wrap it up in the winding-sheet of death. The room itself was hung with faded moth-eaten arras whose designs were no longer recognisable; the massy antique furniture was darkened by the breath of time; the dusty mirrors seemed about to follow the mouldered beings whose faces they had reflected centuries before; the chairs were in the last stage of decrepitude; every thing was superannuated, neglected, forlorn.—“Who are you? what are you? why do you come hither?” rapidly exclaimed the gaunt figure whom he had seen at the window, as he suddenly stalked into the room with a sword in his hand, and stood upon his guard at a little distance from Jocelyn.

“I thought that our mutual friend Mr Beverning

had stated the cause of my involuntary intrusion upon your retreat," replied our hero.

"He has merely mentioned that circumstances impelled him to a measure which I must term a most unwarrantable liberty," resumed Strickland. "True, I am under obligations to him, heavy and not forgotten obligations;—but knowing as he does the tremendous doom that would overwhelm me, were I discovered—what! after being hunted by blood-hounds, like a wild beast, chased from kingdom to kingdom, baited by the curses and the cruelty of mankind, as if I were another Cain, outlawed, excommunicated, and driven to seek refuge in this desolate and pestiferous morass, am I to be denied the miserable consolation of being alone—of not seeing a single individual of the human race—the foul, fickle, and treacherous beings that I abhor? Once more, Sir, tell me, who are you? what are you? why do you come hither?"

Jocelyn was proceeding to state his history as concisely as possible; but he had no sooner declared that he lately held a situation in the court, than his companion started back, grasped his sword more firmly, and exclaimed—"Ha, Sir! the court?—but I shall be prepared for you. Proceed! proceed!"

"And pray, Sir," he continued, when his visitant had finished his relation, "how am I to know that your name is really Compton, or that there is one single word of truth in your assertions?"

"This is language which I can brook from no man," cried our hero, indignantly, "nor shall you again question my veracity with impunity. You say that you are

suffering unmerited persecutions and misfortunes; so am I : and if a fellowship in calamity does not entitle me to your hospitality, it shall not at least expose me to insult."

"Tush! tush!" replied Strickland; "it is no time to stand upon punctilio, when every man's knife is at my throat. When you have been exposed to as many plots for your destruction as I have; when you have suffered as much from baseness, ingratitude, and treachery, you will not put trust in sugared words, nor place your life in the power of every Judas that may greet you with the kiss of friendship. Lookye, Sir! I do put a certain confidence in you : not in your averments, for I have known stout swearers that were double-faced as Janus, false as the Prince of Darkness,—but in the assurances of Nature, who has stamped honesty and honour on your brow. Lest she too should attempt to cajole me to my own betrayal, it is well that we should understand one another. You are welcome to the protection of this wretched haunt; and, if you are truly the victim of misfortune, as you assert, it may reconcile you to your fate, to know that you share it with one who is ten thousand times more miserable than yourself, more heart-stricken and hopeless, indeed, than any man that breathes. But the possibility that you *may* be what you profess will not throw me off my guard."

With these words he opened his cloak, and, pointing to the pistols that were belted to his doublet, continued—"Behold, Sir, what you are to expect if you come to me as a spy, an enemy, and a villain! Nay, Sir, knit not your brows in wrath, nor lay your hand

upon your sword. Those terms were only applied to him who shall deserve them; and, merited or not, I am unmoved by angry looks, and wear a sword myself. From this trusty steel, from these loaded weapons, I am never separated either by day or by night. I have solemnly sworn never to be taken alive; and you will soon too well know the value of an existence wasted in this hateful fen, to doubt that I would cheerfully lay it down in the fulfilment of my oath. And now, Sir, that we comprehend one another, I am ready to accompany you to the noble beings who have sacrificed their own happiness in endeavouring to alleviate my misery. God knows, I wished them not to resign the world, odious as it is, and share this joyless exile; but they persisted, because they were women, because they were of that sex, which has engrossed all the virtues, leaving hollowness, heartlessness, cruelty, deceit, treachery; and every baseness, to that incarnate fiend—man. Now, Sir, shall we join these brighter and redeeming specimens of humanity?"

"I am ready to follow you," replied Jocelyn, bowing.

"I suffer no one to follow me," said Strickland, smiling in bitter spirit. "As I consider every man my enemy, I like to keep my eyes upon my foes. I would fall like Cæsar, and have my wounds in front. Daggers and assassins come from behind. Nay, nay, Sir, once more:—prythee, no splenetic reddening of the cheek, nor choleric gesture of the hand; for, if there be offence in my words, it is not personal to the individual, but general to the species. Bear with my infirmity, if you come to share my exile; and heed not the growl-

ing of the bear, since you have dogged him to his den. I shall not often put your patience to trial; for, though under the same roof, you will have little of my society, and none of my confidence. Walk on, Sir."

Discourteous as was the language of his host, Jocelyn justly attributing it to the morbid state of his mind, considered it rather a subject of pity than resentment, and therefore obeyed in silence a mandate conveyed in imperious terms which he would not have brooked from any other. Receiving directions as to his course, he ascended the spacious stairs, dim even in the day-time from the sombre colour of the cedar pannels, and now darkened by the gloom of evening, and entered a small square apartment, much more comfortable and cheerful than that which he had just quitted. A fire, rendered necessary by the perpetual damps, was blazing in the hearth, and there were lighted lamps upon the table, at which, before an open bible, supported on a pile of other books, sate an elderly female, whom he found to be the wife of his host. Though somewhat advanced in years, her physiognomy was striking, rather from its lofty, and perhaps masculine, expression, than from any comeliness of feature. In the moulding of her capacious brow, in the calm steadfast look of her eye, in the character of her compressed lips, were to be traced energy, courage, and firmness of purpose. She appeared to be serious, though not melancholy; offering in every respect a contrast to her fearful, suspicious, wild-looking, hypochondriacal husband.

"I will not say that I am glad to see you," she exclaimed to Jocelyn, "for nothing but dire and deep

misfortune could have brought you hither; but if this forlorn abode can give you the security you seek, I shall rejoice in your having chosen it, not less upon your own account than upon ours."

Jocelyn bowed as he observed, that if it had no other recommendation, it at least seemed admirably calculated for the purposes of concealment, though he feared it was little adapted for a lady's residence.

"Every place has attractions to a wife that is cheered by her husband's presence," replied Mrs Strickland.

The wild and restless eyes of the exile lost for a moment their haggard character, as he turned them affectionately upon his wife, exclaiming: "If female friendship and devotedness could assuage my woes, I need not be unhappy; but, alas! it gives acuteness to my misery to think that I am most afflicting those who love me the best. Our lively Julia, too; where is she?"

"The dear wild girl was so rejoiced at the idea of a visitor," replied Mrs Strickland, "that she declared she would consult her glass and her toilet before she saw him, lest she should frighten him away again. She will return immediately." Her eyes dropped upon the bible as she concluded this speech; her husband seated himself opposite to his guest, and a pause ensued, during which Jocelyn had leisure to contrast the silent and sombre figures before him with those wrought on the tapestry, which represented Bacchus and Ariadne in joyous procession, preceded by satyrs and fauns sounding their crooked shells, followed by dancing Bacchantals and singing boys, and the rear occupied by a drunken group, whose united exertions could hardly

keep Silenus upright upon his long-eared quadruped. From this contemplation, and the reverie to which it was conducting him, he was aroused by the sudden entrance of Miss Strickland, of whom he had so often heard Miss Beverning make mention as her beautiful friend Julia.

To this praise, however, rigorous judges of female charms might have denied her claim, by availing themselves of the single exception to which she was liable, her height being a trifle under the prescribed standard of perfection. Of a brilliant fair complexion, her eyes were hazel, her locks a bright glossy brown. Her eyebrows, which were of a much darker hue than was warranted by the colour of her hair, generally assumed that high peculiar arch which accompanies risible emotion, and appearing to sympathise with the dimples in either cheek, which were full of lurking laughter, imparted to her countenance a singularly arch, joyous, and fascinating character, without however injuring its capacity for loftier or more serious expression. Her mother's sedate looks brightened as she approached, and even the grim and ghastly wildness of the exile was softened into an appearance of complacency, as covering his overgrown beard with his right hand, he gazed upon the cheerful features, and listened to the sprightly tones of his daughter. Jocelyn was the more delighted, as he little expected to encounter vivacity of any sort in an abode that seemed dedicated to melancholy. Pleasure was heightened by surprise: her appearance was like a sudden flash of sunshine irradiating the gloom of a prison-cell: there was contagion in her

smiling happiness, and her animation was the more bewitching, because it seemed perfectly spontaneous and natural.

In a short time, however, the countenance of her unhappy father again became overcast; he had apparently been communing in silence with his own sad thoughts, for his eyes rolled with a suspicious wildness; and he was about to quit the apartment without uttering a syllable, when Julia, running up to him, exclaimed—"Nay, my dear father! you will not retire for the night without hearing your favourite hymn: Here is your arm-chair in your own fire-side corner; the virginals are in good tune; you must sit down and let me sing to you: you have often said it was consoling to hear me; and I am sure it is not less so to me when I am playing."

Having led her father to an arm-chair, she hurried to place herself at the virginals. The character of her countenance was now altered: it was sobered into a serious and tender expression, which became gradually exalted into religious fervour as she sang the necessity of submission to the dispensations of Providence, the charms and consolations of piety, the vanity of all human enjoyments, the imperishable beatitudes of heaven. The calm of resignation again stole over the exile's ruffled features as he listened to so sweet a voice, breathing the words of peace to his wounded spirit. He rose when she had concluded, kissed her fondly on the forehead, and, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, walked silently out of the room.

"Our dwelling is a hermitage, so far as seclusion can

render it such," said Mrs Strickland—"and we keep the hermit's hours. Long days are for the happy; but for my poor husband, sleep is the greatest of blessings, when he can obtain it, because it brings forgetfulness. We retire early, and we rise with the lark. Mr Strickland performs his devotions in his own closet;—the rest of our household will be shortly summoned to prayers, after which we shall be obliged to bid you good-night, and leave you to withdraw to rest at your accustomed hour."

Jocelyn declared that the fatigues of his journey would make him gladly conform to the family arrangements in this respect; and accordingly, after prayers had been read to the assembled household, he bade his hostess and her fascinating daughter good-night, and was shown to his apartment. It assimilated with those he had already seen: the hangings were of faded arras, the furniture exhibited the forlornness of departed grandeur, and the bed, of danske worked with flowers of gold and silver thread, had its canopy surmounted with a plume of feathers, which shook down the dust of many years' accumulation as he stretched himself beneath them. For some time he was unable to sleep. The lone desolation of his abode in the very midst of the watery wilderness, the wild, terrified, and woe-worn looks of his host, conjectures as to the crimes or misfortunes which had thus occasioned him to be excommunicated by his species, reverence for his devoted wife, and an unbounded admiration of the vivacious and

bewitching Julia, occupied his thoughts in succession, until the weariness of his body at length subdued the activity of his mind, and he sank into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER IX.

« True it is, we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd. »

SHAKSPEARE.

THE sun had not yet broken through the dense vapours that every night enshrouded the water-girt castle of Haelbeck, when Jocelyn was awakened by a faint wailing cry, followed by the plashing of some substance in the waves below. At first he imagined that a dream, engendered by the melancholy change of his residence, had deceived his senses; for although Winky Boss had most gravely assured him that the castle was haunted, he was little disposed at any time to superstitious fears, and had too good an opinion of ghostly taste to believe that any of the tribe would take up their abode in that aguish swamp, when they could obtain so much better quarters upon dry land. The sounds, however, being distinctly repeated, he arose and opened the window,

when something again fell plashing in the water beneath; and looking up, he beheld the stork scratching and loosening the mortar on the top of a ruined tower immediately above him. At the noise he made, the solitary bird, again uttering a plaintive cry, flew off, and it was soon lost in the watery exhalations, although the flapping of its wings was heard long after it was out of sight. Not feeling any further disposition to sleep, he dressed himself, and descended into the apartment where prayers had been read the night before. The bible remained on the table; and having the curiosity to examine the books beside it, he found them to be the controversial and political works of Milton, in Latin, with copious marginal annotations in a female handwriting, which he subsequently ascertained to be that of Mrs Strickland.

He had been for some time engaged in looking over one of the volumes, when the door opened, and Julia entered.

"You have understood us literally indeed," she exclaimed, with a winning smile. "When we told you that we kept the hours of the anchorite, we meant not to impose upon you such *matin vigils*."

"To me they are no penance," replied Jocelyn, "for I have been accustomed to rise with the sun."

"You must depart from that custom here," replied Julia, "or you will be a sluggard indeed; for the god of day forfeits his name in this paradise of the frogs; being often so completely lost in the mist, as to be unable to find his way to Haelbeck till the afternoon."

Jocelyn explained the circumstance that had disturbed him, and occasioned his early rising.

“I warn you beforehand,” resumed Julia, “not to be alarmed at any strange noises you may hear in the night-time, for the old castle seems sometimes to be bemoaning its own crazy state, and sends forth groans at midnight that attest a deeper feeling than you would expect from its heart of stone. Besides,” she continued, with a more serious air, “my poor father occasionally wanders about it all night long,—a circumstance which it grieves me to state, but of which it is right that you should be apprised. But how comes it that neither you nor your servant brought me any letter from my dear Constantia?”

“The suddenness of my departure rendered it impossible,” replied our hero; “but she specially charged me with all kind and cordial remembrances, and never mentioned her friend at Haelbeck but with expressions of the tenderest attachment.”

“I am proud that she considers me worthy of her friendship,” said Julia. “Is she not a good, a noble, a fascinating creature?”

“Perhaps too noble, too exalted, or at all events, too serious and enthusiastic,” replied Jocelyn, “to meet my notions of a fascinating creature.”

“And I shall be, of course, as much too giddy and volatile to please you,” cried Julia, “as my friend is too sedate and contemplative. You must have a creature made on purpose for you; one that shall unite the gravity of Melpomene to the playfulness of Thalia; a

tragi-comic monster of conflicting excellencies. You will have much more reason to wonder at my sprightliness, perhaps I should say my levity, than at Constantia's staid and grave deportment. I will not assert, with the giddy girl in the play, that 'I could as soon be immortal as be serious;' but I am blessed with constitutional high spirits; and you will please to recollect, that I have to enact all the cheerfulness that is to be performed in the dolorous castle of Haelbeck."

"Which certainly requires an abundant supply of that moral sunshine to dissipate its gloom," observed Jocelyn.

"I am vain enough to believe," resumed Julia, "that my silly gaiety sometimes fortifies my mother's courage, and cheers the deep despondency of my father; and as to the dismalness of this swampy prison, it affects not me. There is a Spanish proverb which says, 'Heaven sends the cold according to the clothes;' and the same benignant Providence, providing for the comfort of the mind as well as of the body, seems to dispense cheerfulness according to the urgency of the need. The bird sings loudest in a cage, the negro dances with unbounded glee in the midst of his servitude, the galley-slave serenades the oar to which he is chained, and the giddy-pated Julia Strickland plays the part of Democritus in petticoats, in the very abode which would have been chosen for its melancholy by the weeping philosopher of Ephesus. Oh, how I would cry if a tear could get one out! but since it cannot, I am determined to defeat the malice of Fortune, by returning her a smile for every frown she flings at me."

"Yours is, indeed, the pleasantest and truest philo-

sophy," said Jocelyn; "but it is not on that account the less difficult to practise."

"Difficult!" cried Julia—"in what respect? Happiness comes not from without, but from within: it is but to borrow a little from imagination, and we may metamorphose ill-omened owls, frogs, and bats, into pleasant ladies and gentlemen, with as much ease as Ovid reversed the process; and thus provide ourselves with pleasant associations instead of those that are revolting. A touch of Fancy's wand converts 'the green mantle of the standing pool' into a verdant lawn embroidered with lilies instead of daisies; osiers and alders supply me with arbutus and myrtle; every floundering carp is a sporting lamb or crooked dolphin, according to the taste of the moment; the floating mists are the white sails of the gallant pleasure-boats that skim the surface of yonder lake. I have a fine old castle ready made to my hands; the stork is my warder, perched in the western watch-tower; and as to a knight-errant, there is Sir Will-o'-the-wisp, known afar off by the gleaming of his armour, who seizes a bull-rush for a lance, a water-flag for his pennon, and hies to my bower every evening to serenade me with a concert of frogs and owls. See how soon I have transformed Haelbeck into the gardens of Hesperus, and converted myself into a heroine of romance!"

"I thought none but the bee could gather honey from bitter flowers, and turn the poisonous to the palatable," said Jocelyn, "but I find I was mistaken. Your power of enchantment is doubly valuable, since it not only secures your own happiness, but that of every

one who comes within your sphere. While you can take such pleasant excursions with the imagination, you need the less regret that they are denied you from the water-bound walls of Haelbeck."

"I pray you, Sir, disparage not thus our pleasant bower!" exclaimed Julia. "Is there not the narrow causeway, where you may diversify your walk by turning back when you are tired of going out; sure of a pleasant promenade, so long as you fall not over the rubbish with which it is encumbered, and slip not into the slime that hems it in on either side? Is there not, moreover, an old boat belonging to the castle, that is hardly crazy and leaky enough to be in character; and an ancient Netherlander, who will ferry you from one bed of weeds to another, till, in very wearisomeness of stagnant water, you will wish the wave were Lethe, or your boatman Charon? Unless you are too fastidious to be pleased with any thing, what would you more?"

Our hero was about to reply to this sally, when the entrance of Mrs Strickland, and the preparations for breakfast, gave a different turn to the conversation. The latter politely regretted their inability to afford him any amusement at Haelbeck (a declaration of which he did not acknowledge the truth, so long as he could enjoy the society of Julia), but added, that such books as the castle afforded, of which only a few were French, the rest being in Spanish, had been ordered to be conveyed to his apartment. Mr Strickland did not appear; indeed he very seldom afterwards presented himself, even at meals; and when he did, his melancholy, silence, and reserve, sufficiently

confirmed his declaration, that his visitor would have little of his society, and none of his confidence. When breakfast was concluded, the ladies withdrew, and Jocelyn proceeded to examine his books, more and more smitten by the vivacious Julia, and instituting comparisons between her and Constantia, as companions for enlivening the path of life, that placed the former in the most captivating point of view, and threw the latter to an immeasurable distance in the background.

Under the circumstances in which our hero was now placed, it will hardly be expected that many incidents could occur to vary that monotony of life, which was common to all the inhabitants of Haelbeck. It was enough for him that it contained Julia, and he daily congratulated himself upon that caprice of Fate, which, threatening him in the first instance with an exile of the gloomiest and most revolting nature, had unexpectedly opened a paradise in the wild, and turned his banishment into a blessing, by surrounding him with all the fascinations of unrivalled beauty and vivacity.

One night, after the rest of the family had retired to rest at their usual early hour, he took up Madame de Scuderi's romance of Clelie, which had been given to Julia by her friend Constantia. Remembering the enthusiastic terms in which the latter had spoken of this production, and anxious to know something of a work which was then eagerly devoured by the most civilized nations of Europe, he continued turning over its multitudinous pages and skimming their contents, little interested in such extravagant exaggerations of an

embellished humanity, and yet desirous of knowing to what fantastical conclusion they would lead, until the hour of midnight was at hand. There was no clock at Haelbeck, however grateful it might have been to some of its inmates to be told, from time to time, that they were an hour nearer to their final emancipation. The crane was at rest in his western tower; the owls had given over their melancholy hooting; the frogs had croaked themselves to sleep; and even the watch-dogs, whose deep-mouthed baying was generally the last to cease, had yielded up the castle to the custody of fogs and silence. Surprised at the lateness of the hour, when he inspected his watch, he closed the ponderous tome, and ascended the stairs for the purpose of retiring to bed.

Just as he had reached the entrance of his apartment, he was startled by the sound of footsteps at the further extremity of the corridor; and it is difficult to express his feelings of amazement, not unmixed with alarm, when he saw his unfortunate host stealing along the passage with a drawn sword in one hand, and a lighted lamp in the other; while Mrs Strickland, who followed close behind him with agitated looks, and who had already recognized Jocelyn, motioned to him to withdraw, and immediately after laid her finger upon her lips to enjoin silence. Partly complying with this intimation, he retired within the door; but an irresistible impulse of curiosity induced him to leave it ajar, that he might behold the fearful spectacle that was approaching him.

The wretched mind-shattered exile was walking in

his sleep, apparently labouring under some horrible and agonizing delusion. The ghastly glare thrown by the lamp upon his cadaverous features and grisly beard; the glittering of his drawn sword and of the pistols in his belt (for he was without his cloak); his teeth clenched, and his hair standing on end with horror; the wild desperation of his fixed, unwinking eye; his stealthy pace, and the menacing shake of the weapon as he clutched it with convulsive twitches; combined to render the figure as hideous and appalling an apparition as ever was presented to the human eye. He passed in silence; and as Mrs Strickland reached the door, she exclaimed in a hasty whisper to Jocelyn, "The fit is on him: my poor husband imagines himself to be pursuing the phantom that haunts his dreams: he is asleep; but if you ever encounter him in these moods, for the love of Heaven! notice him not; or his desperation, if suddenly awakened, might be fatal to you. He will perform the round of the castle and return to his bed. Mention not what you have seen to any soul that breathes, and least of all to Julia."

With these words she passed on; and Jocelyn, eagerly gazing after her, saw the spectre-haunted sleep-walker turn out of the passage at its further extremity, followed by his affectionate wife, who was accustomed to his infirmities, and both by day and night seemed to watch over him like his guardian angel. The corridor was now again involved in silence and darkness, and Jocelyn at length retired to bed, although the frightful spectacle he had just witnessed, and a thousand conjectures as to the cause of such a lamentable state of

mind in the unfortunate exile, not only prevented his sleeping for some time, but subsequently disturbed his slumbers by the most terrific dreams and all the revolting phantasmagoria of the night-mare.

At breakfast the next morning Mrs Strickland exhibited her usual firmness and self-possession, taking no notice whatever of the last night's occurrence, and conducting herself in every respect as if nothing had happened. Upon this, as upon several other occasions, Jocelyn was led to admire the calm fortitude of her character, which rose in his estimation when he considered the privations to which she was exposed, and that the husband, who might have cheered her solitude, only saddened the gloom of the day by his hypochondriacal melancholy, and gave horror to the night by labouring under delusions that almost amounted to insanity. Nothing but a lofty principle could have enabled this high-minded being to wage such an undaunted battle with Fate. As a woman, indeed, she deeply felt the severity of her trial; but she flinched not from her duty, however painful it might be, as a wife; and, above all, she was resigned to her lot, whatever it might prove, as a Christian.

Julia's constitutional gaiety, exalted into something of a pious sentiment by her firm conviction that "cheerfulness is the best hymn to the Divinity," was exposed to less severity of trial; for both her parents, fearful of lowering the delightful buoyancy of spirit that formed their dearest solace, carefully concealed from her, as far as they could, whatever might give her pain. She knew, indeed, their sad and fearful

history; that her father was oppressed by habitual melancholy; that in some of his sleepless nights he occasionally wandered about the house: but of the darker visitations to which he was subject, and of the imminent plots and perils that environed him, she remained ignorant. Whenever these distressing moods threatened to unhinge his mind, her mother immediately removed him to his own apartment: and this was the reason why Jocelyn saw so little of his ill-fated host at the period of which we are writing.

Of Julia, however, he necessarily saw more, as the time of Mrs Strickland became more completely usurped by her unfailing attentions to her husband. He had now frequent opportunities of accompanying her as she played upon the virginals, a recreation to which they both became passionately attached at the same moment, attributing to their love of music that pleasure which was probably derived from their love of one another, quite as much as from any combinations of harmonious sound. Sometimes the old Netherland boatman, whose likeness to Charon was so striking, that Julia declared it made her involuntarily put her hand in her pocket for an obolus, rowed them to some little distance, where they either tried the effect of their voices on the water, or Julia sketched the castle, with some grotesque accompaniment, or satirical touch at herself and Jocelyn, or Winky Boss and the old crane, not forgetting the owls and frogs; and thus converted the whole scene into a ludicrous caricature. Exhilarated by the break in her solitude which Jocelyn's visit occasioned, her vivacity became more brilliant and

mercurial than ever. Her head and heart sympathised faithfully together, the wit sparkling as the bosom became lighted up with joy. Our hero was delighted, fascinated, entranced : Julia was not less struck by the many qualifications of her companion : in short, they were falling in love with one another as fast as they possibly could, without either of them having considered the expediency of that measure, or the probability that it could lead to any satisfactory conclusion, under the circumstances in which they were mutually placed.

Thus affairs continued for some time, when our hero, being one day led by curiosity to explore the recesses of the castle, was struck by the appearance of an ancient figure wrought in the tapestry at the termination of a narrow passage. It represented some Spanish warrior, probably the Cid ; for there were numerous crosses on his arms, and he was trampling upon the Moorish insignia. One of the upper corners having fallen away from the frame that supported it, Jocelyn endeavoured to replace it, and was pressing for that purpose upon the brass nail or button to which it appeared to have been originally fixed, when it acted as a spring, and the whole frame started back six or eight inches. Pushing it further open, he found that the passage continued on the other side ; the piece of tapestry being in fact a secret door, contrived for some purpose of concealment, or of communication with other parts of the building. No one, perhaps, ever hesitated about prosecuting an unexpected discovery of this sort, unless deterred by fear ; and as Jocelyn was a stranger to that feeling, he set about the completion

of his enterprize with all the ardour of curiosity. By leaving open the tapestry door, sufficient light was admitted into the passage to guide him for some way ; and at a considerable distance he beheld another thin stream of light, appearing to proceed from some narrow aperture.

Immediately directing his steps to this point, he found that the ray was admitted through a hole in the tapestry, behind which he was standing; the opening being sufficiently large to give him a complete view of the apartment within, and yet not capacious enough to expose him to discovery from any persons who might be in it. At this moment it was untenanted, although it bore marks of recent occupancy. Its appearance was not very dissimilar from that forlorn chamber into which he had first been ushered upon his arrival, save that there was a painting in good preservation affixed to the wall over the fire-place. It represented the murder of some unfortunate personage, whose rich dress attested his elevated station, and who was seen in the act of falling from his horse ; while his assassin was walking calmly away, holding up his bloody dagger in order that an angel descending from the sky might drop a wreath upon its point, and at the same time deposit another upon the bearer's head. Jocelyn was endeavouring to discover the subject of this painting, when the door of the apartment opened, and the exile slowly entered, holding, as usual, his sword in his hand. His involuntary observer would have instantly withdrawn, but remembering the caution he had received from Mrs Strickland, and aware that he could

not retire without making a noise, which might irritate the terrors of his host, and perhaps goad his morbidly sensitive mind to some act of madness, he thought it better to remain perfectly motionless and silent.

Thus compelled to act the spy, he observed that the unfortunate man was not now under the influence of disturbed sleep, nor apparently so much agitated as usual. His appearance, however, was still wild and haggard; and though the motions of his body were calm and slow, the compression of his lips, and the peculiar expression of his eye, showed that there was desperation in his mind. His right hand was muffled up in a handkerchief, as if it had been recently wounded. After having deposited his sword upon the table, and his pistols by its side, he took from a drawer a case of surgical instruments, opened it, drew out a knife and a saw, which he placed by the side of the weapons, and for some seconds contemplated the whole apparatus of death, with such a look of grim and yet triumphant despair, that Jocelyn concluded he had resolved upon committing suicide, and that he felt a horrible satisfaction in having provided such a choice of means. All minor apprehensions being merged in this imminent and paramount danger, he was about to burst through the tapestry, and rush to arrest his fatal purpose, when he was again rivetted to the spot on which he stood, by the sudden appearance of Mrs Strickland.

"You are come in good time," exclaimed the exile in a calm voice, as he seated himself in a chair.—"I was

waiting for you: I am ready; the deed must be done now. It visited me again last night."

"What visited you?" inquired his wife.

"He!" cried the exile, in a fierce tone, "he! the spectre—the phantom—the man that is dead and buried—the apparition that haunts me in the darkness! He whom I have chased night after night with my sword, but who still returns to madden me with his hideous ghastliness."

"Strange that this fearful dream should thus often be repeated!" exclaimed his wife, with a deep sigh.

"Dream!" cried the exile, smiling in bitterness of spirit—"it was no dream, and if it were, may not such night-visions be prophetic and from the Lord? was it not thus that he revealed his will to Abimelech, and Jacob, and Laban, and Joseph; although he refused thus to answer Saul before the battle of Gilboa? Did not Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar—" Here he suddenly broke off and started up, rivetted his eyes to the wall, and, moving them slowly as if following some object to the door, exclaimed, in an agitated whisper—"There it was again!—there! there! did you not see it?"

"See what? my dear husband!" inquired Mrs Strickland; "there is nothing."

"It has again glided out of the door and escaped me," replied the exile, replacing upon the table the sword which he had suddenly grasped. Passing his hand slowly over his eyes, which he repeatedly shut and opened, as if to collect his faculties, he proceeded in a more composed tone—"I believe I am somewhat overworn with sleeplessness—I felt a little dizzy, but it is

gone. We will proceed to our dreadful task. There is no one, I hope, in this quarter of the castle?"

"Not a soul," replied his wife—"it is never visited."

"Hist! hist! did I not hear a noise?—surely the arras moved."

"These tattered hangings are often agitated by the wind that gets behind them," replied his wife. "Compose yourself, my dear husband! no breathing being can be near us."

"Perhaps so, for the phantom cannot breathe," exclaimed the exile—"we will make all sure." He locked the door, and, returning to his wife, continued, in an earnest and eager whisper—"Last night, as I told you, I was awakened from deep sleep by the noise of undrawing my bed-curtains, and starting up I beheld the grisly apparition that for ever haunts me. The livid ghastliness of death was upon his features; his eyes were sunk down in their sockets; his beard was clotted with gore; and as I stretched out my arm to grasp my sword, a sepulchral voice exclaimed—'By that right hand was I consigned to death!'—At these words the spectre pointed to his wound, where the mark of the weapon was still red and angry, and there issued from the gash a thin stream of blood, which, spouting towards me, fell upon my right hand; instantly after which the figure became invisible. On arising this morning I observed that the accursed stain was still branded on my flesh, stamped in to so indelible a depth that the stubborn crimson has resisted all my exertions to wash or tear it away. You have doubted of this nightly visitant, you have termed it a dream, a delusion,—now

then behold the visible, the unanswerable, the red, the damning proof of what I have asserted !»

So saying, he untied the handkerchief in which his hand was wrapped, unbuttoned the sleeve of his doublet, turned back the shirt of mail which he always wore next his skin, and, pointing to the back of his hand, exclaimed, « Behold ! there is the sanguine stigma, running up the wrist, even to my arm.» Under the influence of his delusion, he had been violently rubbing this particular part, until he had produced a redness of the skin, which confirmed him in his hallucination. « Now,» he continued, with a desperate calmness, « prove yourself to be still the devoted wife I have ever found you. Were it not my right-hand, myself would do it ! Here are surgical instruments, a knife for the flesh, and a saw for the bone ; cut then boldly, and fear not. Away with this blood-spilth ! Off with this spotted flesh ! Hack out the root of this filthy gore ; and if the bone itself be stained, break it, saw through it, amputate the whole arm. Be not afraid, I will not flinch, nor utter a single groan. I can bear pain, torture, agony ; but I will not be branded with the badge of Cain !»

Distressed as she evidently was, his unfortunate wife did not lose her presence of mind in this embarrassing dilemma. Seeing that he was too fully possessed with his delusion to listen to any arguments of reason, and knowing, by experience, that it did but irritate him in these moods to doubt the reality of his impressions, she attempted not to disabuse him of his phantasma, but lent herself for the moment to the alienation of his mind. Minutely examining the supposed stain upon the hand,

she expressed her fears that she should be obliged to cut deep, though there could be no doubt of its ultimate eradication, felt his pulse, declared that he ought to be refreshed by sleep before the operation could be safely performed, and reminding him that she had come unprepared with bandages, finally proposed that every thing should be adjourned till the morrow.

“To-morrow be it!” cried her husband, again covering up his hand, “a few hours deeper misery can make little difference in one so habituated to wretchedness as I am. It is at least a consolation to have ascertained the unflinching affection of my wife; and a still greater to have proved to her the reality of that night-phantom, whose visitations she has so perseveringly doubted.”

Soothed with this notion, and gratified by the new proof his wife had afforded of her devotedness, he conversed for some time, in a mood so calm, collected, and almost cheerful, that the affectionate woman exclaimed, “Oh! Valentine Walton! Valentine Walton! would that I could see your once-noble mind as it now is, if it cannot be altogether restored to its former courage.”

“Who says I am Valentine Walton?” cried the exile, looking around with returning terror—“there is death and doom in that excommunicated name. Hah! was it you, my faithful wife? forgive me—forgive me!” He held out his hand to her with an affectionate look, and, seeming to recover his self-possession as he pressed the hand of his wife, he continued, in a calmer tone:—“Why do you recal to me what I was; how wide the sway I once possessed; how uniformly, how ardently I exercised my extensive power for the happiness of my

fellow-creatures; how basely, how foully the villain, man, has requited me? Never mention to me my name, now hated by myself as much as it is by others. Never remind me that he who was once a philanthropist has now too much reason to be a misanthrope. Never tell me how high I once stood, unless you can conceal from me how low I am now fallen!"

"And am not I too fallen?" exclaimed his wife, with a calm dignity. "I, the sister of the greatest sovereign that ever sat upon a throne! I, that might once have claimed influence over a mighty kingdom! I, that am now the proscribed refugee, who must hide her head in the watery dungeons of Haelbeck? Yet you have never heard me repine, for I share the misfortunes of my husband. You have never seen me yield to despondency; for I still possess undiminished sway over the kingdom of my mind! The good that we have both done in our days of power cannot be taken from us. If unrequited upon earth, it remains registered in heaven. So fickle a breath as public opinion cannot constitute the virtue or vice of our actions."

"But it may make the happiness or misery of the actor," replied her husband with a groan; "especially if, like me, it has been the passion of his soul to purchase fair fame, and golden opinions from all men; especially if, like me, he can find no respite even in misanthropy, and is rendered unceasingly wretched by having forfeited the good opinion even of the beings that he hates. Look at yonder picture," he continued, pointing to the representation over the fire-place. "Oh blind, fickle, brainless, brutal race of man! See how that base assas-

sin was honoured, rewarded, canonised ; while I——for what am I reserved?—an ignominious scaffold will close my life; curses and contempt will be my posthumous honours !”

“Nay, yield not to these gloomy reveries,” cried his wife; “here we are safe and forgotten ; here will we tender consolation to one another; here will we close our weary pilgrimage together.”

“It may not be,” sorrowfully resumed the exile. “The last letters from our excellent friend Beverning have filled me with new apprehensions. The great ones of the earth are conspiring together against me ; there are frequent meetings of the ambassadors ; the Spaniard is about to league with England. I must again fly from my lonely lair, or encounter the new stratagems and plots, the new snares and pitfalls, that will be remorselessly laid for my life.”

“We may defeat them again, as we have done before;” replied his wife. “When necessary, we have the means of flight ; till then let us discard the world and its hostilities from our thoughts. Resume your wonted courage, my dear husband, and remember that it is not danger that is terrible, but the perpetual fear of it. Come, shall we join our dear Julia ?”

“Willingly,” exclaimed the exile, with a languid smile. “God knows I have need of something to cheer me. Where is she? Where is she?”—A transient animation passed over his wild and haggard features, as the wretched man put his arm within his wife’s, and was led out of the room to seek his daughter.

As Jocelyn retired from the scene of which he had

so unintentionally been rendered a spectator, he was not only perplexed with a thousand vain conjectures as to who and what these mysterious exiles could be, but he was a prey to contending feelings of the most painful nature. Sympathy with the sufferers, and this he felt in no common degree, could not blind him to the horrible nature of the crime which appeared to have reduced the wretched exile to his present deplorable state. Here was a man concealing himself, under a feigned name, and in an uninhabited morass, who had virtually confessed himself to be a murderer—and a murderer too under such aggravations of atrocity that he was not only placed under ban and interdict, and driven out from all society with man, but haunted by the horrible creations of his own guilty conscience. He had himself alluded to the probability of his finishing his miserable career upon a public scaffold. His wife might be a pattern of exalted virtue, she might have truly boasted her relationship to a sovereign; but no merit, no high connexion, could wash away the deep and deadly guilt of her husband, or remove the infamy that attached to it. However illustrious might have been their former rank, it was evident that the world considered it no diminution of the exile's offence; or they would not both be pursued through various countries with an unrelenting rancour, that was only visited upon criminals of the blackest dye.

Then came the most distressing question of all. Could he marry the daughter of people so circumstanced? Hitherto he had been content to admire, to gratify his taste, to fall in love without ever thinking of marriage.

It was only when that consummation presented itself to him as impossible, that he began to discover how fervently he desired it; how necessary it was to his happiness. Julia was doubtless as innocent as she was fascinating, and he could not place her purity in a more exalted point of view; but she was the daughter of a murderer, who might be consigned to public execration and infamy on the gibbet; she was a wanderer upon the face of the earth; she was living under a feigned name; she might have other relations who were as objectionable as her father.

Day after day did he revolve these considerations in his own mind, and they invariably conducted him to the same result—the necessity of renouncing his thoughtless attachment. Vigorous and sage were his resolutions to this effect, for his judgment was fully convinced; but his heart, unfortunately, was no party to the prudential dictates of his head. When he again saw the bewitching Julia, and listened to her vivacious sallies; when he considered her forlorn and joyless lot, and weighed the injustice and cruelty of visiting the crime of the guilty upon the innocent; when, above all, he found reason to believe that he had awakened a tender interest in her heart; all the impediments to their union vanished from his view, and he could hardly avoid declaring his passion at once, and offering to share her fate, whatever it might prove.

While love was thus struggling with prudence, he received, after a long interval of silence, a letter from Tracy, whose contents were highly gratifying. Bagot, to the surprise of his own surgeons, had recovered, and

his health was so completely re-established that he was upon the point of setting out as secretary to the Swedish embassy. The Duke of Buckingham, having laid a wager that he would die, had quarrelled with him for getting well; and had even been heard to express a hope that young Compton would perform his work more effectually the next time they encountered; so that there was no longer any apprehension of animosity in that quarter. Lord Rochester had been released from the Tower, had married Mistress Mallett, in whose abduction Jocelyn had been an unwitting assistant, was in greater favour than ever with the King, and was exerting his influence with Lady Castlemaine to procure a pardon for Jocelyn. These friendly offices were cordially seconded by the young Duke of Monmouth, whose influence was almost omnipotent, and by the Queen, as far as her more circumscribed means of promoting his interest allowed her to interfere:—so that his correspondent expressed a firm conviction that his pardon would shortly be pronounced in form, and concluded with recommending his immediate return to England, if he still entertained the idea of pushing his fortunes at court.

This concluding recommendation our hero determined instantly to adopt, for the fortunes of his father were involved in his own; and, if he were disposed to neglect the one for the indulgence of an ill-starred passion, he felt that he had no right to compromise the other. And yet he shrank from the idea of renouncing Julia, unless he could prove beyond a doubt that her father's predicament rendered the prosecution of his

passion utterly impracticable. At times he was disposed to flatter himself that the morbid exile, in the distemperature of his brain, might have exaggerated his own delinquency; a surmise that could be only refuted or confirmed by a knowledge of his real history, so far as it was connected with his present banishment. To obtain this information, he determined upon sounding Julia, giving her reason to apprehend that his decision, as to his remaining or not at Haelbeck, might be influenced by the statement he should receive.

While he was again looking over his letter, after having settled this little plan in his own mind, Julia hastened up to him, exclaiming, with her usual vivacity—

“I give you joy, Mr Compton, I give you joy.”

“Of what?” inquired our hero.

“Of a letter,” resumed Julia—“of something that liberates your mind from the dolorous prison of Haelbeck, that carries your thoughts over these dreary battlements far away into the gay world, and among the haunts of men, of something that proves you are not cut off from your species, but still possess friends, however distant, who can stretch out their minds to you, and embrace you by their hand-writing.”

“So far it is doubtless pleasant,” replied Jocelyn, “but I have friends who are nearer and dearer to me than those at a distance, and from whom this letter may summon me suddenly away.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Julia, starting, while her face and neck were suffused with a deep blush—“are you

going to quit us? then may I truly give you joy of your emancipation."

"I fear there may be a liberty without joy," answered Jocelyn; "and my residence here has proved that there may be an imprisonment without regret, so long, at least, as it is shared with one whom—I wish not to receive congratulations, and especially from you, upon an event that may separate us for ever."

"I felicitated you, not myself," said Julia, casting her eyes upon the ground; "your departure will indeed, deepen the gloom of Haelbeck, and render doubly necessary that determined elasticity of mind, which in men would be termed philosophy, but which in us poor women must be content to bear the name of animal spirits, giddiness, levity, want of feeling,—any thing, in short, but good sense."

"Will you acquit me of idle curiosity," continued Jocelyn, "and do me the justice to believe that I have important reasons for the question, if I ask when your own captivity is likely to be terminated."

"Idle curiosity is, of course, limited to our sex, with all other frivolous propensities," replied Julia, "or I should ask you why you put the question."

"Believe me, Miss Strickland, that I am actuated by motives in which our mutual happiness may be deeply implicated."

"Why then, believe me, Mr Compton, that I know no more of the matter than the gentleman to whom I must refer you for an answer—videlicet—the Man in the Moon."

“Excuse the remark,” resumed Jocelyn, “and attribute it to the same weighty considerations, if I implore you to be serious, and take the liberty of observing that you must at least know the circumstances that have driven Mr Strickland to this place of banishment.”

“I do, Sir,” replied Julia, with a reserved air, “and my lips will for ever remain closed upon a subject that is too awful, too harrowing, to be even adverted to without feelings of anguish and humiliation. In pity, Sir, forbear. The tendency of your questions places before me the full extent of my unhappy fate; shows me what I might have hoped, and what I must renounce. Leave me, Mr Compton, and pursue your more fortunate lot: dark as mine may be, I will share it to the last with my wretched father! Farewell! return to the world—forget that it contains such a place as Haelbeck, such a being as myself; and I, too, will endeavour to for——” For a moment her feelings overcame her, and she was unable to articulate the remainder of the word, but instantly recovering herself, and rapidly exclaiming —“Farewell! farewell!” she hurried out of the apartment.







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